

JANUARY 3, 1880.

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 527.—Vol. XXI.

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[PARIS, 1878]

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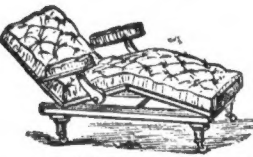


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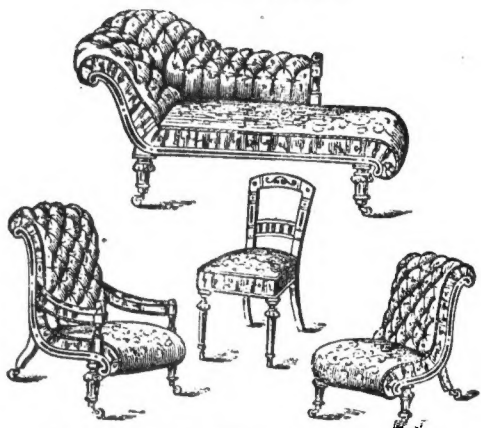
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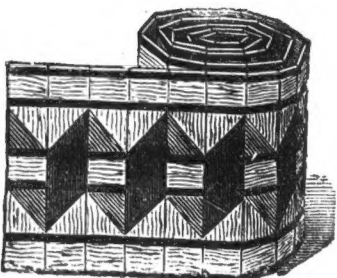
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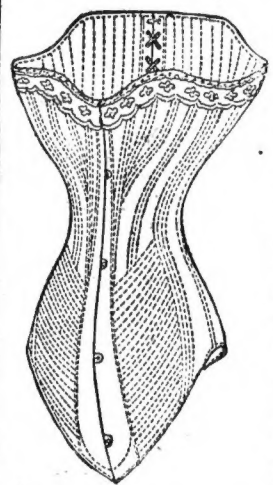
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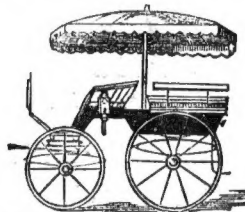
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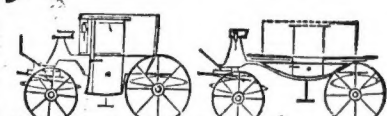
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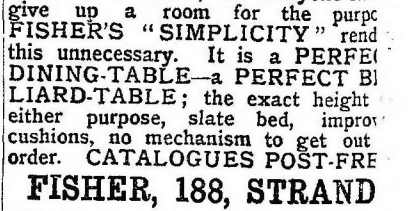
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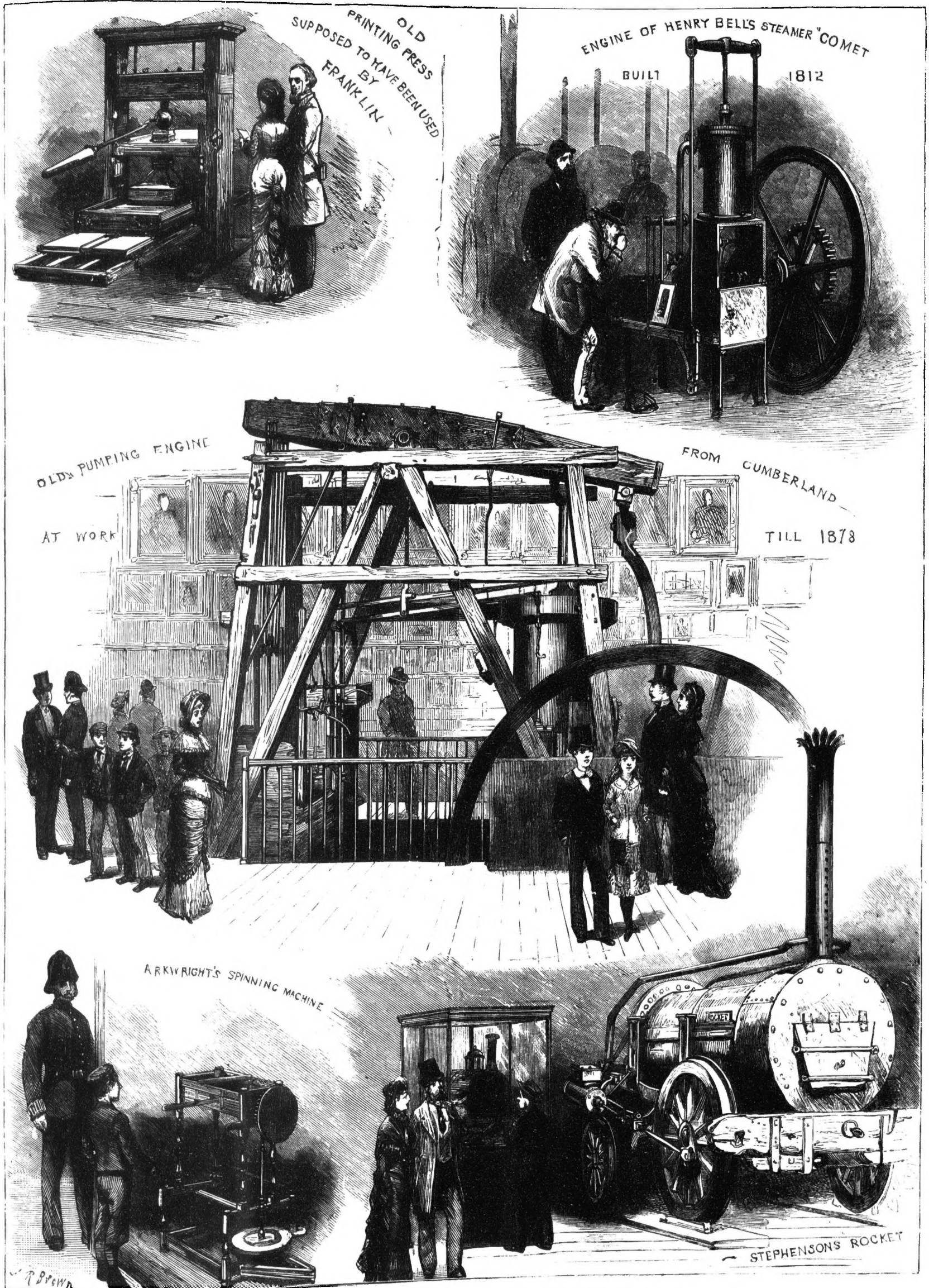
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 527.—VOL. XXI.
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny] PRICE SIXPENCE



NOTES AT THE PATENT MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON

Topics of the Week

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.—It has been noticed that the Christmas holidays rarely pass by without the occurrence of some painful or horrifying incident which commands general attention. The festival which has just taken place was ushered in by the foundering of the *Borussia*, and closed by the total destruction of a railway train in the east of Scotland. As it is not very probable that there are many other survivors from the *Borussia* beyond those who have been already heard of, the actual loss of life is greater than that caused by the Dundee tragedy. But the occurrence does not equally lay hold of the popular imagination. Shipwrecks are ordinary calamities, whereas nothing, even in the United States, has happened to parallel the Tay Bridge disaster. Scotland, usually the most prosperous of the three kingdoms, has undergone some sharp trials of late. The winter of 1878-9 was of long duration and intense severity (the weather being far colder than that experienced in the South), while the sufferings which it produced were aggravated by the notorious Bank failures. The present calamity, of course, affects a much smaller body of persons, but they none the less deserve our compassion. With regard to the causes of the accident, it is very possible that we may never know much more than we know now. The wind, it is said, blows from the mountains down the estuary of the Tay as through a funnel, and, as might have been expected after so long a period of anti-cyclonic weather, the gale of Sunday night was something exceptional in violence, even on the Tay. The storm seems to have reached its maximum force just as the ill-fated train was on the bridge, and the addition of this new object of resistance to the wind evidently tried the framework of the bridge beyond its powers of endurance. Such a gust of wind may, perhaps, not blow again at the same spot for centuries, still it is plain that the bridge was not strong enough to resist all contingencies which might reasonably be expected, and, no doubt, when restored, it will be considerably strengthened. It is easy after the event to blame the officials for allowing the train to attempt to cross on such a night, but railway travellers (except when there is deep snow) expect to perform their journeys independent of the weather, and if, on that fatal night, the train had been detained, and the bridge had remained intact, loud would have been the complaints of the travellers kept waiting on the south bank of the river. Our modern methods of travelling are far swifter and vaster than anything known to our forefathers. For these advantages we must pay certain penalties. We have partially subdued Nature, but we have not altogether conquered her, and every now and then she sternly reminds us that we are, after all, but puny creatures. Fifty years ago no one but a madman would have dreamt of trying to cross the Tay on such a night as that of Sunday. Now, with our cunning inventions, we expect to cross it with equal safety in calm or storm. It is not surprising that sometimes our handiwork should succumb to the tremendous forces of Nature.

"ARMED MILLIONS."—In his last Guildhall Speech Lord Beaconsfield referred in a melancholy tone to the "armed millions of men" who are now to be seen in Europe. The existence of these "armed millions" is the fact which most strongly arrests attention at the opening of 1880, and which prevents even sanguine people from forming cheerful anticipations of the New Year. For war is always perilously close at hand when nations are in a state of readiness to wage it. With vast armaments at their disposal they are apt to watch each other much more jealously than at ordinary times, and, in case of a misunderstanding, to appeal at once to force. Many circumstances in the present state of Europe make it difficult for us to feel confident that peace will be maintained. Since the time of the French Revolution European society has never been more deeply moved by political agitation than it is at this moment, and it is an old device of despotic rulers to divert attention from home troubles by foreign complications. By means of war the German Chancellor, for instance, might hope not only to make the Socialists powerless, but so to arrange international relations that it would be possible to deliver his country from some portion of the crushing weight of its military system. When we reflect on facts of this nature it is impossible not to recall the glowing prophecies which used to be accepted almost as commonplaces twenty-five years ago. "Let Austria be driven from Germany and Italy," it used to be said, "and let Germany and Italy become united nations; then Europe will no longer have anything to fear." These ends have for some time been attained, and we appear to be further off than ever from a condition of settled tranquillity. Indeed, the movements which have changed the face of Europe are in a large measure the direct cause of the anxiety by which the world is now oppressed. There is every reason to believe that their ultimate results will be favourable to human progress, but as yet they have produced far more misery than happiness.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.—The last link of the cable (between Aden and Zanzibar) has been laid, and South Africa, instead of being dependent for

news upon the mail steamer, can now talk with England by wire. In these days, the possession of an electric cable communicating with the heart of the Empire is almost a necessity to a distant colony. Canada and Australia obtained theirs owing to their numerous population and commercial importance; South Africa obtains hers, we are sorry to say, owing to the stress of war. If those regions had remained peaceful, they might have whistled for a long time before they got it. The fact is that, political exigencies apart, the number of people who really want telegraphic intercourse with this country is very small. When we look at a map of South Africa we are apt to be misled by the vast extent of the country, and by the number of civilised names dotted over the surface. As a rule many of these apparent towns are only villages and farm steadings. Except in the old Cape Colony, the white population is very small, and out of that white population it may be shrewdly suspected that those of Dutch origin would have been content to scramble on without the telegraph for the term of their natural lives. The people who will really make use of the telegraph for commercial and social purposes are the handful of more or less energetic Europeans (chiefly from these islands) who are to be found at the seaports, the diamond-fields, or on lonely sheep or ostrich farms. Commercial and social news we shall be happy to receive in any quantity, but we hope they will send us as little news as possible about quarrels and bloodshed. Poor old John Bull has many heavy burdens to bear, especially now that he has such an energetic body of gentlemen to manage his affairs, and he is above all things weary of these South African wars.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.—The appointment of M. de Freycinet's Ministry represents a fresh start of great importance in French political history. The action of the Government will no longer be dominated by the eminently prudent Left Centre; it will be influenced mainly by those who are Republicans by conviction, and Republicans of a somewhat advanced type. There is nothing that ought to be considered disquieting in this fact. Excessive caution is sometimes equivalent to utter recklessness, and at the present moment France would act rashly if she entrusted her destinies to timid politicians. In every possible way the nation has proved that its sympathies are with the real Republicans, and the Republic cannot have a fair chance unless it is represented and controlled by men who are in harmony with popular convictions. The danger lies not in the formation of a thoroughly Republican Ministry, but in the fact that the Ministry is not headed by its true chief. We have no doubt that M. de Freycinet will play his part well, but the place he now holds belongs to M. Gambetta, and M. Gambetta alone ought to occupy it. Those who express this view are accused of being hostile to the ex-Dictator; surely, however, it is his friends and admirers who have the best right to wish that he should extricate himself from a false position. The experience of all free countries has proved that power and responsibility should be conjoined, and it is hard to see why M. Gambetta should be an exception to this rule. A Cabinet of which he was the head would be much less liable to attack than any other, and if assailed would be better able than the Governments France has hitherto possessed to hold in check both reactionary and democratic fanatics.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—We do not deny that Mr. Edison is a great inventor, but it seems a pity that our journalists should give such prominence to his announcements. We do not say there is any such intention, but there is certainly a stock-jobbing flavour about these sensational telegrams. Already gas shares, which after the last panic had regained their value, have tumbled down again under the influence of the "charred paper" discovery. Of course, if gas shareholders choose to sacrifice their property through such alarms, they must pay the penalty of their timidity. Our object here rather is to point out that a person reading the telegrams above alluded to, and nothing besides, might fancy that the entire past, present, and future of electric lighting was in the hands of Mr. Edison, and that the whole world was awaiting his nod. The Americans are, we are aware, adepts in the art of obtaining publicity for anything they want made known, but, in the matter of electric lighting we hold that the Continent of Europe (including this country) can hold its own very respectably against the world which Columbus discovered. We protest therefore against an undue amount of honour being awarded in any one quarter. Many minds are engaged, simultaneously yet independently, in endeavouring to render the electric light a thoroughly practical affair, and there seems good reason, judging from the progress lately made, that success will be attained. But even if the new illuminator shall be found available for domestic purposes, gas shareholders need not fear that carburetted hydrogen will become obsolete. As the electric light lacks heat (an advantage in some respects) gas would be wanted for many processes, and will be probably more used than ever for cooking. As the railway companies have successfully introduced the new light at some of their stations we should like to see it tried at the depots where shunting operations are carried on. By its aid during the dark foggy winter nights some of the slaughter and mutilation of railway servants might be avoided.

REFORM BY ASSASSINATION.—It was said of the Russians at the time of the assassination of the Emperor

Paul that this was their way of changing a Cabinet. The same method has of late years come dangerously into favour all over the continent. There were not quite so many incidents of this kind in 1879 as in 1878; still, even in 1879 the would-be assassins did pretty well. One of the last prominent events of the year was an attempt on the lives of the King and Queen of Spain, and it is difficult to understand how the ruffian who fired at them missed his aim. It is a curious feature of crimes of this nature that the criminals are often credited with a vague, although ill-directed, sentiment of humanity. They are supposed to shoot at crowned heads because of a consuming pity for the misery of the poor and a burning indignation against oppressors. We believe there could not be a greater mistake. In the vast majority of such cases the really powerful motive is vanity, and vanity of a singularly vulgar kind. What the assassin craves is, as a rule, not even to pose as a hero, but simply to be talked about. He knows that his name will become for a time familiar in every part of the civilised world, and the temptation appeals strongly to his mean nature. This is not a mere guess; it has been proved over and over again in well-known cases, and perhaps if less was said of such offences not nearly so many of them would have to be recorded. It is now pretty generally recognised that instead of helping the party of progress they almost invariably weaken it. This wretched affair in Spain is sure to encourage Senor Canovas in his short-sighted resolve to crush revolution by putting down the regular Opposition in the Cortes.

CRAWLING CARMEN.—The residential population of the City of London is small, and yearly growing smaller. But, during the ordinary working hours, the City is an unparalleled centre of immigration and emigration. As many people, probably, as there are in the whole colony of New South Wales come into and go out of the City daily. Some come and go on their legs, others employ various vehicles, not a few of these vehicles being cabs. Now one of the common objects of Cheapside, the main artery of the City, is an empty cab, creeping along as slowly as possible, on the look-out for a fare. This "crawler" naturally affects the pace of all the traffic for many yards behind it. Hence the blocks which so often occur in the street-traffic of the City. Hitherto, the public, though painfully aware of the existence of these crawlers, have not troubled themselves to know how they come into being. Now, however, light has been thrown on the subject by a deputation of cabmen which has just visited the Lord Mayor. There are six railway termini in the City, and, unless a cabman is privileged to ply for hire in these stations, he must leave as soon as he has deposited his fare, although he would sooner stay at the station on the chance of getting another. Thus it comes to pass that the streets are full of unoccupied cabs, making, it is said, 4,000 unnecessary journeys a day. It seems to us that the matter might be settled between the cabmen and the railway companies without the intervention of Parliament. As far as the travelling public are concerned the present restrictive system has its advantages, because the railway companies take some care that the cabs which ply on their premises shall be fairly clean and driven by tolerably civil men. But, if any cabman could ply in the railway yard on payment of a penny, this guarantee, slight as it is, would vanish. Still the difficulty does not seem insuperable, and if the railway stations were made free ports the delays and dangers of street navigation would be diminished and smarter craft would no doubt be introduced.

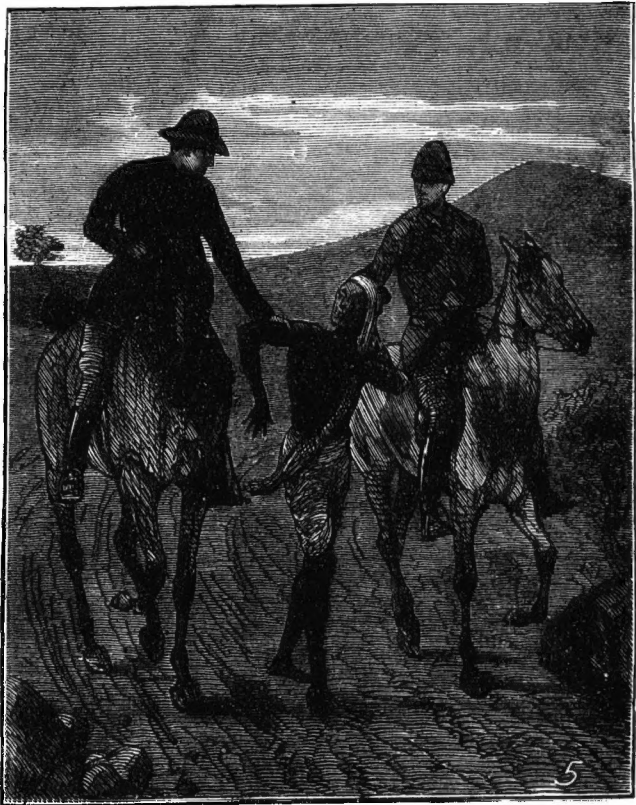
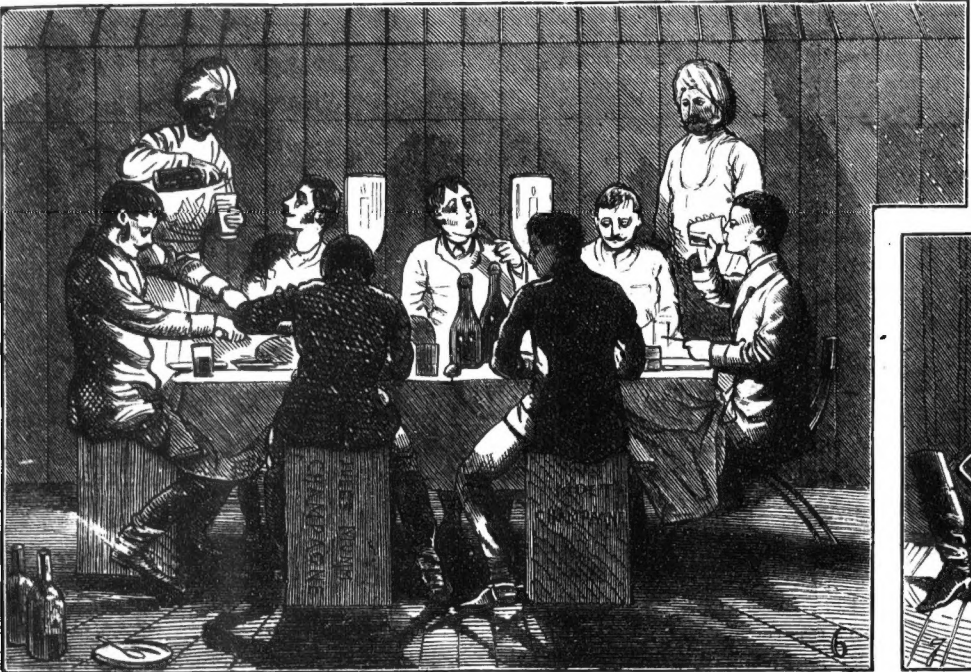
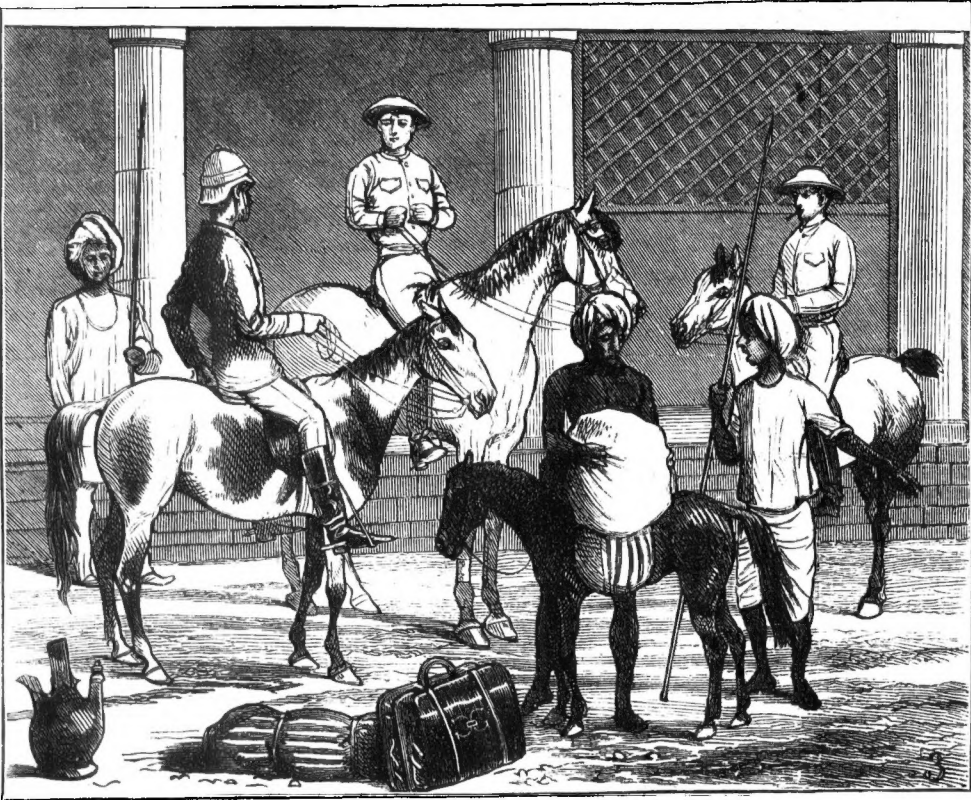
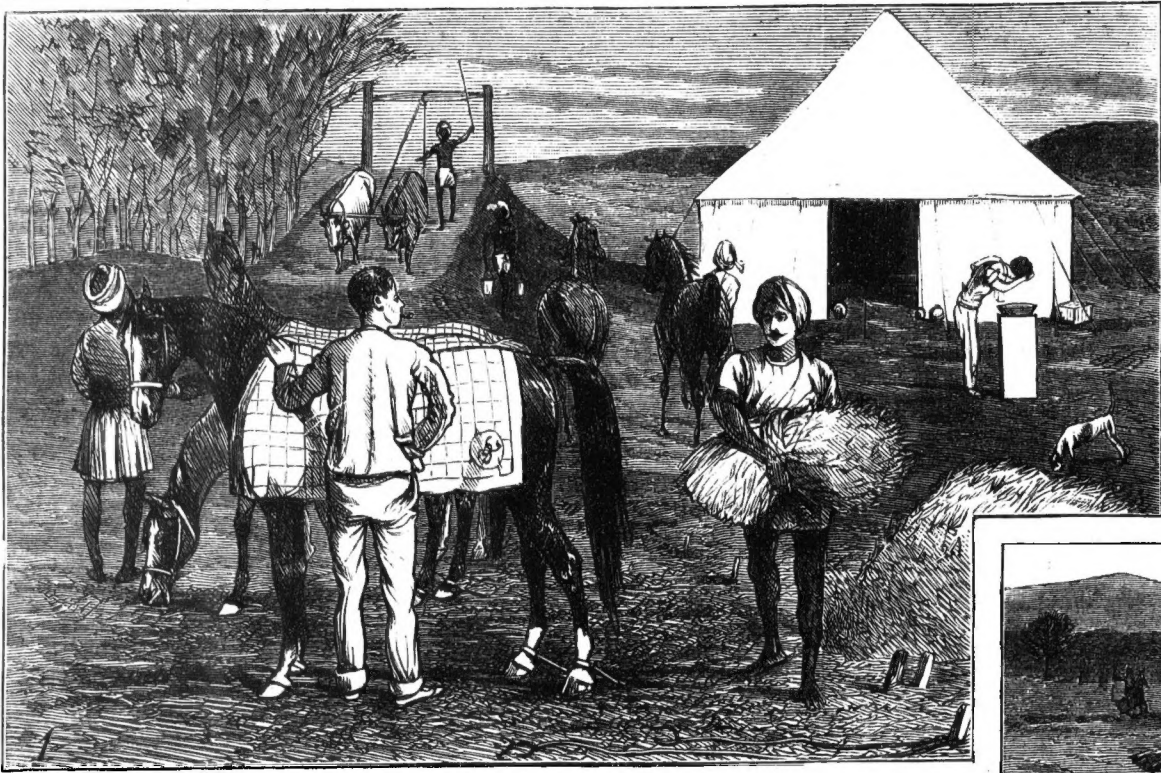
LOST TIME AT SCHOOL.—We are glad to see that ladies are at last beginning to interest themselves in the education of their sons. Several letters in *The Times* from indignant mothers have revealed the fact that lads may attend what are considered good schools for several years, and come away at last more ignorant than when they began. This will probably be denounced by some people as exaggeration, but every one who has given attention to our system of middle-class education knows that it is literally true. It is a very serious matter in these days, when the higher education costs so much, and when Board Schools are providing the poorer classes with excellent instruction at an almost nominal charge. The evil is not so much felt in the great public schools as in institutions below them in grade, and here it is largely due to the fact that many of the schoolmasters are themselves men of imperfect training. We take good care that the men who look after the physical health of our children shall have passed through an adequate discipline; we have not as a nation learned that an equally difficult preparation is necessary for those who are to be made responsible for their intellectual growth. Wretched charlatans are allowed, if they choose, to open schools, and if, by means of reckless puffing, they can bring together as many pupils as will enable them to make money, no one has an official right to expose and rebuke their incompetence. Why should it not be as necessary for a schoolmaster as for a doctor or a lawyer to produce evidence of fitness for his duties? If that coy maid, British Freedom, takes alarm at this suggestion, might we not, at least, adopt means to prevent schools from being grossly mismanaged? Surely it would be possible to do this without any terrible interference with the liberty of the subject. We heartily recommend those mothers who have once more started the question not to let it drop. They have had the sense to see that of all the rights of women the chief is the right to secure a proper education for their children.

Our Illustrations

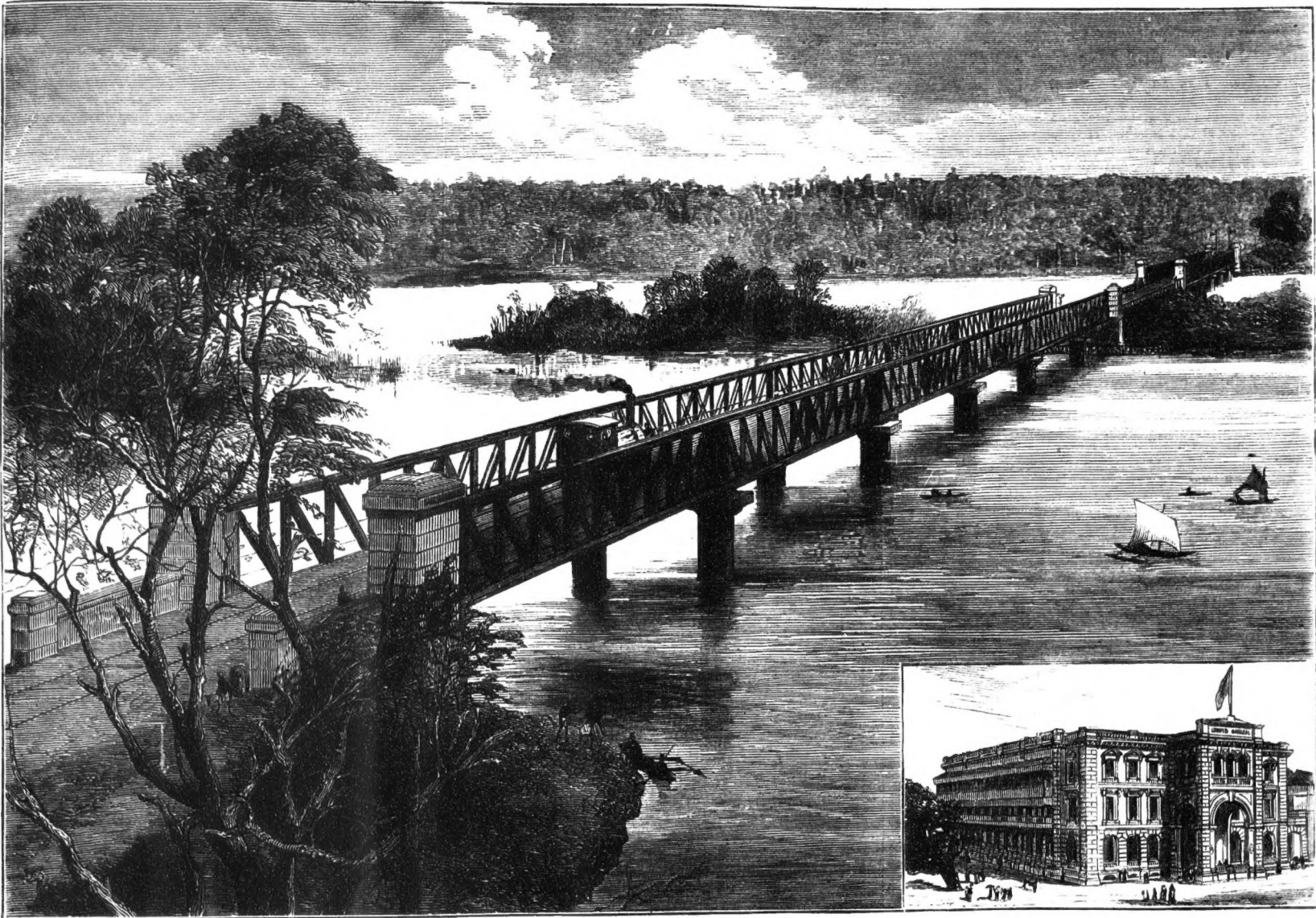
NOTICE. — This week's issue contains an EXTRA HALF-SHEET, consisting of engravings of the TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

THIS engraving shows what vast changes may be effected in one's personal appearance by means of different attire. The dethroned monarch of Zululand, whom we have been accustomed to think of as a half-naked savage, with tastes and habits altogether too repulsive to contemplate, appears before us decently clad like a civilised being, his get-up being complete, even to a pair of gloves; which, however, he prefers to carry instead of wear. Cetewayo seems to thrive in captivity; he appears very contented with his lot, and anxious to learn all about the many wonders with which he is now for the first time brought into contact. According to the latest news, he is now diligently studying two of the three R's—namely, reading and writing—and may at any moment be seized with a

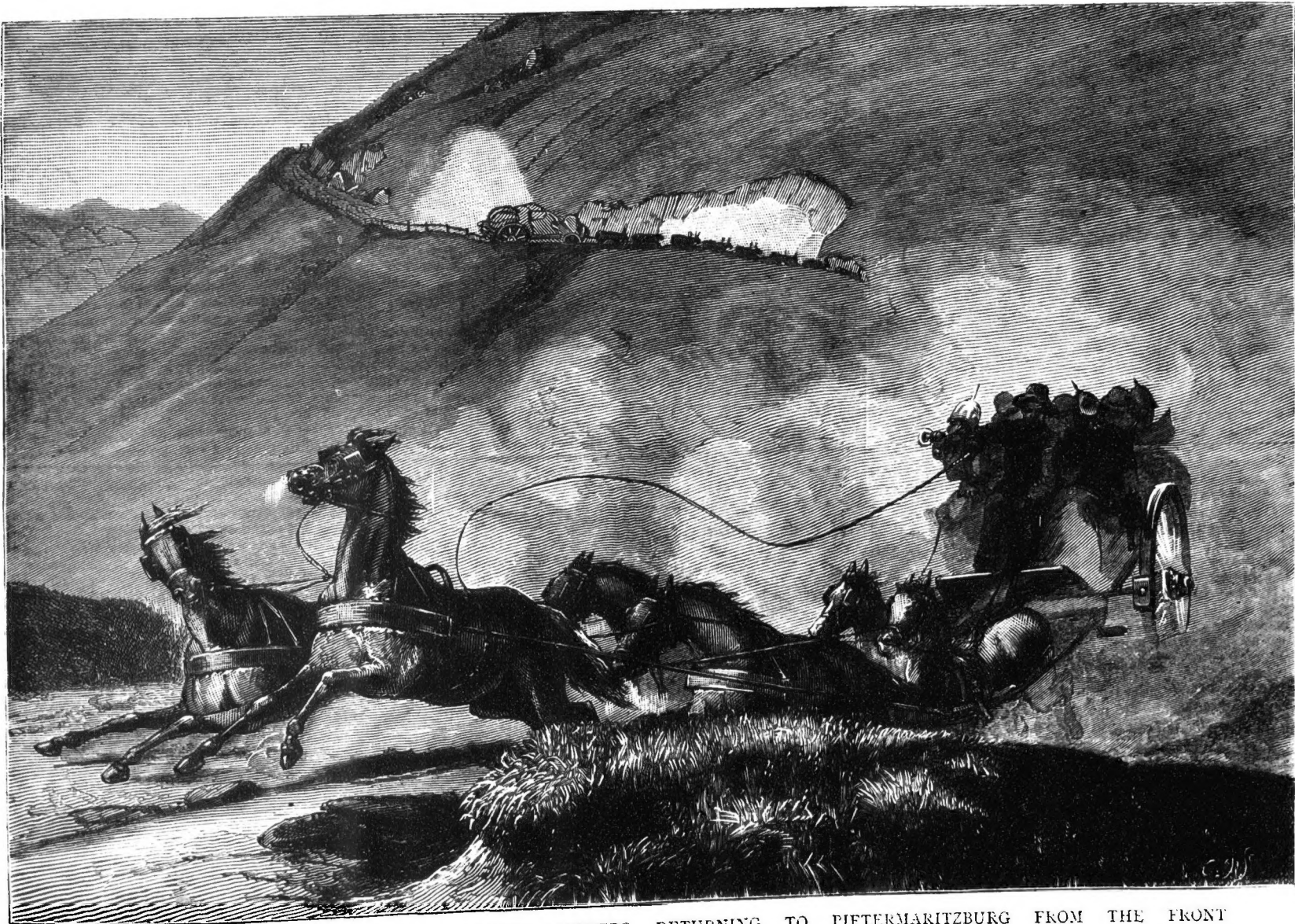
The leader of the Afghan forces, Mahomed Jan, it is said, had intended, had he succeeded, to place Musa Khan, the eldest son of the late Ameer Yakoob, upon the throne, and Musa Khan has accordingly



1. The Camp, Early Morning.—2. A Drink under Difficulties.—3. The Start.—4. "Done for."—5. Capturing a Guide.—6. A Pleasing Ending to a Day's Sport.—7. Sleeping under Difficulties.



CEYLON—THE NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE AT KALUTARA, AND THE GRAND ORIENTAL HOTEL, COLOMBO



AFTER THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN—OFFICERS RETURNING TO PIETERMARITZBURG FROM THE FRONT

been carried away by the rebels in their flight. Yakoob's wife and brother, however, who, together with Yahga Khan's wife, are considered to be the prime instigators of the movement, were expected to be arrested in Cabul and brought into Sherpur.

Major-General Bright is awaiting the arrival of the reserve division in order to take definitive steps to maintain the communications between India and Cabul permanently open. In the mean time the Ghilzais, under their chieftain Asmatullah, are giving considerable trouble. They attacked General Gough on his way to Cabul, and have several times engaged Colonel Norman and his little force at Jagdallak, and on the 29th a strong force of some 2,000 attacked him at Gandamak. They were repulsed, but Lieut. Wright, R.A., was killed. A severe lesson will have to be taught them before they can be induced to leave our communications unmolested. The very large proportion of European officers who have been killed during the recent engagements has once more attracted attention to the insufficient officering of the native regiments, where only seven European officers are allotted to each battalion, whereas twenty-eight are accorded to an English battalion. Thus calls have been made for volunteers, while orders have been issued to all officers on furlough to rejoin their regiments.

THE SHERPUR CANTONMENTS—PREPARING FOR WINTER

We gave a brief description of the Sherpur cantonments in our last issue, so that we need only say here that our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant E. A. Smith, R.A., and that it represents the stores of grain for feeding the troops during the winter being collected together in the cantonments.

A RECONNAISSANCE ACROSS THE CABUL RIVER

"ON the 10th November," writes Lieut. E. A. Smith, R.A., to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "General M'Pherson was bivouacked with a small force on the left bank of the Cabul River, near Surobi (the second halting-place from Khord Cabul). In the morning a foraging party, consisting of eighty-six men and two officers (67th Regiment), were sent out in the direction of a hamlet called Kugi Kashul. As the party were passing through a narrow defile, commanded by precipitous heights, this side of the Douhaplain, through which the Cabul River rushes like a sluice in its rapidity, they found themselves attacked in front by numbers of Afghans who, thoroughly knowing the goat tracks on the rocks above, had completely surrounded them and were firing volleys at them. The party had to beat a steady retreat fighting, but at length aid arrived from the main body, but not before three of our men had been killed and four more wounded; the enemy lost several, but the exact number was not known. The reinforcement sent by General M'Pherson came in the nick of time, routing the enemy and pursuing them three and a half miles, killing about thirty, and probably wounding twice that number."

A FRESHET IN THE BOLAN

"EARLY in September," writes Lieutenant G. D. Giles, "on one Saturday night heavy clouds began to gather round about Mach, a station half-way through the Bolan Pass. A party, consisting of some twelve natives, with several ponies and carts, one of the former laden with two boxes of treasure, with a sowar of the Scinde Horse as escort, were crossing the bed of the river. At this place, some 200 yards wide, when in the middle of the stream, the rain began to pour down suddenly, and with no further warning than a loud rushing sound, a wave of water, from three to five feet in depth, swept down the bed of the river, bearing everything before it. In one moment the river, generally only a small stream a few inches in depth and four or five feet in width, was transformed into a raging flood, in the midst of which an occasional flash of lightning showed forms of men and animals desperately struggling as they were swept by with fearful violence. One or two of the men managed to reach the bank. Six, including the sowar, were drowned; their bodies being found in one or two cases three miles down the river, bruised and battered terribly by the force of the water. A race-horse, well known in sporting circles as the 'fifteen-minute mare,' was drowned. The water subsided almost as suddenly as it had come down. An hour or two after the first rush of water people were able to cross the river without danger, and the next day all was again as if nothing unusual had occurred. The difficulties attending the making of the proposed railway through the Bolan Pass may well be imagined, when an hour's rain is sufficient to cause such a terrible flood as the one which my sketch depicts. One is led, when contemplating this sudden flood, to think that the disaster in the Cabul River may have had some similar origin."



THE PEACE SOCIETY has issued a long address to the people of the United Kingdom condemning the policy which led to the recent treacherous outbreak at Cabul, and protesting against the subsequent retributive measures. It concludes thus:—"May we ask you, countrymen, whether you are willing such proceedings as these should be carried on in your name? Do you approve of converting British soldiers into hangmen, and of employing them to spread indiscriminate havoc and devastation among the homes of a people whose main offence is that they dare to dislike our presence in their country, and to offer an asylum to their hunted neighbours for whose heads rewards were offered by the British authorities?"

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOLE, presiding on Tuesday at the annual dinner of the Exeter Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society, said that he believed that temperance was on the increase, and that licensed victuallers, if they were alive to their own interest, would aid in a rational manner the present tendency towards sobriety. Some persons looked on publicans as the enemies of the human race, and thought that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had entered into an unholy alliance with them for the purpose of filling the national exchequer; but more just views would be taken if the publicans, who could not be done without, were to do their best to promote temperance.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY was celebrated on Monday, at Hawarden, by the reception of a deputation from the Liverpool Liberal Association, who presented a silver casket and an address of congratulation, in acknowledging which Mr. Gladstone said that when he first moved in the Eastern Question it was not to oppose but to support the Government in the course which he hoped they were about to take, when in 1876 they united with the other Powers in presenting the Andrassy Note to the Turkish Government with the view of procuring the amelioration of the deplorable condition of a portion of the Empire. Since then, however, he had been compelled to oppose them, and their conduct had forced the retirement of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. The present crisis was a grave one, in which it would be dishonest not to speak out. After the delivery of the address a gold medal, specially struck for the occasion, was presented to Mrs. Gladstone. During the day addresses and telegrams of a congratulatory nature were received by Mr. Gladstone from the Liberals of Manchester, Dalkeith, Burslem, Wakefield, Meltham, Thornton, and several other places, including Greenwich, his constituents thanking him for his long and eminent public services, and expressing a hope that the result of the elections would show the majority of the people to be

on the side of right and truth. Mr. Theodore H. Bryant has offered a statue of Mr. Gladstone to the Tower Hamlets, for erection upon some suitable site in the open air within the borough. The Committee of the Bow and Bromley Institute have consented to act as trustees, and Mr. Bryant has commissioned Mr. Bruce Joy to produce a statue in Carrara marble 6 feet 7 inches in height.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—The departure of Mr. Parnell has been followed by a lull in the political agitation, no meetings of any importance having been held during the past week, and the only incidents worth noting are the restoration of the Dempsey family to their holding at Balla, the rent and costs having been raised by subscriptions, and the escape of Mr. George P. Louden, brother of the President of the National League, who, while attempting to serve his tenants with writs of ejectment for refusing to pay rent, was attacked by them, sought refuge in flight, and being driven to bay, took shelter in a hut, and defended himself with his rifle. He fired three shots, but without inflicting any fatal injury, and remained in the hut until a force of constabulary came to escort him home. At the meeting held at the Dublin Mansion House on Christmas Eve, respecting the distress, a difference of opinion arose as to whether the fund should be added to that of the Duchess of Marlborough, or kept separate; and the discussion ran so high that the Mayor proposed a postponement until Friday (yesterday). The Duchess of Marlborough's Fund on Tuesday amounted to upwards of 8,300.

THE WEATHER during the past week has been very extraordinary. Christmas Day will long be remembered as one of the most gloomy ever experienced. Thick fog settled down over the metropolis, and rendered the use of artificial light almost everywhere necessary, and the same unwelcome condition of things prevailed in various provincial towns, though there it did not last during the whole day. Boxing Day was bright in comparison, though in reality exceedingly dark and dismal, but in spite of this a large number of holiday makers managed to find their way to the various places of amusement, the streets seeming to be busier and more noisy than usual. Many ventured into the parks to skate or slide. Before the break-up of the frost several additions were made to the list of fatalities. One at Highgate, where a young man was drowned, another near Maidstone, where a man and woman perished in the attempt to save a companion, and a child aged eight was drowned; another near Whitehaven, by which three boys lost their lives through the ice breaking in, and yet another at Lancaster, where a youth was drowned in a canal. Early on Sunday morning came a distinct change in the temperature, and since then we have been subjected to a succession of storms and hurricanes, which have done a vast amount of damage throughout the country, uprooting trees, unroofing buildings, blowing down chimneys on land, and playing sad havoc with the shipping around the coasts. Serious floods are also reported from Manchester, Sheffield, and many other towns. The dreadful disaster to the Tay Bridge, in comparison with which the numerous other accidents sink into insignificance, is described at length elsewhere. On Tuesday, in London there was a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by hail and rain, and on Wednesday it again rained heavily.

A FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION took place at Kearsley, near Bolton, on Christmas Eve, by which eleven men were injured, four of whom have since died. The miners had worked in the pit with naked lights for twenty years.

MR. HEPPWORTH DIXON, the well-known author, who was for some years the Editor of the *Athenaeum*, died suddenly on Saturday last from the effects of an attack of apoplexy. We reserve our memoir until we publish his portrait.



THE TURF.—Bristol, after all, pulled off its meeting last week, but it was a most sorry affair, and Manchester this week hardly promises better sport, though a higher class of horses, among whom we notice Liberator, are entered.—The publication of the weights for the big hurdle races at Croydon and Sandown Park, and the acceptances for the latter, have given rise to some Turf talk, but little more. Pretty nearly the same horses were entered for both, and the handicappers, Mr. T. Lawley and Mr. G. Verrall, seem much of a mind as to most of the animals. In both handicaps Paul's Cray was the top weight, but he has not accepted for Sandown, and as for this Double with 12 st. 7 lbs. is the top weight left in, 3 lbs. extra weight will be apportioned to all acceptors.—Great dissatisfaction is still felt and strongly expressed at what appears to be the determination of the Epsom Stand authorities to prolong their Spring Meeting over the Wednesday, and so clash with Sandown on the following day. Would it not be well if the Jockey Club had some power to step in and settle such matters?—It may interest some to know that 124 objections were made during last year to horses coming in first for races in the United Kingdom at recognised meetings, and that the result of such objections was that sixty-five were overruled, forty-eight sustained, and eight withdrawn, while the balance are in abeyance.—We have not heard of any wager recorded for more than a fortnight on either the Derby or Two Thousand.—Mr. H. Hill, so well known on the Turf, lies in a precarious condition.

COURSING.—Coursers take a frost to heart even more than hunting men, and very eagerly do they take advantage of a change of weather. They have managed to bring off the Lichfield Open Meeting pretty successfully this week, and some other minor affairs.—The talk anent Waterloo has become more frequent, and another week's open weather will make matters lively. Mr. Reilly, Mr. Miller, and the Duke of Hamilton have been backed for substantial money, but Lord Haddington, at 12 to 1, still heads the poll, with a wide gap between him and the next favourite.

FOOTBALL.—London and Sheffield played their return Association match at the Oval on Saturday, the game at Sheffield in November last having ended in a draw. This time London had an easy victory, scoring 4 goals to 1.—The two strong clubs, the Nottingham Forest and the Blackburn Rovers, have played a drawn match at Nottingham. For the Association Challenge Cup, Sheffield Club and Providence, who played an undecided a fortnight ago, have had another tussle, resulting in favour of the former by three goals to none.

AQUATICS.—A sculling match over the London Championship Course was rowed on Tuesday last between Thomas, of London, and Emmett, of Jarro, for 100l. a side. It was a hollow affair, Thomas winning anyhow.—It is said that the Oxford and Cambridge match this year, in consequence of the state of the tides, will not be rowed till Easter Monday.

BILLIARDS.—As a game of skill and an indoor amusement billiards seems to grow in favour every year, while the play of both professionals and amateurs shows continued progress. The recent tournament at the Aquarium attracted more spectators than any previous exhibition of a similar character, but perhaps this is mainly to be accounted for by the *furor* raised by William Mitchell, "a novice" from Sheffield, the report of whose wonderful play spread far and near among the knights of the green cloth before the end of the third day of the contest. He went right through the first week

of the play without a defeat; and on the seventh day the veteran Roberts only beat him by a fluke. His defeat of Joseph Bennett, the ex-champion, was as decisive as it was unexpected. Mitchell's *forte* is the spot stroke, but he is evidently good all round.—In the amateur world a most extraordinary break of 553 by Mr. W. Peall has been put on record. It was made at the White Horse, Brixton, and in it he scored 102 consecutive hazards, 59 "spot" strokes in succession, and upon losing and regaining position 20 more.—The professionals Cook, Stanley, and Shorter have been so long away in India that we cannot tell in what form they will return from their peregrinations, but whenever they do return they are sure to find their hands full.

CRICKET.—Though we cricket not here just now, the old English game thrives in other parts of the world. We hardly expected to hear of it at Athens; but there, or rather near there, the officers and men of H.M.S. *Cockade* and *Cygnet*, in answer to a challenge, have played the Athenian Club, and moreover got beaten. Genuine Greeks, such as Messrs. Negroponte, Mercate, Caranikas, and Seyades, were among the representatives of the classic land; and a Greek made the top score.

CHRISTMAS TIME ON THE RIVIERA

PEOPLE who go abroad for the winter are generally thought unfortunate individuals, and looked upon rather in the light of exiles from the delights of their native land; but really the wonder is more that people stay at home who could go abroad than that people go abroad who might stay at home. Delicate health compels many to seek a warmer climate; but looking at the question from the point of view of a tolerably strong person, is it so very odd to give up the winter months in England? We all know very well what the delights of such a winter are. Is not the winter of 1878-79 still fresh in our minds? But consider, our foreign friends tell us we have no summer at all. In that case, as the months we designate by the name of winter are certainly more cold, damp, and foggy than those of our so-called summer, how bad our winters must really be! how much we are suffering in our ignorance of what winter and summer might be! Perhaps "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;" but the pursuit of wisdom, in this way at any rate, is very pleasant. Our compatriots on the Riviera have much to put up with in altering English habits of life; but how good that is for us now and then! To live in hotels for six months is not like having a whole house to ourselves; we are constantly obliged to mix with our fellow-creatures more than we do at home in England, and we are tempted to be more sociable and friendly than is perhaps quite English; but these are questionable disadvantages open to individual taste, like or dislike. To make a comparison between the weather on the Riviera and in England is perhaps as absurd as to make a comparison between the two ways of living, but to many people the beauty of the weather quite balances the discomfort of the hotel. In the summer we do not mind going to the sea-side and suffering many things in lodgings, and being very uncomfortable for perhaps six weeks—it is our way to do it, and we like it; or we go abroad to drink waters, and have the discomfort of hotels; but we enjoy our trip nevertheless. So why is it strange to take our trip in the winter, if we can, instead of in the summer? The journey is long and tiring; but how delightful after leaving Paris one damp and cold evening to arrive next morning in bright sunshine, the temperature so comparatively high that a change of clothes, to rid oneself of winter garments, is the first necessity! Then in a new place there is so much to see and to get used to, so many walks to explore, so many unknown people to be sorted out into their respective family parties, that by the time we begin to shake down and get used to it we find it is very pleasant, and that the people we have been thrown among are very sociable, and inclined to welcome any additions to their circle. We find we can actually sit out in November and December without feeling cold, and a picnic is not an absurdity; in fact, it is very nice to sit on the shore and eat one's lunch in the open air about Christmas time, when in England it is generally only possible to keep warm by walking, or sitting near the fire. Of course we must not expect uninterrupted sunshine for six months; but the greater part of the time it is probably fine and warm in the day-time, and a wood fire in the evening is all that any but the invalids need to keep warm. Sometimes, in all but very sheltered places, the mistral will come sweeping down, making it more comfortable to stay in-doors than to face the blast. As Christmas Day is suddenly perceived to be very near, every body wakes up to the necessity of keeping it in true British fashion, and sets to work to do all that has to be done to decorate the church, and to organise theatrical representations, festive gatherings, and other means of enjoyment. All are alike, all are "exiled" from home, and make common cause to celebrate the English feast in a manner worthy of its dignity, and to let no one be left out from the merrymaking of their countrymen. Long walks over the mountains are taken by the vigorous, and donkey-loads of evergreens and flowers are brought home in triumph to decorate both the church and the temporary homes of the exiles. Quantities of wreaths have to be made, borders and all the varieties of floral decoration have to be practised, and a day or two of hard work at the church adjusts them all in their places in time for the services on Christmas Day. The choir is busy practising the music which has been selected for performance, and the difficulties of managing an amateur choir, and getting time, tune, and pointing all attended to, are made very manifest; everybody is so anxious to have their own way, and thinks things would go much better if they were taken faster, or slower, according to his own taste. Friends at home have to be thought of, remembrances sent off, letters to be written, and everybody is as busy as they can wish to be. Finally the *salon* is decorated, and everything is ready for the great day; anxiety as to the weather is all that remains. The weather is a great point, for if it is a fine day the invalids can perhaps venture to church, which would be impossible to many on a bad day. After church there is an exchanging of good wishes, congratulations to the members of the choir, and to the decorators on the way they have succeeded in their labours. Some fortunate possessor of a *salon* may perhaps assemble some friends at a tea-party in the afternoon. This is a favourite form of dissipation, and is exceedingly convenient, as it brings people together sociably with very little trouble.

But the dinner in the evening—what an effort of the *chef* it is! The whole culinary art seems to be concentrated in this one meal, which is served to an admiring and wondering party at *table d'hôte*. We should not quarrel with good things, but we cannot help a secret wish that we might enjoy daily a modicum of the skill which has been reserved for this one astounding display. The roast beef is perhaps absent; but we do not regret it, as we have had it in a tough raw state three or four times a week, and it is well replaced by something else. The plum pudding is there, but of a pale colour, brought in with flames leaping around it in what is supposed to be true English style. The day finishes with amusements of some kind, dancing or games.

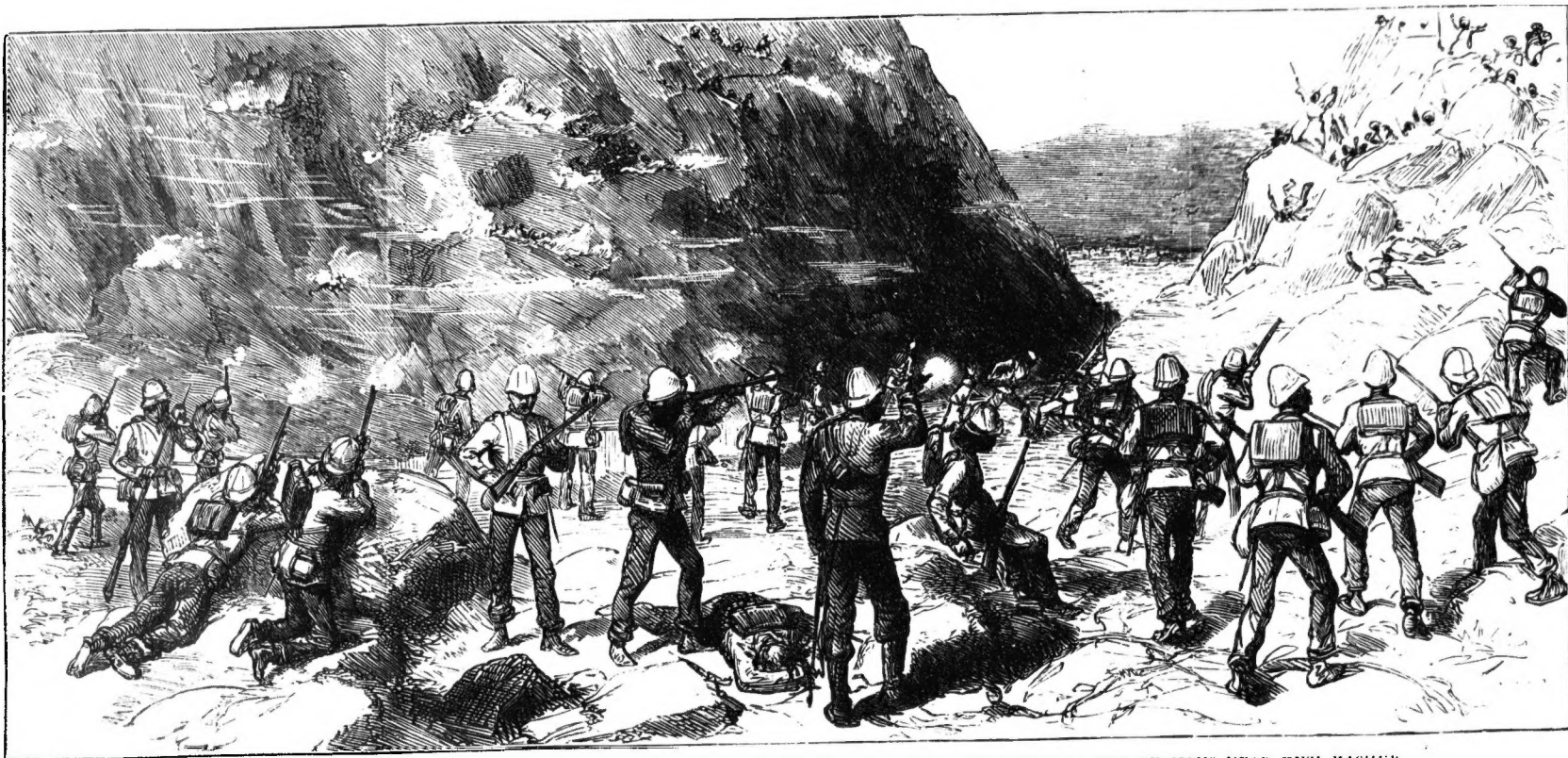
After Christmas Day come the theatricals. Such a bustle never was seen as during the rehearsal of the play. Rooms are turned upside down with making costumes, gold-paper jewellery, and other accessories. We can go nowhere in our hotel without seeing something to do with "the play." We go by chance into the *salon*, and come upon people gesticulating, and speaking louder than seems absolutely necessary. "Rehearsal," we say, and retreat. Everybody gets heartily tired of the subject long before the day fixed for the performance; and at last, when the day arrives, there seems more to be done than can possibly be got through before the evening.

Generally the Revenue people get a hint that contraband operations are going on. Things are darkly said, or an anonymous letter comes with the spiteful suggestion. Thus, a long time ago, one of the Folkestone boats had a large cargo of spirits on board. The authorities knew the fact perfectly well. The sailors had quarrelled with the merchant on the French coast with whom they generally dealt, and he, through *pique*, and to injure a rival, gave information. The Revenue people boarded the ship. They examined everything. They tapped planks, they sounded boarding, they investigated all the machinery, they overhauled the cabin. Nothing was hid from them, and yet nothing was discovered by them. Her Majesty's Excise officers had to leave the steamer, well knowing that they left the brandy behind them. The ship continued her voyages, and that brandy oscillated between France and England for weeks. If a voyage could have the same effect upon brandy that it is said to have on Madeira, that *cau-de-vie* must have gradually got into fine condition. The sailors did not dare to remove it till suspicion was quite allayed. The question was so grave that the Revenue, after a little time, sent down a special officer from London. He had the steamer, which lay in the harbour at Folkestone, surrounded by boats, and then he went on board and commenced his search. There is a part of the paddle-box called the "sponson," and the London official had this tapped; it yielded a hollow sound. The boards were torn up, and there the brandy *had* been. The sailors had managed to remove it the night before. When the crew were thus all implicated, there was a usage to select one of them as a "spots-man." This would only be in large transactions; but it gives us an idea on what scale the kind of traffic is carried on. If the scheme was discovered, the spots-man confessed. He and he alone had to pay the fine or go to prison. His mess-mates subscribed an agreed sum to indemnify him, and thus the risk was in a certain sense insured against.

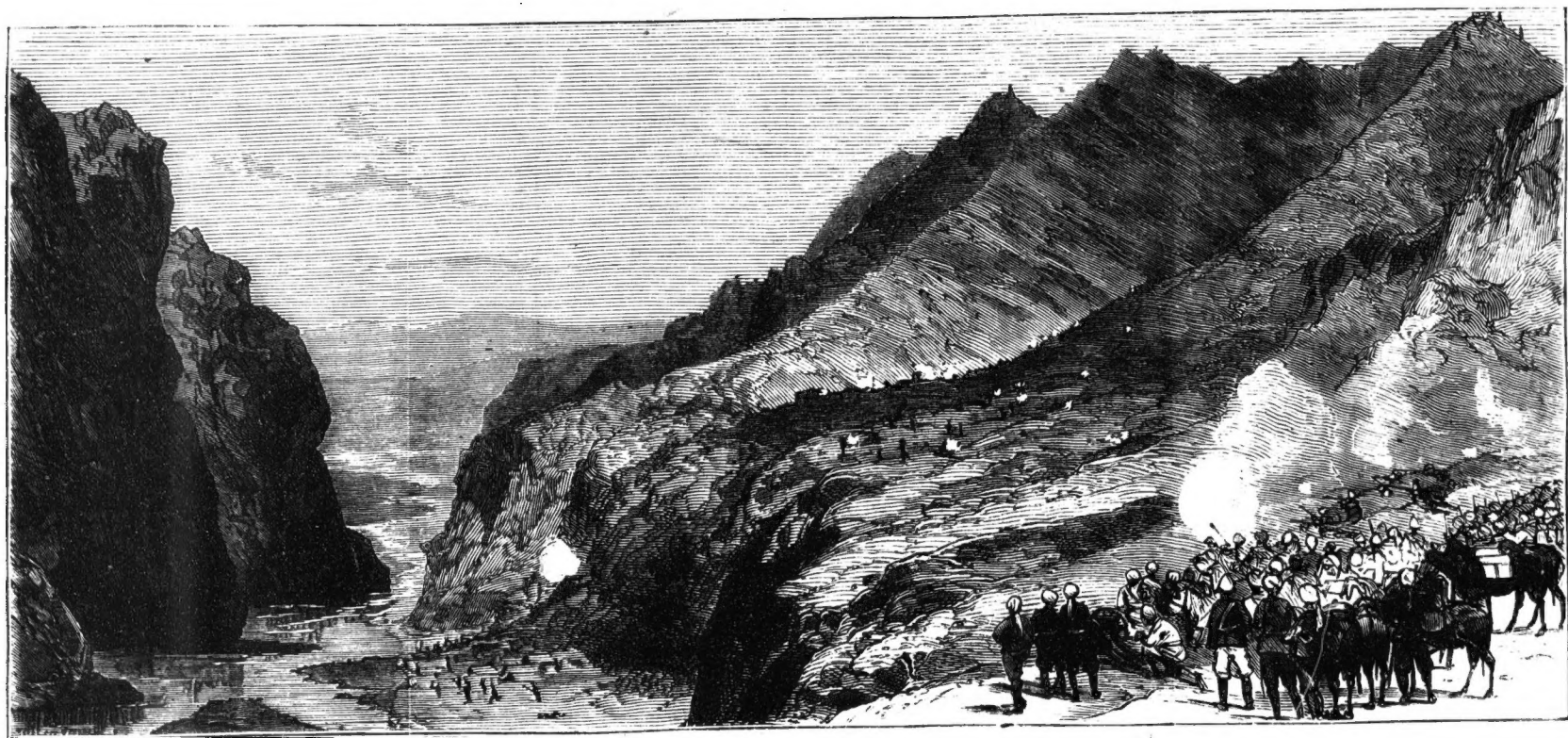
A. GASKELL

CONTINENTAL HONOURS TO ENGLISH ARTISTS.—Our readers will be gratified to know that Mr. Charles Green, whose drawings in this journal have been so universally admired, and who lately obtained one of the few distinctions awarded to English artists at Paris, has now been elected an **Honorary Member of the Royal Austrian Academy of Fine Arts.**

THE DÜSSELDORF EXHIBITION, which opens on the 9th of May next, promises to be a complete representation of Teutonic industry. Every single branch of German commerce and manufacture will be fully shown, the exhibitors in this department alone numbering 3,000, while many large firms have built special annexes. Forestry culture occupies a special division, and will be an interesting novelty at an exhibition of this kind, Germany being noted as the headquarters of this study. The Fine Arts and Agriculture will form the remaining divisions; Herr Krupp has built a special annexe for the display of his latest cannon, and the editor of the *Cologne Gazette* will fill a court with the latest improvements in newspaper printing in Germany. The main building is completed, and is about the same size as the Exhibition Palace at Sydney, and half the size of the Great Exhibition building in Paris in 1878. Respecting Exhibitions, it has been finally decided that the Centennial building at Philadelphia shall be maintained and occupied by a genuine industrial exhibition.



RECONNAISSANCE ACROSS THE CABUL RIVER—A FORAGING PARTY OF THE 67TH REGIMENT ATTACKED BY THE AFGHANS NEAR KUZI KASHUB



RECONNAISSANCE ACROSS THE CABUL RIVER—A BRUSH WITH THE TRIBES

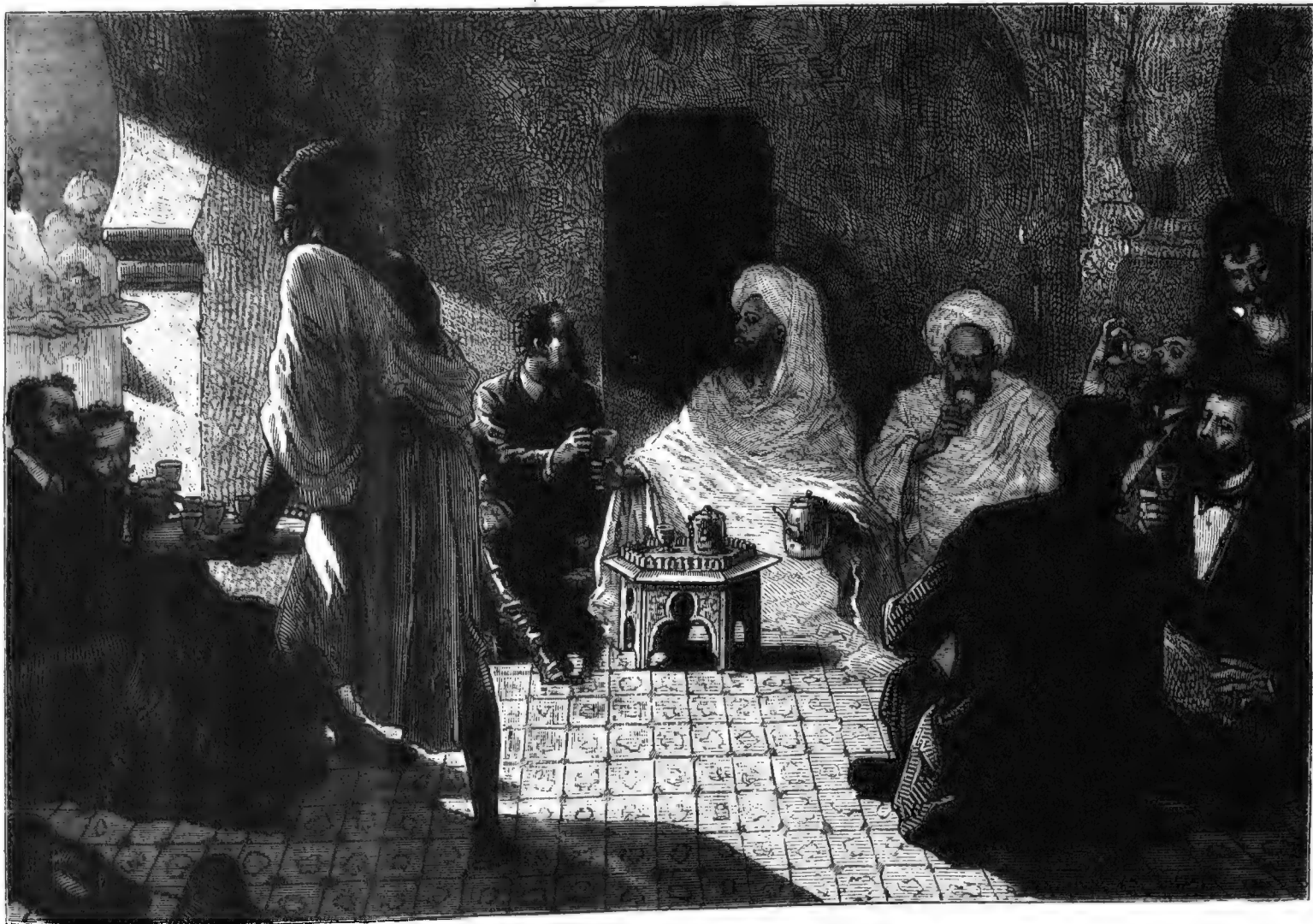


PREPARING FOR WINTER IN THE SHERPUR CANTONMENT—"COLLECTING GRAIN"

THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN



FÊTE OF THE BIRTH OF MAHOMET



TAKING TEA WITH THE GOVERNOR OF KARIA-EL-ABBASSI

MOROCCO—ITS PEOPLE AND PLACES
BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

THE YEAR 1879

GREAT BRITAIN.—The year 1879 has not been marked by such striking events as those which will make 1876, 1877, and 1878 for ever memorable. We have not been stirred by a great war like that waged by Russia against Turkey, or by the deliberations of a Congress assembled for the solution of problems of vital interest to the whole European community. In some respects, however, 1879 has been of hardly less importance than its immediate predecessors. Issues which were for a time obscured by accidental associations have been revealed in their true nature; momentous decisions of past years have been followed by some of their remoter consequences; and new "departures" have been taken which must powerfully affect the course of Western progress. In our own country public interest has been mainly concentrated on our wars in South Africa and Afghanistan. Of the former war, which was begun in the previous year, comparatively little notice was taken until, on the 11th of February, intelligence reached England of the terrible disaster of Isandlwana. This unexpected reverse profoundly moved the nation, which was for some weeks kept in anxious suspense as to the fate not only of the troops shut up in Ekowe, but even of Natal itself. It seemed only too probable that Cetewayo, flushed with victory, would invade the colony, and there can be no doubt that if he had done so he might have wrought fearful havoc. Fortunately the Government were able to send out reinforcements in time, and by the victories of Ginghilo and of Ulundi Lord Chelmsford to some extent re-established his reputation, and finally broke the enemy's power. One of the most deplorable incidents of the war was the death of the Prince Imperial, for which, as the evidence ultimately proved, Captain Carey was unjustly held responsible. In the course of the struggle there were several splendid instances of heroic valour, among which the first place is due to the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift by Lieutenant (now Major) Chard and a few brave comrades. As to the policy which led to the war, there can hardly be said to be two opinions in the mother country. It was condemned both by the people and by the Government; but Sir Bartle Frere was strongly supported by the majority of the colonists, who had persuaded themselves that Natal was virtually at the mercy of a powerful savage.

During the opening weeks of the year the nation appeared to have good grounds for believing that its difficulties in Afghanistan had at comparatively slight cost been overcome. This impression was confirmed when, after the death of Shere Ali, his successor Yakoub Khan entered the British camp. On the 30th of May the Treaty of Gandamak was ratified, and there was a general conviction that we should not for a time have much more trouble with the Afghans. We were cruelly undeceived by the sudden announcement that there had been an insurrection in Cabul, and that the members of the British Embassy had been murdered. In a surprisingly short time General Roberts, at the head of a considerable force, was in the Afghan capital, and as Yakoub Khan insisted on resigning the General became the virtual ruler of the country. His treatment of the natives has been condemned by some publicists as harsh and illegal, but this question, which was perhaps too hastily raised, was quickly driven into the background by the news that the heights around Cabul were occupied by a large and well-disciplined army. For the first time the Afghans "showed fight," and General Roberts retired within the Shipur cantonments. Reinforcements were rapidly sent to the front, and on the 23rd December a victory, which will probably prove to have been decisive, was gained by the British. The Government is vehemently assailed by its opponents for ever having entered upon the struggle. Its defence is that it is absolutely essential to the safety of our Indian Empire that we should control the foreign relations of Afghanistan, and that there is ample proof of a serious attempt having been made by Russia to undermine our influence. This is called in question, but it will be put beyond doubt if the Ministry is in a position to confirm the statements that General Roberts found at Cabul not only large amounts of Russian money but documents deeply implicating the Russian Government.

For some months the affairs of Egypt formed one of the prominent subjects of political discussion. The administration of the Khedive had gone from bad to worse, and his sudden dismissal of the foreign members of his Government forced the Western Powers to consider whether it would not be necessary to depose him. England hesitated to act with France in a matter which might easily give rise to complications, but the unexpected intervention of Germany induced the two States to arrive at an understanding, and by means of an order from the Porte (June 26) Ismail Pasha made way for his son. Whether the circumstances of Egypt are likely to improve under the new régime remains to be seen. The British Government has been blamed for helping to revive the authority of the Porte in a country where it was supposed to have been extinct; but in reality the act of the Sultan in deposing the Khedive was merely formal; the moving impulse proceeded from London and Paris. It is a more serious question whether England acted wisely in virtually admitting that France has an equal right with herself to control the destinies of Egypt. Both States have interests in that country, but ours are much the more important, and it is far from certain that they could always be maintained by means which might be regarded as essential by the French.

The relations of England with the Porte entered upon a new phase during the past year. By the Anglo-Turkish Convention the Porte came under an obligation to institute satisfactory reforms in its Asiatic territories, but as time passed on it became obvious that nothing was being done to fulfil this obligation. As long as possible the British Government acted leniently, confining itself to peaceful advice and expostulation, and even making excuses at home for an Administration which had only recently emerged from a devastating war. When, however, the Sultan carried his defiance so far as to appoint a Prime Minister notorious for his hatred of England, Sir Henry Layard received authority to order the British fleet into Turkish waters. The Porte became alarmed, renewed its promises of good behaviour, and sent Baker Pasha as the Sultan's representative to report on the real condition of Asia Minor. It is impossible to foretell whether a system of reform will result from this incident, but it is of high importance as indicating the determination of the English Cabinet not to consider the Anglo-Turkish Convention a dead letter.

The conflict of political parties in England can seldom have been more bitter than it has been during 1879. While Parliament sat the Opposition missed no opportunity of attacking the Government, and the autumn recess had scarcely begun when its assaults were renewed by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Grant Duff, Mr. Baxter, and other Liberal leaders. The utterances of these politicians were, however, cast into the shade by the extraordinary series of speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone during his visit to Scotland. For ten days he delivered oration after oration, each lasting about two hours; and as if this were not enough, he indulged himself in snatches of eloquence at almost every railway-station where he happened to have a few minutes to spare. His reception by a large section of the Scottish people was unmistakably cordial, but it may be questioned whether he made many converts to his particular way of regarding Imperial politics. The Radical journals are confident that there is a strong and general reaction against the Ministry, and that the next elections will result in a decisive Liberal majority. It is probably true that Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues have lost some of their popularity, but it has to be proved that the favour which they have lost has been transferred to their opponents. If the Liberals were in power, they could not act upon the timid policy

which they now advocate; but the fact that they do advocate a timid policy seems to prevent them from winning national confidence. There can hardly be a doubt that the majority of Englishmen have Liberal sympathies. The evidence does not go to show, however, that they think true Liberalism incompatible with a resolution to maintain the safety and greatness of the Empire.

The Session of 1879 was singularly barren of important legislative results. This was due partly to the continued preoccupation of the public mind with foreign politics, partly to the persistence of the Obstructives. The extreme members of the Home Rule party—aided sometimes by a few of the more bitter Radicals—went as far as the forms of the House permitted in their attempts to impede the progress of public business. Lord Hartington protested in strong terms against this abuse of privilege, but he was unable to do much good; nor were the warnings of the Speaker more successful. If the tactics of the Home Rulers did not advance their cause, they certainly did something to lower Parliament in public esteem, and it was generally agreed that the evil may ultimately have to be put down by severely repressive measures. One of the chief bills passed was that with which the Government proposes to meet the demand of the Irish Catholics for University education. The Act has been well received by many of the leading Catholics, but only as an instalment, while most English Liberals, and perhaps Conservatives, are of opinion that further concession would be inexpedient. A considerable part of the Session was taken up with the discussion of an Army Bill which, but for the clauses relating to flogging, would have attracted little notice. The "anti-floggers" did not secure the total abolition of this form of punishment, but they succeeded in forcing the Government to confine its use within much stricter limits than have hitherto been considered safe. Another result of the Session which deserves notice was the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the causes of the depression of Agriculture. The report of the Commission is looked forward to with profound interest, as it is expected to throw much light on the working of the entire agricultural system.

The country has continued to suffer from the depression of trade, which has lasted for five or six years. It has given rise to much speculation as to the wisdom of our Free Trade policy, and some politicians have ventured to suggest that, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the Free Traders, the question has not perhaps been finally disposed of. There is no evidence, however, of anything like a general reaction in favour of Protection, or even of reciprocity. Lord Beaconsfield was much laughed at for alluding, in his speech at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, to the activity of the trade in "chemicals" as proof of an approaching revival of commercial prosperity, but it turns out that the laugh ought to have been on his side. The prospect has greatly improved of late in the United States, and although the English harvest of 1879 was exceptionally bad we are already sharing to some extent in the advantages of our Transatlantic kinsfolk. There has not yet been a very great advance, but a more buoyant spirit prevails in the manufacturing districts, and we may hope, without being too sanguine (unless special causes intervene), that spring will once more see the nation on the fair way to a period of renewed industrial energy.

During the closing months of the year the attention of Englishmen has been largely directed to a noisy agrarian agitation in Ireland, headed by Mr. Parnell. Stormy meetings have been held in Dublin and elsewhere, and an outcry has been raised not merely for the reduction of rents, but for the compulsory establishment of peasant proprietorships through the agency of the State. At some of these assemblies language of a distinctly treasonable tendency was used, and at one time there seemed to be not a little danger of an insurrection. Several of the leading agitators were arrested, and since this moderate exercise of authority the tone of the speakers has been rather less violent. The movement, however, has not died away, and as it excites a great deal of popular sympathy it is probable that the whole land system of Ireland will one day have to form the subject of serious Parliamentary inquiry. In the mean time the most urgent duty of England in regard to Ireland is to aid in the relief of the distress which prevails in several districts. The Duchess of Marlborough has appealed to Englishmen on behalf of the suffering population, and her appeal has met with a fairly generous response.

It is impossible to glance back at the events of the year without recalling the names of two famous men whom death has removed from us: Lord Lawrence and Mr. Roebuck. In regard to our recent Afghan policy the former was at variance with the majority of his countrymen; but no one who differed from him on this point felt inclined to deny the splendour of the services he formerly rendered to India. As for Mr. Roebuck—if he was a little too self-willed and "John Bullish," he will be remembered as one of the most vigorous, patriotic, and independent politicians of the present age. The last days of 1879 were darkened by a railway accident on the Tay Bridge, which was attended by a fearful loss of life.

FRANCE.—The year in France will perhaps be chiefly known hereafter as the first of M. Grévy's Presidency. Marshal MacMahon, who felt himself completely separated from the dominant party in the State, resigned on the 30th of January; and it was almost universally felt that M. Grévy was the only possible successor. The new President has fulfilled the duties of his high office with remarkable dignity and discretion, avoiding all useless display, and acting as a moderating influence between contending factions. When he went to the Elysée, M. Gambetta accepted the Presidency of the Chamber, and M. Waddington became Prime Minister, retaining at the same time his position at the Foreign Office. The question which has most deeply agitated the French public is that relating to the amnesty. The Radicals—with justice, as it seems to us—demand that a free pardon shall be granted to the banished Communists. The Ministry did not see its way to so thorough a measure as this, but a partial amnesty was proclaimed in virtue of a Bill passed on the 28th of February. The pardoned Communists returned, and there is no sign that any danger is to be apprehended from their influence. M. Jules Ferry's Bill regulating the system of the higher education has also been much discussed; especially the clause depriving the Jesuits of their rights as teachers of youth. This clause has been strongly opposed not only by the so-called Conservatives, but by many of the more moderate Republicans, and in this instance the tendency of foreign opinion has been to support what is considered in France the reactionary party. On the whole, M. Waddington's Ministry was unpopular; and although it demanded and obtained a vote of confidence soon after the opening of the winter session, it felt compelled to resign before the end of the year, and M. de Freycinet (after a great deal of negotiation) was entrusted with the task of forming a new Cabinet. The Government headed by this statesman will be more in harmony than its predecessor with M. Gambetta and the advanced section of the Republican party. In his foreign policy M. Waddington was more successful than in his administration of home affairs. It is true he did not manage to do much for Greece; but, as already stated, he secured for France an equal right with England of controlling Egypt, and in a confused and troubled epoch he gave no occasion for mistrust to neighbouring Powers. During his term of power no party hostile to the Republic can boast of having made progress. The Legitimists and Orleanists are for the time "out of the running," and a heavy blow was inflicted on the Bonapartists by the death of the Prince Imperial. Prince Napoleon poses privately as the heir of the Bonapartes, but he does not publicly proclaim himself a Pretender, nor does he seem to have the faintest chance of ever reviving the Empire. He has not succeeded in conciliating all sections of the Imperialists, and even if he did the Napoleonic legend no longer touches the

sympathies of Frenchmen. The middle class and the peasantry appear to have accepted the Republic, not with enthusiasm, but sincerely, as the form of government best adapted to existing wants; and it could now be endangered only by egregious folly on the part of those to whom its destinies have been entrusted.

GERMANY.—The chief event of the year in Germany was the formation of an alliance between the Conservatives and the Ultramontanes, or Centre party. By means of these united parties Prince Bismarck was able to pass through the Imperial Parliament a Bill establishing a rigid system of protection. His motive in introducing this measure was a desire to obtain a revenue which should make him to some extent independent of the Reichstag and of the individual States. In this he was successful, as it was agreed that a fixed amount derived from the Customs should go to the Imperial Treasury, the surplus being divided among the States which compose the Empire. The majority of the Centre party are sincere Protectionists, but they were induced to act cordially with Prince Bismarck by the hope that he would abolish the Falk Laws. Their anticipations have not been realised. Dr. Falk, indeed, has been compelled to resign, but the laws with which his name is connected are still in force, nor is there any immediate prospect of their repeal. In autumn a new Prussian Parliament was elected, and the result was that while the Centre party remained in its former position the Liberals lost heavily, and the Conservatives gained a large number of seats. When the new Parliament assembled, a scheme was submitted to it for the transfer of private railways to the State. The Centre party, disgusted by the failure of the negotiations with the Vatican, opposed the measure; but it has been carried by the Conservatives, aided by a section of the Liberals. Comparatively little has been heard of the Socialists during 1879, but they are known to be as active as ever, although in secret, and they are sanguine that at the next Imperial elections they will give startling proof of their progress. Towards the end of summer Prince Bismarck paid a visit to Vienna, about which there has been much talk—not, however, more than the incident deserved. At the Congress of Berlin he was generally believed to have mainly supported Russia; but every well-informed observer saw that there were limits beyond which he could not allow Russia to pass. For months the Russian papers attacked him with incredible bitterness as the chief enemy of their country; and Prince Gortchakoff incautiously allowed it to be seen that he thought they were right. The German Chancellor's visit to Vienna was his response to these attacks. Although it is improbable that he negotiated a formal treaty between Germany and Austria, the two States unquestionably came to an understanding that their interests were identical, and that in the event of Russian ambition becoming dangerous they would adopt a common policy. Lord Salisbury acted imprudently in hailing this as "glad tidings of great joy," but there is no dispute as to the vast importance of the event he thus characterised. It is significant that Austria and Germany had been approaching each other for some time before Prince Bismarck's visit, as was proved by the abrogation of the clause in the Treaty of Prague which required Prussia to give the inhabitants of North Schleswig an opportunity of deciding whether they preferred to be Danish or Prussian subjects. The two Empires, however, with all their mutual good will, have not been able to agree upon a Treaty of Commerce.

AUSTRIA.—One of the most important events of the year in Austria was the retirement of Count Andrássy, who had conducted the foreign affairs of the Empire in a difficult crisis of its history. Before his withdrawal Austrian troops advanced to Novi Bazar, and this was everywhere taken to mean that in her intrigues in South Eastern Europe Russia will henceforth have in Austria a much more watchful rival than at any previous period. The fact derives profound significance from the understanding between Germany and Austria to which we have just alluded. The general elections in the Cisleithan provinces resulted in a majority favourable, on the whole, to the Slavonic populations, and Count Taaffe, who would gladly, if possible, diminish the power of the German and Hungarian elements in the Empire, became Prime Minister. Hungary observes with jealousy the growing importance of Slavonic influence, but this does not affect the loyalty of her people to the House of Hapsburg.

SPAIN, ITALY, AND GREECE.—Although these countries are not in any way politically connected, they may properly be classed geographically as the three great Mediterranean peninsulas. The event of the year in Spain was the marriage of King Alfonso with an Austrian princess; a marriage which, although undertaken rather for political than for personal reasons, was received with more popular favour than that which ended so disastrously in the preceding year. The inundations in Murcia excited sympathy throughout the civilized world; and Europe—not generally much interested in Spanish politics—has lately been giving attention to a political struggle which is likely to afford some evidence as to the strength of the Republican party in Spain. The year in Italy has been chiefly remarkable for the signs the people have given of a vague sense of dissatisfaction with their position in the community of nations. We still hear occasionally of the foolish "Italia Irredenta" agitation, although it was rather abruptly checked by the pamphlet in which Baron Haymerle was allowed to warn the Italians that Austria is prepared to maintain all her existing rights. Italy bitterly resented her exclusion by England and France from their intervention in Egypt, and she has given rise to some suspicion by a tendency to favour the friendly advances of Russia. Of Greece it can only be said that she has followed with feverish anxiety the negotiations for the rectification of her frontier. After long delay Turkey at last appointed a Commission for the settlement of the question, but a final arrangement is still postponed.

RUSSIA AND THE EAST.—During the whole of 1879 Russian society was deeply agitated by the increasing boldness of the Nihilists. Notwithstanding stern measures of precaution an attempt was twice made to assassinate the Czar, and it is suspected that a dangerous conspiracy has been formed for the express purpose of taking his life. All ranks are more or less under the influence of the Nihilists, and a powerful section of the higher classes, although opposed to revolution, are believed to be resolutely bent on securing for the country a constitutional system. The Czarevitch does not conceal his sympathy with the latter party, but the Czar hesitates to depart from the traditional policy of his dynasty. Prince Gortchakoff still directs the foreign relations of the Empire, and he has had the mortification to find that in the existing state of Europe Russia must for some time act without allies, and (so far as European Turkey is concerned) restrain her aggressive impulses. It is a question whether, isolated in Europe, she will not seek fresh outlets for her energy in Asia. She has received a temporary check in Turkestan, but her intrigues in Afghanistan and in Persia indicate clearly enough the permanent aims of her ambition.

Of Turkey there is little to be said beyond what has already been stated in connection with the foreign policy of Great Britain. Baker Pasha's mission is not regarded with much hope even by politicians who are anxious that the Ottoman Empire shall be maintained. The Porte appears to have been stricken with a sort of paralysis, and the Powers, England included, are silently preparing for the results of its apparently inevitable decay. Suitable rulers were found for Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia in Prince Alexander of Battenberg and Aleko Pasha, but it cannot be said that either State has made a good use of its privileges. A spirit of bitter hostility has been displayed towards the Mahomedan population, who now suffer quite as much from Christian rule as the Christians in ordinary

times ever suffered from the rule of the Turks. In 1879 the Roumanians have distinguished themselves by fierce opposition to the Jews, who have not yet obtained the full rights of citizens. Albania has resisted the claims of Montenegro to territory ceded to the latter State by the Berlin Congress, but as the Porte counsels submission the dispute may be regarded as virtually settled in favour of the Montenegrins.

In the remote East the chief subject of interest to Europeans has been the action of the drunken young villain who rules Burnah. He has murdered relatives by the score, and his hostility to England is so marked that the British Government has found it necessary to break off diplomatic relations with him. A strong party in India has urged that we should make war upon him and annex his country, but more prudent counsels have happily prevailed.

AMERICA, THE BRITISH COLONIES, AND INDIA.—The dreary politics of the South American States have been diversified by a war between Chili and Peru, in the course of which several naval battles have been fought. In the United States nothing has awakened so much interest as the evidence of revived trade. The State elections have proved that the reaction against the Republicans is at an end, and that if the party acts with prudence it may still look forward to a long term of power. General Grant, on his return from his tour round the world, has been received with extraordinary popular enthusiasm; and it is admitted on all hands that if he chooses for the third time to become a candidate for the presidency his election is certain. Even the South seems inclined to accept him as a candidate who may be considered "national" in the strictest sense.

Of the colonies, Canada has, as usual, attracted the widest notice. In the course of the year it was well scolded by Mr. Bright and others for its protective tariff, but on this subject it prefers the guidance of the United States to that of the mother country. The relations of the Dominion and England are now of so much importance that a Minister has lately been appointed to reside in London for the transaction of Canadian business. The Zulu War forced on the attention of Englishmen the whole question of our obligations to the South African Colonies. These cautious communities consider it very agreeable to have their battles fought for them by England; but they have been warned that the time has come for the adoption of a well-considered scheme of confederation. In Victoria Mr. Graham Berry has continued his efforts to strengthen the Democratic element in the Constitution, and he is confident that when he appeals to the electors his policy will be sanctioned by a decisive majority.

Events in Afghanistan have naturally formed the chief topic of discussion in India. The war seems to have been approved by most intelligent natives, but they are strongly of opinion that the cost should be borne by England; a view which is shared by all English Liberals, and not a few Conservatives. The abolition of the cotton duties was received with much favour in Manchester, but it is generally denounced by Anglo-Indians as a reckless sacrifice of Indian interests to those of British traders. Indian finance remains in a state of great confusion. Recent discussion has, however, impressed on the English and the Anglo-Indian public the importance of lightening taxation by strict economy in civil and military administration.



The author of "Erchomenon; or, the Republic of Materialism" (Sampson Low and Co.) differs widely from Miss Bevington on the value of Materialism as a basis of morals. That lady, replying in the *Nineteenth Century* to Mr. Mallock, is sure that life will be all the more worth living, its sorrows diminished, its comforts increased, when people cease to look beyond it. With an improved breed of Altruism, she thinks, will become a second nature. In *Erchomenon*, on the contrary, the saddest thing is the callousness to other people's sufferings which almost every one exhibits. The amusements are mostly high play and exciting gymnastic feats, which latter the citizens watch as eagerly as those sensational sightseers watched the contortions of the wounded Zazel. The good points in this new Republic are that the Thames runs as clear as a trout stream, though in London alone there are eight millions of people; that blocks in Ludgate Hill and the crowding of Christmas trains are avoided by the use of aerial machines, which, however, sometimes come to grief in mid-heaven; and that, instead of spoiling your eyes with a badly-printed newspaper, you have only to appeal to one of a row of bronze figures which stand in every coffee-room and are labelled *Times*, *Bell's Life*, &c., in order to hear by phonograph all the news you like to call for. There is not much novelty in the improvements, considering that it is the 300th year of the British Commune; but the changes for the worse are startling enough. Christianity is popularly supposed to be extinct, a few Bibles being preserved as great curiosities in the British Museum. Christians, however, do exist as an obscure sect (still split into High and Low) in the outskirts of London; and their existence is bound up with the plot of the story, and the awakening of long slumbering sympathy and family feeling in some of the characters. Of the non-Christians a small minority are Comtists, and worship the *Grand Être*, the rest don't worship anything. Marriage among the Comtists is a renewable contract for a term of not more than five years; the Nothingarians go in for something very like promiscuity, and our author is ungallant enough to say that the women, though generally beginning as Comtists, end in most cases by going over to the laxer side. Their dress, almost the same as that of the men, is a considerable advance on what *Punch's* Almanac figures as the costume of the future. Naturally, home is a thing of the past; hotel life is universal; babies are all sent to State "farms," where nurse and doctor cynically get rid of the weakly, and also of the troublesome ones. As they grow up children go to State schools. What becomes of the aged does not clearly appear, but those who through accident or illness are likely to be a burden to the community are knocked on the head by the ward doctor, unless, indeed, the Christians like to nurse and maintain them. The dead are taken to the boiling-down establishment, the horrible description of which makes cremation seem a trifling change. Altogether "Erchomenon" is not a very lively book; but it is well to have the great problems, "How we should get on without religion?" "What would become of a society in which there was no room for God?" set clearly before us in a way which even the dullest must comprehend. Miss Bevington's Utopia supposes that people will develop under Materialism in the right direction; it is just possible they might develop the wrong way.

In "Rough Ways Made Smooth; a Series of Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects" (Chatto and Windus), Mr. R. A. Proctor tells us about sun-spots, discussing their connection with Indian famines, trade panics, and the American war, about Lescarbault's supposed intra-Mercurial planet; about a new crater in the moon, heat being there caused by the rapid contraction of the surface; about the November meteors, and several other astronomical subjects. He also treats of cold winters; of rowing styles; of heredity; of great storms; and, *inter alia*, of those curious subjects artificial somnambulism and dual consciousness. We cannot think that science is much advanced by papers of this kind. To tell a man, for instance, that "according to Ribot, the nose is

the feature which heredity preserves best," is not likely to increase his respect for scientists, for (despite such cases as the Bourbon nose) his experience will probably point out that Ribot's "fact" is very doubtful. The best thing in the paper on heredity is a quotation from Robert Collyer of Chicago: "Old Dr. Mason used to say, 'As much grace as would make John a saint would hardly keep Peter from knocking a man down.'" It may be useful to remember that a tendency to hysterics is curable by "threatening to apply a red hot iron to the spine to quiet the nervously-excited system." The strange increase of muscular power sometimes exhibited in somnambulism, natural or induced, is due, it seems, to the abnormal concentration of the will on one set of muscles, whereas in general we apply but a small part of the muscle at any given moment. About rowing, Mr. Proctor writes with authority, showing that the Cambridge stroke, beginning gently and gradually increased, is suitable for heavy boats only. The book, if it does not teach people to think scientifically, will at least enable its readers to talk glibly on several popular subjects.

"A Year in Peshawur, and a Lady's Ride in the Khyber Pass," by L. R. Trevelyan (Chapman and Hall), gives us in the form of a novel a good account of life on the Afghan frontier—its amusements, its petty gossip, its flirting and love making and quarrels and jealousies, and the excitement with which the nearness of the Hill tribes naturally flavours the proverbial dullness of all Indian life. Indeed, the great event is the capture by Afghans of three young officers who, while out shooting, had recklessly gone across the frontier. How they get off, and actually become heroes instead of prisoners, after passing a most uncomfortable Christmas in a Hill village, we leave the reader to find out. One of them ventures again and again gets captured; and it is along with the party formed to rescue him that "the lady" (already in love with him) rides into the Khyber Pass. Courtship in India goes on apace, so we must not be surprised that in one small volume our author marries three couples, besides killing off a foolish major who offends an Afghan. Just now it is interesting, though not very comforting, to read of the vindictive nature of these Afghans, and their extreme jealousy of British interference in their territory.

Those who have read Mr. O'Flanagan's "Irish Bar" will know what to expect in his "Munster Circuit: Tales, Trials, and Traditions" (Sampson Low and Co.). They will, we think, even find some of the former stories repeated. The "Munster Circuit" goes back to the very beginning, when in Elizabeth's reign the brehon law was superseded by the appointment of a Lord President. The trial of Florence Newton in 1661, one of the very few Irish witch cases, is curious; and still more curious is the way in which the citizens of Cork had their houses seized by the English in 1644 while they were gone out to look at the sham hanging of the Governor who had made a sham confession of treason. Cromwell's grim jests, too—how, for instance, he said that, "gunpowder having been invented by a monk, it was no sin to promote church bells into cannons," are worth recording; though we cannot see what they, or the often-told story of O'Sullivan Beare, have to do with the Munster Circuit. When Mr. O'Flanagan gets to modern times he keeps more to his subject; and a good deal of what he says of O'Connell and Baron Deasy and others, is still fresh in the memory of many who knew them. The humorous part of the book is disappointing. Circuit jokes are usually small ones; but many of Mr. O'Flanagan's jokes are so small that, out of Munster, they would be hardly worth recording. Here is a fair sample: "Take care, or you will be called Hunt the slipper," said a brother barrister to one Hunt who had fallen several times on a frosty day. Better far is the story of the idle conveyancing clerk, whose index to his teacher's book of practice was made in this fashion: "GREAT MIND, *vide* LORD ELLENBOROUGH; the entry under LORD ELLENBOROUGH being 'Lord Ellenborough said he had a great mind to non-suit the plaintiff.'"

Mr. W. Knox Wigram, J.P., of Lincoln's Inn, intends his "Justices' Note-Book" (Stevens and Sons, 119, Chancery Lane) chiefly "to mitigate the difficulties usually encountered by Justices during their novitiate." An English J.P. is a creature *sui generis*. He need never have heard a case tried before he is called on to act as judge. The wonder is that with nearly the whole press on the watch to set down something against "the Great Unpaid," any one should be bold enough to allow himself to be put on the Commission. Mr. Wigram gives a brief dictionary of subjects, including "churchwardens," though he leaves undecided the question whether they are essential to the existence of a parish. Rooks and mushrooms are classed together, being, as well as watercresses, unprotected by statute, and free to the first taker. The following deserves the attention of others besides those on the Commission of the Peace: "Innocent prisoners often fail to see and enforce points in their own favour. A man does not see the weak point in the chain of evidence against him, and yet its weakness may be only perceptible from his side."

The Italian part of "Notes of Travel: Extracts from the Journals of Count Moltke" (Kegan Paul and Co.) would be interesting even if the writer had not afterwards come to be so famous, for the notes on the Campagna were set down in 1845, while Moltke was taking the observations for his well-known map of the country round Rome. It is curious how much of the map-drawing of Rome has been done by Germans. Sickler and Westphal preceded Moltke; the latter wore out his constitution with that malaria which the Count believes is only a modern mischief. Forgetting his Horace, he insists that the unhealthiness of Rome dates from the tenth century, and he says the Campagna might be made healthy and thriving if it was parcelled out among small leaseholders; "its soil is not marshy, as we often fancy, but throughout of a peculiarly dry sand." At Rome Count (then Major) Moltke was aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia. The Prince died, and the Major was commissioned to accompany the body to Berlin. At Gibraltar he left his charge and went overland to Hamburg; and the Spanish notes, which he put into shape while waiting three weeks for the arrival of the ship, are the result of this flying visit. They do not tell us much; there is a long account of a bull-fight that takes up several pages. We had heard before of the Moorish remains in Seville. But for its grand old bridge, Cordova would, we are told, be an insignificant town; and, strange to say, Andalusia struck the visitor from the Campagna, as being "quite a barren land." France he visited in 1856 in the suite of Prince Frederic William, now Crown Prince. They had a right royal reception; but Moltke found his rooms in the Pavillon Marsan at the Tuileries comfortable compared with his little turret-room at Windsor. French etiquette, too, seemed to him severer than English, though this was only on grand occasions; at a little private reception of the Empress they were quite *en famille*. The Empress, indeed, was always charming. The Emperor only looked well on horseback, there was a stiffness about his manner: "he is an Emperor and not a king." Interspersed with shrewd remarks about the dangers of personal government are criticisms on the ugly theatres, the tedious ballets, the barracks "as grand out there as they are dirty inside," and (as Moltke's military eye at once saw) admirably placed for keeping down an outbreak. The well-drilled German was astonished at the slouching pace of the French soldiers, and the way they knock their muskets about. In the Bois de Boulogne he admired the waterfall and the artificial caves; in Paris his chief delight was the Hotel Clugny. A melancholy interest attaches to his remarks about the Imperial infant; but more even than by the smiles of Eugenie was he impressed by the German speech of the Alsace folks: "they are good Frenchmen notwithstanding. We left them in the lurch"—an oversight since repaired in a way which the young aide-de-camp little dreamt of whilst stag-hunting at Fontainebleau or dancing in the Pavillon de l'Horloge.

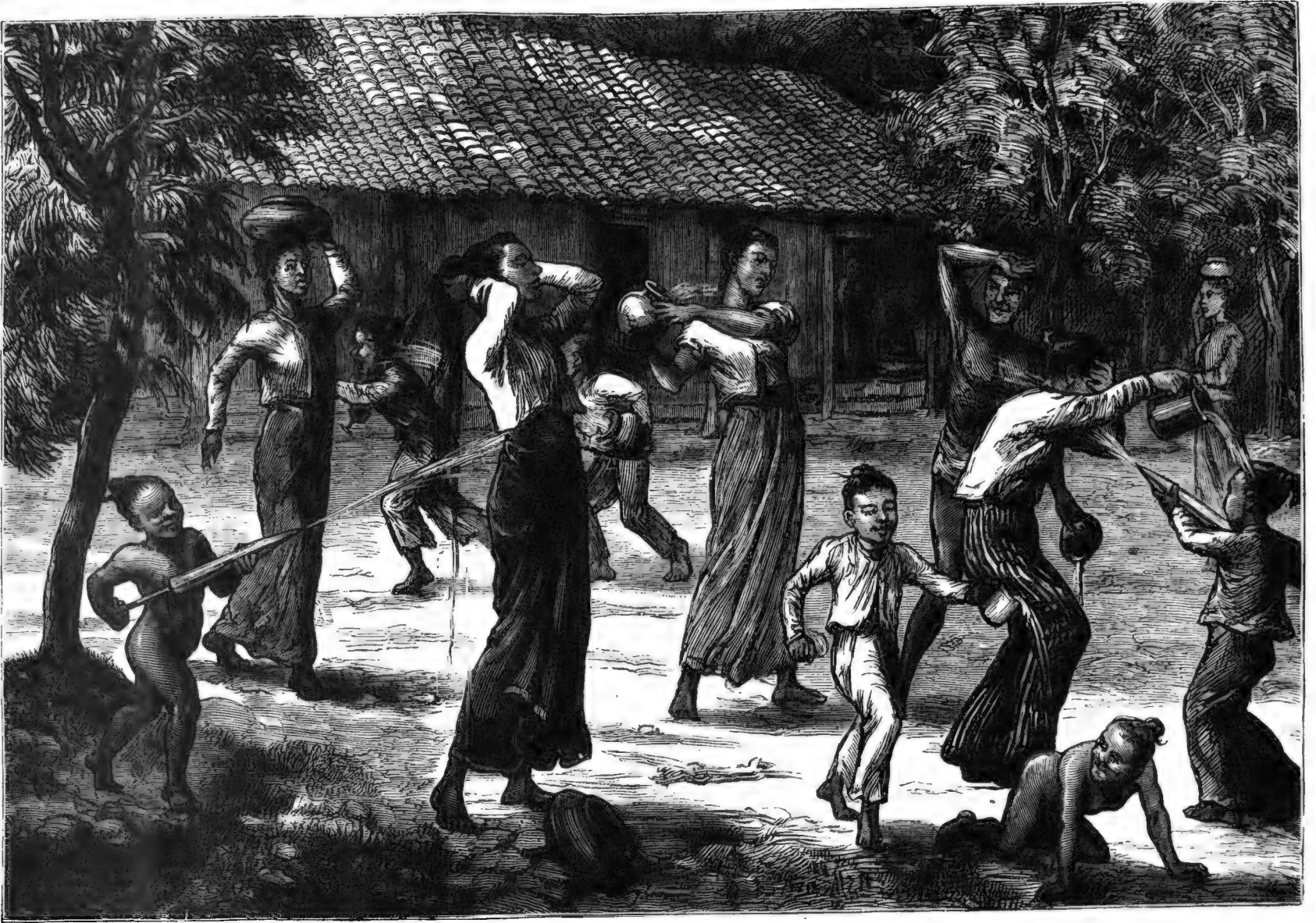
"England: Its People, Polity, and Pursuits," by T. H. S. Escott (2 vols.: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).—Simply stated, this interesting and useful book furnishes a series of more or less truthful pictures of English life at the present day. It shows how each class of the community is clothed, fed, housed, educated, and governed, how the people work and play, and the relation to each other of the various divisions of modern English society. This, on the face of it, is a wide and comprehensive scheme, and it is hardly necessary to say that in working out some portions of it Mr. Escott fails to reach the high standard which characterises the rest of the work. The author's method is to constitute himself the guide of the reader, whom he takes into this or that place, or this or that section of society, and points out in clear and discriminating language their salient and distinguishing features. This plan involves considerable repetition, but it has its merits, and perhaps it would be difficult, seeing the variety and extent of the ground covered, to find another on the whole equally suitable and equally satisfactory in the result. It is somewhat difficult, in the little space at our disposal, to give an adequate idea of Mr. Escott's book. Perhaps his best chapters are those on Religious England and Educational England. In the former he is commendably severe on the accommodating laxity which is at present characteristic of our religious terminology, for, as he justly remarks, no two schools of divines use the same words in the same sense, and Broad Churchmen, High Churchmen, and Low Churchmen are necessarily at cross purposes. He has also some sensible observations on the power of money in England, and though perhaps the influence of the plutocracy in the House of Commons may be stronger at this moment than is desirable, it is just as well to remember that in the fact that poverty is a political disqualification there lies the surety of integrity and independence. In contrasting the Purchase with the present Army System, he thinks that the latter is infinitely the better of the two—at least for those officers who retire at their appointed time; but for those who do not wish to do so it is a hardship, and the new system "has made the army less than ever a profession for poor men." The chapter on the English Theatre and the Censorship of Plays is one which is well worth reading, and contains some thoughtful and suggestive remarks, and in that on "Crown and Crowd" Mr. Escott defends the caucus system, on the ground that it secures the representation of the majority more certainly than any other method; though his reply to the argument that it must weaken popular interest in politics is not quite clear to us. He combats the objection by pointing to the great interest in politics exhibited by the masses now; but one might as well say that because a thing lives it will never die. The caucus system is, to our mind, admirably adapted for the suppression of political individuality, which, from a party point of view, is often apt to be objectionably awkward. Some of his statements, too, in the chapters on country life are equally open to doubt. He would have us believe that the normal country gentleman is an absentee; but we are inclined to think that there are comparatively very few of the class. In these days of increased facilities of locomotion, every one, from the ploughboy to Royalty itself, sees more of the world than was possible in olden times; but even taking this into consideration, by far the majority of our country gentlemen are anything but absentees. The author admits them to be, typically, keen sportsmen and scientific farmers; but if they forsook their estates they could scarcely be either, unless in imagination. But a work, with so wide a scope as this possesses, could scarcely fail to be unequal in parts, and despite its blemishes, which are comparatively few, the fact remains that Mr. Escott has given us a valuable and instructive picture of modern English life.

We have received three volumes of sermons, "Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical," by the Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., Rector of Trinity Church, New York; "Love is of God, and Other Sermons," by the Right Rev. W. Bacon Stevens, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania; and "The Double Witness of the Church," by the Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of California (William Wells Gardner).—The first at least of these books is well worth reading, being distinguished, within a certain limit, by considerable intellectual clearness and vigour, and lighted up by a warm and picturesque imagination. At the same time, the author appears bound down, as it were, and unable to climb as high as he would like, the while seeming conscious of his inability. This peculiarity is especially noticeable in the sermon on the "Mystery of the Incarnation." On the whole, however, it is no ordinary volume. The second, "Love is of God," &c., is curiously unequal. In some of the discourses there is the warmth and fervour of true piety and feeling, whilst in others there is a repellent coldness that grates upon the nerves. The third volume is a series of lectures delivered "with reference merely to the Protestant denominations around us." As might be expected from this remark in the preface, the sermons which follow are not distinguished for liberality of thought. In fact, they are intolerably narrow. They deal amongst other subjects with the Moral Training of the Church, Popular Objections against the Church, &c., and there is a strange picture in the last of the series of a "true Catholic Churchman," who, if he is ultra-ecclesiastical, is about as human as a walking-stick. The chief feature of the book, however, is the Bishop's claim to supernatural authority to teach; though he has very little proof in support of it to advance. He talks about the "double witness" of the Church against Protestant "denominations" on the one hand and Romanism on the other; but he exhibits hardly more sympathy with the true spirit of the Church than do the very people he would condemn.

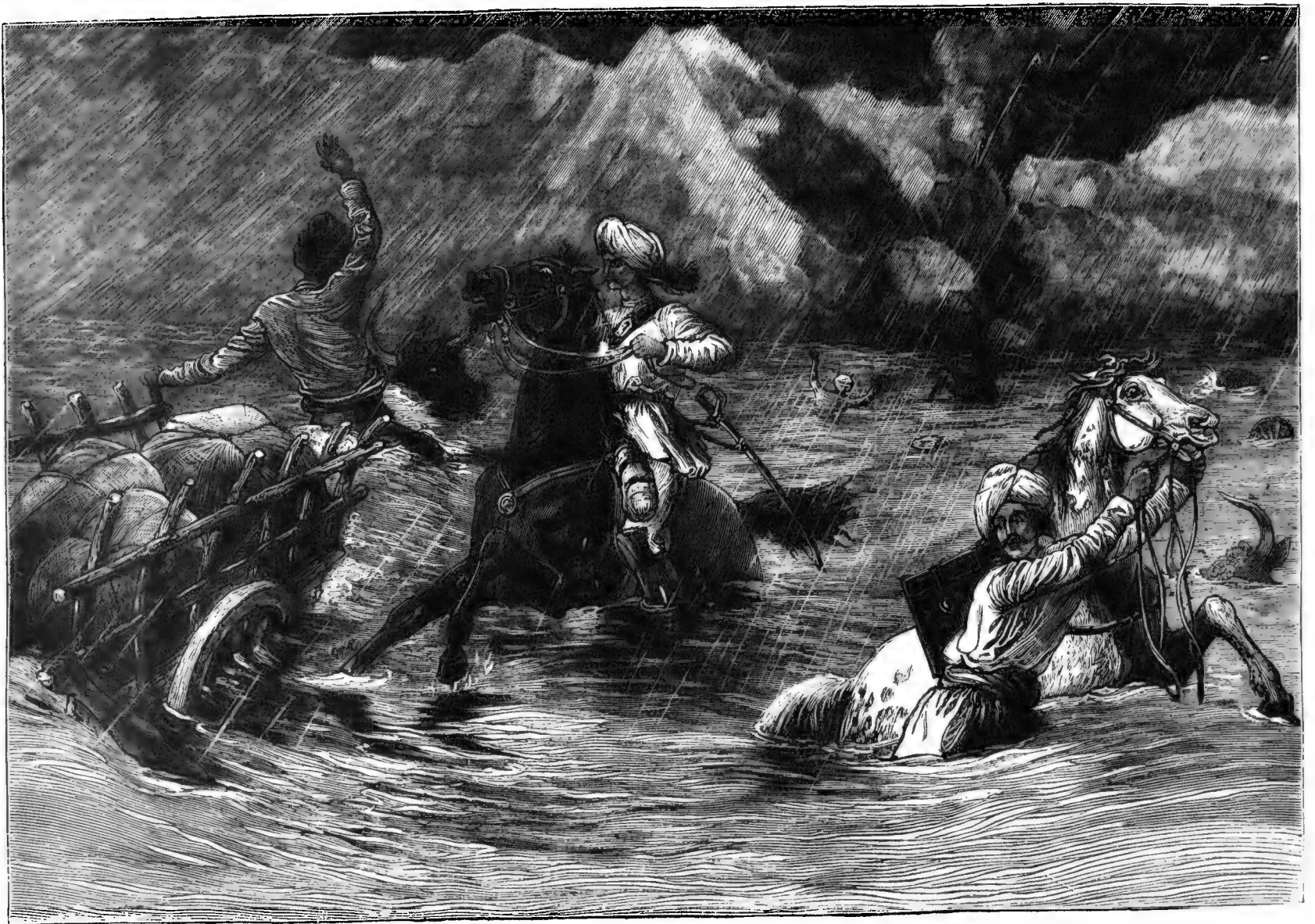
"Lady Trevelyan's Literary and Artistic Remains" (Longmans, Green, and Co.).—In her private life Lady Trevelyan's varied graces of mind and heart and simplicity of character must have won her very many friends, and for them rather than for the general reader, perhaps, these memoirs will have a special attraction. They consist of reviews and art notices, written chiefly for the *Scotsman*, with some poems, correspondence, and a few etchings. It is rather curious to note that in reviewing Mr. Ruskin's "Pre-Raphaelitism" in 1851, she laments the same unvarying tale told by the annual Art exhibitions of the absence of lofty aim or original thought of our artists' work. It is doubtful whether these remarks do not apply just as well to the present time. These "remains" exhibit true taste and feeling to a considerable degree, and they are the work of one who was highly gifted by Nature. Many of the beautiful designs from natural objects now seen in Honiton lace are from her pencil, and one of the most successful is the collection at South Kensington. The book has been lovingly edited by Mr. David Wooster.

We have received from Messrs. Chatto and Windus a new edition of the late Mr. Walter Thornbury's "Haunted London," with the illustrations by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. The value of the historical and archaeological traditions which this brightly-written work recounts has been considerably enhanced by the careful editing of Mr. Edward Walford, and the book is one which all who are interested in the gradual changes that are so constantly taking place in our metropolis should possess, and one which to the general reader forms an interesting memento of "Vanishing London."

Some really admirable photographs of Temples and Palaces in Nepal have been forwarded to us by Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square. They were taken by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd of Simla, Bombay, and Calcutta, and afford a capital idea of the highly picturesque Nepalese architecture, all the details of which are clearly and faithfully brought out in the photographs. Those of the King's Residence at Katmandoo, the Temple of Radha Krishna at Patan, and the Durbar and Temples, with the Monolith of Raja Bhupatindra Mulla at Bhatgaon, are especially worthy of mention.



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN BURMAH—A SKETCH AT THE "WATER FESTIVAL" *



THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN—A "FRESHET" IN THE BOLAN PASS



"A JUSTICE IN 1500"
FROM THE PICTURE BY CHESTER LOOMIS, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

TWO WALKS IN ROME

I.

FITILESSLY the August sun is scorching with its blinding rays the cruel stones of the Piazza del Popolo. The air is parched with fervent heat—a heat not to be measured by the thermometer, but oppressive with a sense of sickness, with a physical presentiment of latent harm. As we stand in the shadow of the city gate, a tall young man, scarcely recovered from the fever, totters down the steps of Santa Maria on the arm of a compassionate priest. Behind us a slaving *campagnuolo* in the first stage of delirium, who has been trying to force his way into the tram-car for the Milvian Bridge, is being borne off to the hospital between two stalwart Municipal Guards. The fever this year is everywhere around. It has climbed the slopes of the Campanian highlands, and cut short the summer manoeuvres of the Southern Army Corps. It has burrowed in the desolate hollows of the Campagna, and routed the good Trappists of the Tre Fontane behind their vaulted defences of eucalyptus trees. In Rome itself the great hospitals beyond the Tiber are choked with patients. “In my street,” whispers one of the few Englishmen left in the city, “there is one sick in almost every house.” Somewhat disconsolately we begin our walk through the seedy-looking “Street of the Baboon,” past dusty shops where last season’s cameos and mosaics are toasting in the burning sun. No volunteer guide, no hawker even of plans of Rome—“two shilling! ein franc! sei soldi!!!”—darts forth to disturb us on our march. They cannot be real signori, that is certain, who have come to Rome at such a season. We have left the last roving Englishman behind us with the Alps; the last stray American at Milan. But we have left behind us too the bitter winds, the driving showers, that made up in ’79 our English summer. We have sunshine at last, though there be fever in its brightness; and like Pope’s Ajax, if we are doomed to perish, “at least shall perish in the light of day.” More seedy streets; a glorious fountain which we recognise at once, though its rush of waters is not what it was; a moment’s pause before we dare the passage of the hot Corso, sweltering now in afternoon repose; a narrow lane; the shabby front of a big church; and then before us a broad flight of steps, a sleepy she-wolf in a cage upon our right, and lo! the quaint Piazza of the Capitol. Scarce stopping to take note of things which may be better studied on another day, we issue from the square at its furthest corner, and find ourselves at the commencement of a steep descent, and at the bottom a long narrow valley, a perfect wilderness of pits and stones, and stones crossed ever and again by high embankments, a melancholy-looking Triumphal Arch, a group or two of chipped and broken columns, a dismal church or two on either side, and one—yes, just one—pretty object, a graceful campanile, in the distance, and in our ears we hear an exultant voice, “You see before you the Forum of Old Rome.” The Forum! This! Were “Innocents Abroad” ever so “disillusioned” before! Why could not people have left it as it was, with charitable *débri*s filling up those holes, and green trees growing over them in gentle rows, and just a “nameless column” starting up to indicate, to those who cared to know it, that here once pulsed the great heart of Rome. Moodily, slowly, our bewildered brain concentrated in the thought that we were very hot, we wander round towards the river, just conscious, almost as much by sense of smell as sight, that we were passing close before the musty church whence Newman takes his Cardinal’s title, and backwards through the maze of streets between the Ghetto and the Spanish Steps until, with a sigh of relief, we find ourselves at last in the one cheerful spot which Rome (as it then seemed to us) could offer to the stranger from the North, the Pincian Gardens, with their perennial verdure, their brilliant flower-beds, their charming visitors, and happy sounds of innumerable cicalas.

II.

OCTOBER now, and we are still alive—nay, strange to say, not a whit the worse. The sun is still somewhat overpowering at noon, but in the clear air and balmy winds that blow down on us from the Latin hills is an indescribable freshness which brings back to veins and nerves—not a little, we fear, the worse for time—something at least of the young man’s feeling, “there can no harm happen unto me.” As for the fever, we have read about it in the papers certainly. We only know, however, that it has not come near us; though we have walked abroad at noon and even, in broiling squares, and dark subterranean crypts, and driven at nightfall along the roads that lead from the city far away into the plain. Two golden rules—never allow yourself to be chilled, however much the heat may tempt you to carelessness; and steadily repair the waste of nerve power and tissue by copious draughts of the pure rough wine of Marino—have been so far our sufficient safeguard. And now one glance at the merry groups which through the roads leading to the suburbs on these October Sundays which the Romans love should of itself dispel all thoughts or sickness; and Rome—the Rome of which we spoke so slightly—has gradually revealed to us something of her charms. Slowly but steadily on our stupid untopographical brain the plan and greatness of the ancient ruins have begun to leave distinct impressions, and the dead past to fashion itself anew in perfect symmetry to our fancies. Lovingly we linger over the fragment of a mosaic floor on which (who knows?) Lucretius may have trodden; on the marble block which, as we draw nearer, turns out to be a graceful altar to the Lares; on the broad frieze on which the sacrificial victims seem almost to move in the procession, familiar now to every schoolboy. To-day is no holiday, and the roads are almost deserted, for the poor Roman is at work, and the *forestieri* (thank goodness) are far away. We will go forth and have a little holiday by ourselves. Two pretty girls, at the entrance to the Park of St. Gregory, are playing daintily at shopkeepers as we go by. Five minutes, and we stand before the steps whence Gregory gave his blessing to Augustine ere he went forth to Christianise the Northern Isles. Half up the steep ascent to our left the columned apse of the fine Church of the martyrs John and Paul stands out before the massive convent, built above ruins of the heathen time, which once (so antiquarians tell us) were the dens in which the beasts of prey were kept before they were taken down by subterranean ways to the arena where the Christians were praying for the last time on earth. The day is closing as we toil up the slope, with gardens and with ruins on either hand. In the long lane there is neither sight nor sound of life, only a faint sweet noise of music from the church where two or three are gathered at the altar. Passing beneath Dolabella’s Arch, and before the curious fresco in which the pictured form of the Saviour of the world is drawn between a free man and a slave, with hands stretched out to both alike, as equally the Brother and the Lord of both, we reach the grass-grown square before that strangest of the Roman churches, the fantastic shrine of San Stefano Rotondo. Not far off now the stately obelisk of the Lateran is seen above the intervening trees, marking, as it were, the border line between the dead Rome upon which we are standing and the new Rome that is growing up beyond—the Rome of railroads and of tramways, of ambitious half-finished boulevards and stucco palazzi three-fourths untenanted; a Rome which is very shocking to the antiquary, but which has still a charm and interest of its own, if only for its out-look on the grand hills which gird it round, and which are nowhere seen so well as from thence; but most of all because it is a Rome which means its children to be something better than begging monks or begging tourist-guides, and which in those big barracks out yonder is training up the youth of Italy to a new life of discipline and intelligence, and love and duty to a common Fatherland. But by this time the sun has set behind the hills. Too late to go down now on the other side, where the little pagan chapel of

some unknown god stands still on the place where three roads meet over against the church of S. Cesareo. As we turn to descend, the grand old ruins on the Palatine stand out in perfect outline against the clear pale sky of evening. Again, as we pass, the sweet low chant comes out to us from the Martyrs’ Church. We must get as far as the busy—must we add somewhat squalid?—streets around the Piazza Montanari before we come fairly back to earth. And even then we catch ourselves humming half-audibly the old Austrian refrain (with a variation), “Es giebt nur eine Kaiserstadt, Es giebt nur eine—Rome.”



“THE EGOIST: a Comedy in Narrative,” by George Meredith (2 vols.: C. Kegan Paul and Co.).—It goes without the saying by this time that Mr. G. Meredith is a genius, a wit, and a humourist, whose work at its best entitles him to stand—to say the least of it—in the very first rank of the novelists of the day—also that with all his gifts, he has been, and seems likely enough to remain, pretty well a novelist *incompris* for the general reader, who either cannot understand him, or cannot be got to take the trouble to try. It is more to our purpose here that we should draw attention to the fact that in his new story Mr. Meredith seems to have shown more attention to what we may call its “composition” than has been always his wont. The sequence of events may seem often somewhat of the loosest, still there is a sequence; and the author has been at more pains to make his story hang together than in some of his efforts, which one could hardly fancy the result of design at all. And, of course, “The Egoist” is full of brilliant dialogue, keen and sparkling epigram, flashes happy or profound of thought or insight, and subtle and suggestive analyses of human mood and character. Nevertheless, the book, striking work that it is, bears the defects of its author’s qualities, and is hardly all that it might have been had he been content to efface himself as the artist should, and had not acquired the trick, as one of his critics puts it, of preferring his cleverness to his genius. But to follow up this line of criticism would lead us too far afield, and leave us no space for noticing what certainly should be noticed—that the book is an experiment in a fresh variety of literature. It is not a “Tale,” nor a “Romance,” but a “Comedy in Narrative.” It is the aim and function of comedy, as Mr. Meredith conceives it, to seek to compress and summarise a situation rather than to expand it and set it forth in all its fulness of circumstance; to make us understand types, rather than introduce us to individuals. Hence, then, if any readers should complain, that, masterly as are some of Mr. Meredith’s conceptions of character here, they remain somewhat dim and indistinct, and that even Sir Willoughby Patterne, “the Egoist” himself, and Clara Middleton, the lady through whose instrumentality he is scourged into at last seeing himself as the man he is, not as the man whom he has given himself out for, and persuaded himself into believing in, have an air of unreality and conventionality about them, and are not the sort of people to be actually met with, his answer would probably be that he was perfectly aware of it; but had not aimed at giving a transcript from real life, but at something else. Whether this new variety in fiction will prove effective and make a place for itself is of course a question distinct from that other question as to the measure of success with which Mr. Meredith has here treated it, and on both questions opinions will no doubt differ. But there can hardly be a difference of judgment among competent critics that this book, whatever may be its shortcomings, is a singularly fine work of art. Of the “plot” or story itself which we are here asked to study and follow, we have left ourselves no room to speak. Any brief account we might try to give of it would simply take up space to no good purpose. It is likely enough that on a first reading all the excellence of the book may not be clearly seen; but it will bear a second and a third, and even then need not be wholly dismissed from the mind and memory. For, to our thinking, it is unquestionably a book of mark, and one that must take its place as a permanent addition to English literature.

“Beating the Air,” by Ulick Ralph Burke (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—Mr. Burke’s novel is often smart, clever, and amusing, and always very readable. If he cannot deliver himself of epigrams, he can on occasion turn a phrase neatly enough; and if his story is of the lightest, no doubt he best knows his own *metier*, and forbears to meddle with high matters that would not suit him. All the same so much dramatic force is shown in the description of one incident—for which we must be content to refer the reader to the latter half of the third volume—that we cannot help fancying that Mr. Burke must have more power in him than he has yet thought it good to show. His hero, Humphrey Perceval, ex-Ensign and Lieutenant of the Coldstream Guards, has as little as possible of the heroic or ideal about him, but is a frank, cheery English gentleman, brave, honest, and straightforward as the day—in fact, just the sort of man we all of us know, or have known some time or other—and the story of how he stumbles into troubles, which are really not of his own making, and then is helped out of them again, is told in the most natural way in the world. Nor must we withhold our tribute of praise from his wife, Sybil, a charming young lady, whom we do not like the less because we are allowed to see but little of her. Mr. Burke, it should be said, deserves great credit for not making her “gush,” on several occasions when his temptations in that direction must have been extreme. Humphrey Perceval’s efforts at getting “something to do”—efforts which lend its title to the book—first “something under Government,” and then “something in the City,” receiving in return nothing but neglect and snubs more or less politely administered—except from those benefactors of their kind, who undertake to provide “Pleasant and Profitable Employment to ex-Officers in the Army and others,” who do not snub him, indeed, but fleece him—are very amusingly told; and the disappointments of the young couple are never sufficiently distressing to hinder our appreciation of the “fun” of the situation. The scenes of station life in India in the third volume are also excellent, though we cannot help regarding their introduction rather as a *tour de force* of the author’s. Altogether, the book, though a slight thing, is in its way a decided success, but we would warn Mr. Burke against the tendency he displays to indulge in imaginary “chats” with the reader.

“A Modern Iago,” by C. Despard, author of “Chaste as Ice: Pure as Snow,” &c. (2 vols.: Remington and Co.).—We have not the clearest recollection of Mrs. Despard’s earlier work—published many years ago—but we remember thinking that, with much exaggeration, it yet showed signs of power. The exaggeration is, perhaps, less obvious here; but then, unfortunately, the same must be said of the power. The title of the book is unfortunately chosen. With all the will in the world to play Iago, the villain of the piece, Perceval, the Greek, or Italian, or Spanish banker, we are not sure which he is, is not at all up to his part, and comparisons to his disadvantage are thus continually being suggested. By dint of unscrupulous lying and intrigue he schemes to bring into his toils the beautiful Lady de Courcy, and has all but succeeded, when, just as she is about to stand at the very altar with him, fate intervenes, and he meets his doom. After which the honest people in the tale, who seem to have a remarkable tendency to passing their lives under the influence of brain fever, or in lunatic asylums, come by their own, and all ends well. People who like a highly sensational story, and

are not repelled by an inflated style, may put up with the book, which, however, we can hardly consider worth reading.

“The Heiress, Not the Woman,” by Alan Grant (Samuel Tinsley).—This story seems chiefly remarkable for the exceeding warmth of its love-business—love-business in which, we are sorry to say, the lady most decidedly takes the leading part. In the matter of kisses, clinging and passionate, Mr. Grant might give “a wrinkle” to the most advanced and daring of our lady novelists. As we can hardly consider such scenes altogether edifying, it is some consolation to reflect that, in accordance with ordinary probabilities, they could hardly have happened—at least as here recorded. The book may, however, plead its brevity as some excuse for its faults.—We have also received “When Other Lips,” by Mrs. A. M. Maillard, author of “Loving and Being Loved,” &c. (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), a tale of which an acknowledgment must suffice for notice.



I.

“*Toujours* Mr. Gladstone!” the wearied and impatient reader may be tempted to exclaim on opening the *Fortnightly Review*, and coming upon a biographical sketch of the Member for Mid-Lothian *in posse*, by his ardent admirer Mr. H. Dunkley, based, though only based, on Mr. G. B. Smith’s recent volumes. Let us frankly say, however, that Mr. Dunkley’s monograph has agreeably surprised us. It is written with moderation, fairness, and insight; and for taste and temper will compare most favourably with any writings of his that have come in our way. He recognises what we should hardly have expected so hot a Radical to recognise, not only that the scent of Mr. Gladstone’s old Toryism and High-Churchism clings to him still, “making him in many respects different from other Liberals,” but that these are elements in him to be studied and understood, not wondered at and ignored as much as possible. What he says, too, as to that “central fire” of Mr. Gladstone’s which gives that wonderful force and glow to his oratory in which no other living English speaker, hardly even Mr. Bright, is his equal, is excellent. We might wish, however, that he had dwelt at somewhat greater length on Mr. Gladstone’s course and career in the years between his retirement from office with Peel in 1846, and his acceptance of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer as a declared Liberal in 1859.—Mr. Nassau Senior’s conversations with M. Alphonse de Circourt—another of those statesmen of the July Monarchy for whom his affinities were so strong—from which some extracts are here given, are interesting, no doubt; but hardly, we should say, so interesting as the editor appears to think them. M. de Circourt’s political forecasts were certainly not happy, and his anticipations of the results of the Italian campaign of ’59 seem to have been about as wide of the mark as we should say was his critical estimate of the “Imitatio Christi.”—Mr. H. D. Traill criticises most appreciatively and admiringly Mr. Escott’s book on England, but thinks its views too optimistic. He fears that there is a decided decay in the true Imperial spirit in our people, and that the English democracy, alone of any democracy of modern times, is being encouraged by those who should be its leaders and guides “to exert a direct and perpetual control over the work of Government, asserting and enforcing a claim not merely to ratify, but to initiate and direct, the national policy in every department of the State.”—The articles on Handel by H. H. Statham, and on Colorado by Mr. J. W. Barclay, M.P., should also be mentioned with approval, but the number is, perhaps, hardly to be regarded as a strong one.

In *Time*, Mr. Edmund Yates, *apropos* of a recent club scandal, takes occasion to go over again the old story of his expulsion from the Garrick Club twenty-one years ago. We question whether he is very well advised in this. No doubt the whole matter is here set before the world with greater fulness than ever before; but, after all, the broad facts of the case remain unaffected by the fresh light. Mr. Yates, it is clear, was by his own admission guilty of what he now calls a piece of “extreme bad taste and silliness;” and Mr. Thackeray showed himself most unnecessarily and foolishly thin-skinned on the matter; and really that is all that there is to say. As to whether the Committee of the Garrick were or were not right in inflicting the extreme penalty of expulsion on Mr. Yates for his persistent refusal to apologise to Mr. Thackeray—that is a point as to which men in the present day may be excused from taking the trouble of making up their minds.—The Hon. Gerald Lascelles writes about “Retrievers” with a warmth calculated to gain for him the affections of all lovers of dogs; and in “Half-Mast High at Houghenden” we have an imaginary peep into the future on the supposition of Lord Beaconsfield’s death some few years hence. Skits of this sort, however, are nothing without wit or fancy, and we can find small trace of either quality in the paper before us. We need say no more of the number, except that “Some Curiosities of Modern Detection” certainly deserves its title.

In *Macmillan* Mr. W. T. Thornton gives us a paper on the advantages of Parliament without the system of Parties, citing the Italian Parliament, not as “a frightful example,” as most of us are wont to regard it, but as the ideal towards which we ought to seek to tend—that is, when once it has shaken itself down into working order. Of course, the paper is all “in the air,” but Mr. Thornton has been a “viewy” man from his birth.—We have another paper on the late Mr. Delane—good, but not the right thing. The late Mr. Delane seems to have been a difficult man to know and understand, as most of his friends appear to discover when they attempt to write of him.

“Some Aspects of Indian Finance,” by Dr. Hunter, and some more “First Impressions of the New World,” by the Duke of Argyll, furnish the *pièces de resistance* in *Fraser*, and Miss Clerk’s paper on Andrea del Sarto as “A Type of the Renaissance,” is also worth looking at.—“What Shakespeare Learnt at School,” by Professor T. S. Baynes, no doubt contains some curious information, only one can’t help fancying that the information must be somewhat speculative in character.

“Gold in India,” in *The Gentleman’s Magazine*, by Mr. E. B. Eastwick—himself an old Anglo-Indian—is indeed an article calculated to arouse the sleepest of readers. It is Mr. Eastwick’s contention that “the extraordinary statements made by Indian historians as to the enormous quantities of gold which were found by the Mohammedan invading armies in India are substantiated by irrefragable evidence, by the testimony of the writers of other countries, by contemporary inscriptions, and, above all, by existing facts.” Not only so, but Mr. Eastwick is of opinion that the mines (in the Neilgherry Hills, and elsewhere in Southern India) “which in former times enriched India with an unparalleled supply of gold will ere long pour forth a fresh supply.” The arguments by which he supports these pleasant prospects we must leave the reader to learn.—We note that Mr. R. E. Francillon commences in this number a new novel, “Queen Cophetua.”

We have received the first number of *The Antiquary; a Magazine Devoted to the Study of the Past*, and though as a rule we cannot profess to give a warm welcome to new magazines, this, being not of an ordinary character, but written by specialists for specialists, deserves different treatment. From such examination as we have been able to bestow upon the new periodical it seems one of very considerable merit, and we cordially wish it every success.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROSE

SHE stands among us tall and fair,
The tresses of her waving hair
Have auburn's softest dyes :
Her girlish form is full of grace,
Youth's sunshine plays upon her face,
Youth's gladness in her eyes.

She moves—her step is soft and light,
Her simple robe of purest white
Like foam about her flows ;
She is not jewelled like the rest,
But wears upon her maiden breast
A snowy Christmas rose.

As pure as that pale wintry bloom,
She came to glad our quiet home
Just twenty years ago,—
She crowned our cup of wedded bliss,
How dear and sweet she was—and is,
God knoweth, and we know.

Yea, others know ; for her good heart
Is ever yearning to impart
A share of blessedness.
Her smile like pleasant sunshine falls
On lofty and on lowly walls,
And all her coming bless.

The dumb things gather round her way,
With mute, beseeching looks they pray
For kindly touch and word,
The which, though rudely round they press,
With fearless, graceful tenderness
To all she doth accord.

At care-struck doors she enters in,
Death cannot bar her way—nor Sin—
But bravely on she goes ;
Where Grief wrings hard, and Faith grows dim,
God gives her words to say for Him,
Our blessed Christmas Rose !

The snows were lying drift on drift
When first she came, our Christmas gift,
And each succeeding year
Has brought new beauty to her face,
Has given her sweeter, rarer grace,
Has made her yet more dear.

She keeps God's birthday blessing still,
For all her life is pure good-will,
And peace around her flows.
Words fail.—Thank God that she is ours,
The chiefest of ten thousand flowers,
Our precious Christmas Rose !

HARRIETT STOCKALL



CHRISTMAS, 1879, was one of the gloomiest on record for all sorts and conditions of man, yet we must not allow the children's holidays to pass away without giving our young folks, at least, their due, and looked for, amount of pleasure and enjoyment. In the face of so severe a winter, with all its attendant poverty, we must do our best to dress our little ones prettily and stylishly at a moderate cost. Juvenile costumes are very stylish this season, and, like their elders, the small belles of the ball are made to look as slender as possible. There is no trifling risk in taking off the warm woollen schoolroom frocks, and replacing them by more festive and thinner attire. This risk may be avoided by carefully attending to their underclothing, for example, both girls and boys who wear short skirts or knickerbockers should have thick Welsh flannel drawers to the knees ; the former with pearl white or cream-coloured spun silk over-drawers, fastened below the knees, and edged with lace, over these a knitted or crocheted fine woollen petticoat, which is not only light and warm, but clings to the figure ; an upper petticoat of spun silk or satinette, with a thin layer of down, lined with twilled calico. For evening parties there are many charming materials in wool and silk, which have quite superseded the muslins, which were *de rigueur* some years ago. Little girls of the period are dressed so much like their elders that there are few specialties in children's fashions this season. Camel's hair trimmed with plush is much worn, either a white foundation with dark rich coloured trimming or two contrasting colours. At a large Christmas party for juveniles, where all the little ones looked more or less pretty, we noticed two brunette sisters dressed alike in pale pink plush, quite short skirts with deep lace flounces under the hem ; over dresses of ruby-coloured poplin, made low and square, with very short sleeves ; two long lappels from the front of the bodice were edged all round with a delicate design of holly leaves and berries in gold thread ; at the back the basque was arranged in a fluted fan, which reached to the edge of the petticoat, trimmed to match the front. Their hair, which curled naturally, was cut short and dressed with three gold bands. Two little blondes wore white wire grenadines, with satin stripes, over which were pale blue satin habit jackets trimmed with lace outlined with silver, half a yard deep, which, by the way, had been worked by the dexterous fingers of a young aunt, and looked very stylish ; blue satin shoes were embroidered to match.

Fancy balls, tableaux, and private theatricals are all the rage with juveniles this year. "It is ever so much easier to learn pretty fairy tales than lessons," said a little six-year-old to us the other day after repeating her rôle of "Little Red Riding Hood" quite word-perfect. In the performance, of which she was the heroine, the costumes were home made, but most artistic, and at the same time cost a mere trifle, cotton-backed satin and velvet, and plenty of tinsel, were the materials used, together with ingenuity, good taste, and good will.

Tableaux are also very much in vogue with grown-up people at Christmas-time in this age, when, with few exceptions, everybody can either paint or design or, most useful of all, carry out the ideas of budding geniuses. Given two rooms with folding doors and, for tableaux at least, the stage is ready. A word of advice to amateur actors and actresses : never wear real jewellery or anything valuable when, at a trifling cost, gorgeous gems may be procured for a few shillings at any theatrical costume shop. Two of the most useful properties for tableaux, or private theatricals, are a strong kitchen-table and a tall triple clothes-horse, the former makes an excellent platform, balcony, or raised foundation ; the latter, if duly balanced with weights, will serve many purposes. When artists or scene-painters are scarce, a few dozen yards of cheap chintz, with startling Oriental patterns, make most effective backgrounds. For Eastern scenes, glittering lace is needed in profusion—this may easily be made at home, thus : Buy some cheap lace, of a very bold

pattern, stretch it on an embroidery frame, and outline it with silver or gold thread, not too closely : the effect is quickly produced, and excellent. Gold or silver gauze looks (from the distance) just as well over glazed calico, or sateen, as on more costly materials. Fur is so plentiful now, from animals wild and tame, that regal trimmings may be provided for a trifle.

Leaving the realms of fancy we must turn to more prosaic subjects. There is no disguising the fact that for matrons, old, middle-aged, or young, dress is very expensive, if they are determined or obliged to follow the fashion of the day. Grandmothers or other elderly matrons may and should wear a black velvet or satin dress, with a moderately long train, and a lace *fichu* and cap to match, throughout a winter season ; but daughters who take a proper interest in their mothers will dress themselves in simple materials, in order that their parents shall be suitably attired. After all, the rich brocaded silk or velvet, although expensive in itself, requires no flounces or elaborate trimmings, and in the end costs little more than a cheaper material. Poplin is very fashionable, trimmed with satin, velvet, or plush.

A charming dinner dress was shown to us made in two shades of violet, the darker in velvet, the lighter in poplin, the foundation was of the latter, the habit bodice, or long coat of the former, and the trimmings were very old point lace ; the cap to be worn with it was of violet velvet, thickly embroidered with seed pearls and trimmed with shaded pansies and lace.—Another dinner dress was of very rich black satin, made with a long fluted train, the front breadth was of pearl grey damask, the pattern outlined by hand in jet beads ; the effect was most elegant. The bodice was *en cœur*, a lace chemisette, lined with satin, lace ruffles to correspond, as did the cap.—A very stylish afternoon tea dress was made of Damascus steel-coloured plush, trimmed with narrow and wide bands of pheasant's feathers. The trimming was the work of the wearer, the materials the result of her husband's sport.

Fur trimmings for evening dress have been and are much worn ; but as, after so long a pre-Christmas winter, we may hope for an early spring, it would be folly to adopt them now. At the same time it must be owned that white silk, satin, or poplin trimmed with swansdown looks very graceful ; as this trimming is not expensive, and can be readily replaced by fringe or lace, it may well be worn at the present season. A most embarrassing fashion of the day is that of carrying muffs most elaborately trimmed with bows and lace, with owls and modest birds and those of plumage gay, even to the ball-room, where the temperature is expected to be moderate if not high, and where, unless the muff be slung round the neck with a cord, it must be in the way.

The present mode of dressing the hair is most becoming to young and middle-aged people ; a fringe of short curls on the forehead, the remainder of the hair turned back very loosely and confined with two or three bands of ribbon, velvet, or jet, and fastened in a careless knot at the back, low in the neck. For the one a dainty cap or headress may be worn, for the other it is not requisite.

An old, but very pretty, fashion has been revived—namely, a white chemisette under an open bodice, laced with gold or silver cord.



THE FARMERS' COURSE OF ACTION.—A well-known writer, under the pseudonym of "Agricola," says :—"As stock-farming is in these times more remunerative than corn-growing, the farmer might grow nothing but green crops if his land were all perfectly well-adapted for them ; only it is always a great advantage to have some straw where there are cattle, that they may have plenty of fodder in winter. Where some corn is grown it would be far better to adopt barley rather than wheat for three capital reasons. In the first place the former requires less manure than the latter, and as malting samples would probably be grown by such a system, it might be far more remunerative ; secondly, there would be more time between harvest and seed time for the land to be perfectly cleaned ; and, finally, the land could always have a winter fallow, the natural influence of which would both produce an excellent seed-bed, and promote that salutary attrition of crude mineral substances calculated to make the soil the treasure-house of agricultural riches."

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION.—Professor Sheldon recommends to the Commission the following resolutions :—1. To make the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1875, compulsory. 2. To alter the Game Laws, especially making rabbits no longer game in the eye of the law. 3. That the landlord's position as regards his tenant be reduced to that of a simple creditor. 4. That land transfer be rendered less costly than at present. 5. That the incidence of local taxation be re-adjusted. 6. That the Malt Tax be repealed. 7. That tithes be made satisfactory by a more equitable rent charge. These seven recommendations embrace the ordinary demands of the farmers of both political parties, the Radical demands being 1, 2, and 3, the Tories asking for 5 and 6. The 4th and 7th Resolutions are almost generally demanded, and by all parties.

SHEEP DISEASE.—We regret to hear that sheep-caw has been very prevalent in the West of England. It is a gradual disease, under which the sheep slowly wastes away. The dead sheep is, of course, extremely emaciated, and of very little value.

AN ENGLISH ICE HARVEST.—In Norfolk many labourers, out of other employ, have been able to earn a fair wage by ice-harvesting on the East Anglian rivers. There is used in England weekly an immense quantity of ice, the demand being considerable even in winter. This ice is imported from Norway, Sweden, and America, and an ice-harvest in England is a clear saving to the country at a time when thousands of labourers are standing idle and in absolute want of employment.

PERIODS OF MILKING.—Whatever may be the case with other industries, there is no doubt that milk in the neighbourhood of all large towns pays the farmer a very fair profit. It may be well to note that a cow which is milked three times a day will give more milk and yield more cream than one milked at intervals of twelve hours. When the udder is filled, a process of absorption goes on, and part of the milk secreted is thus lost. Perhaps the best hours for milking are five in the morning, one in the afternoon, and five at night.

AN ANGLERS' FRIEND.—In acknowledging the present of a splendid case of cutlery, Mr. Mundella, M.P., author of the Fresh Water Fisheries Act, said he believed that measure would result in our rivers being re-stocked within four years of the present time. He hoped the Act would before long be supplemented by another dealing efficiently with the pollution of rivers, when he trusted that little boys, as in times long gone by, would be able to take fish even from the muddy Don, and what were now its worst places.

WHAT IT COSTS TO WARM A TRAMP.—Thomas Bentley, of Liverpool, labourer, recently went on tramp through Wales. Near Carnarvon he felt his feet exceedingly cold, and therefore resolved to warm them. The nearest thing handy happened to be a haystack, to which he accordingly applied a match. Seating himself at a comfortable distance from the blaze, he enjoyed a thorough "warm," and was about to continue his way when the thorough "warm," and was about to continue his way when the police "intervened." Thomas Bentley, of Liverpool, labourer, will

shortly be asked to "explain himself" to one of the Judges of Assize.

THE FARMERS' PIONEERS.—Messrs. Read and Pell have returned home. The people of Thorpe gave the first-named gentleman a warm welcome home, and were glad to learn he was in excellent health after his labours in America. Mr. Pell, we are sorry to hear, is suffering severely from rheumatism.

THE SCARCITY OF BIRDS.—Mr. Morris complains that he has not yet seen a single fieldfare or redwing, and only a solitary specimen of the blackbird, tomtit, robin, and hedge-sparrow species respectively. Our own observations have been less phenomenal. We saw a fieldfare on the lawn on Christmas Day, and we have noticed close to the house several redwings, chaffinches, robins, and blackbirds. Sparrows abound as usual ; but on the whole the number of small birds does seem to be reduced.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER.—The diploma of the College has just been conferred on Mr. A. H. Benson of Taunton, Mr. S. D. Dickenson of Whitehaven, Mr. H. W. Abernethy of Kensington, Mr. J. Stewart of Liverpool, Mr. W. E. Smith of Bath, and Mr. B. D. Cook of Mold. Under its new management the College may be expected to have better times before it than it has had in the past.

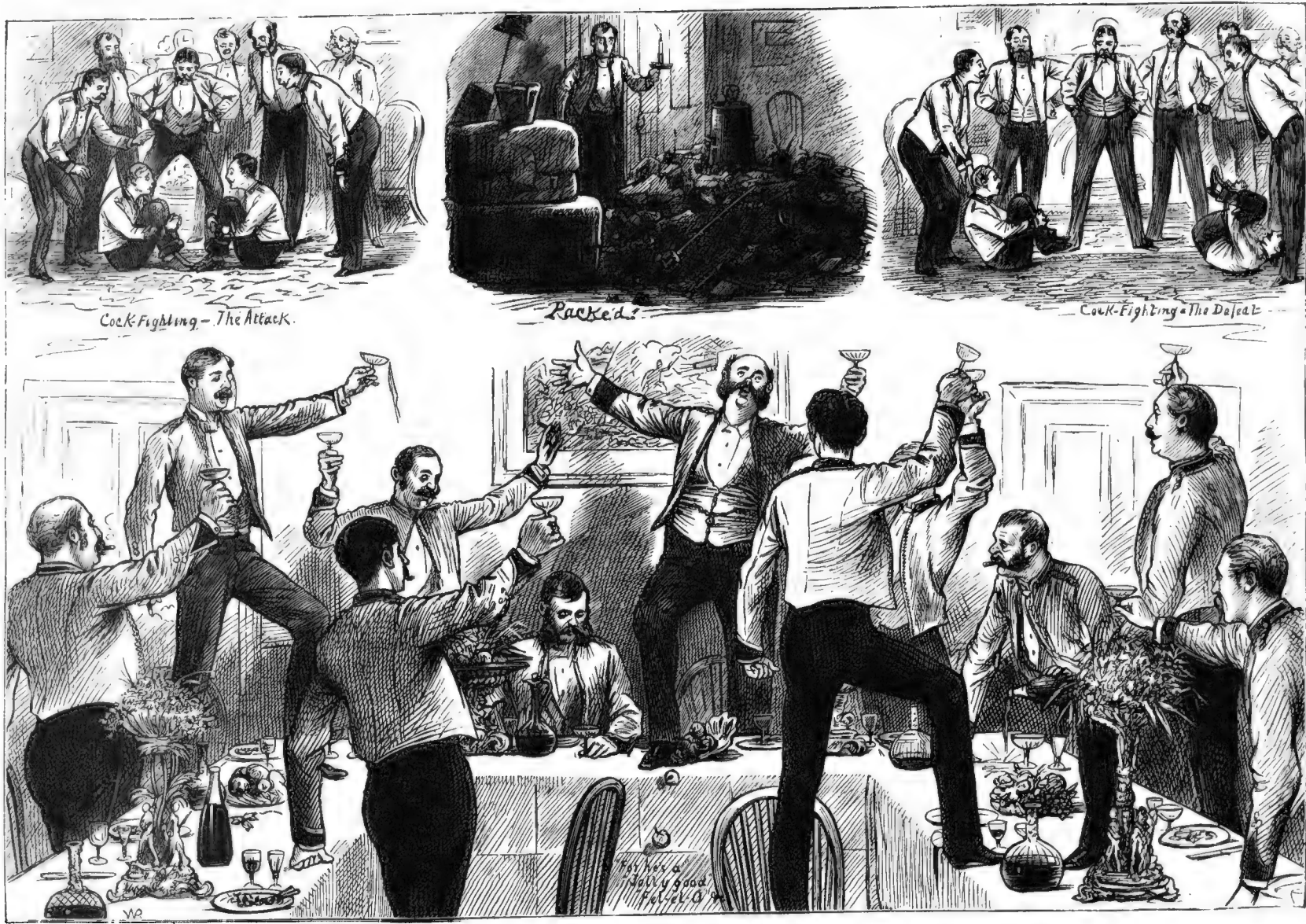
Hired Cows.—Mr. R. E. Turnbull of Hull suggests that farmers and landowners should let out cows to labourers for about 5*l.* a year. Practical experience prompts the recommendation. Mr. Turnbull finds the system of great benefit to labourers with families, at the same time that the hire pays him 5 per cent. on his capital.

FORTHCOMING DOG SHOWS.—London Fox Terriers, Jan. 14, Mr. O. Owen, Secretary. Dorchester, Jan. 14, 15, Mr. C. Parsons. Macclesfield, Feb. 3, 4, Mr. A. E. Parkinson. Wolverhampton, Feb. 6, 7, 9, Mr. A. Yates.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—On December 13th a fine rough-legged buzzard was shot at Ringwood, Hampshire.—On the 10th a bittern was killed in the Isle of Anglesey.—Two merlins and a sheldrake have recently been shot at Surly Hall, Berkshire.—A white-fronted goose has been shot in Poole Harbour.—A bittern was shot on the 6th at Christchurch, Hampshire.—A pied fieldfare has been shot at Sandown, Isle of Wight.—Mr. Bristow of St. Leonard's, naturalist, states that a hobby has recently been shot near Hastings. If Mr. Bristow has not mistaken a merlin for a hobby, the circumstance he records is one which ornithologists will specially note.

THE CLIMATE OF NOVA SCOTIA.—A correspondent writes thus with reference to our sketches of last week :—"Halifax, as regards its climate, is one of the mildest (if not the mildest) of the cities of Canada and of the North-Eastern States. It is a very rare occurrence for its harbour to freeze—water communication with its suburb, Dartmouth, taking place at all seasons of the year. I remember many winters in Halifax, in which there has been no more snow than usually seen in England, and the cold hardly much more severe, consequently not more than a week's sleighing happening during the whole winter. Nova Scotia, as a whole, has a far more equable climate than the other parts of the Dominion, its apples being noted as the finest grown in America. There are less extremes of heat and cold ; the reason being that it is almost surrounded by water, and the whole of its south-eastern coast warmed by the waters of the Gulf Stream. Concerning snow shoes, the snow-shoer's toes never rest on the crossbar of the snow-shoe, but work in a semi-circular notch in the netting behind the bar. If they do happen to touch the bar the traveller is sure to come to grief, as in your picture."

THE ART OF MAKING HOLIDAY.—It is sadly true that you cannot, by mere legislative enactment, compel men to be sober and pious, neither can you ensure them a thoroughly enjoyable holiday outing by virtue of Act of Parliament permission. There are those—and could their number be ascertained it would probably make an amazing show—in whom the faculty of really enjoying a spell of well-earned leisure, if not entirely wanting, is so imperfectly developed that, for the possessor's sake, it would often be better it did not exist at all. It is especially amongst a class whose available days of recreation are few and far between that this is noticeable—amongst mechanics, shop servants, clerks, &c.—whom one might suppose would be amongst the foremost to jump instinctively at the best means of making the most of their Bank Holiday privilege. It is very curious that it should be so, but as persons of shrewd observation have probably noticed, the shortcoming alluded to is one that affects quadrupeds as well as bipeds. Cows in a meadow will frequently present an illustration of it, as will horses, not mere colts. They, like children, will kick up their heels, just because they don't know what to do with them, which is hardly the case with staid and middle-aged cattle who have done a hard week's work, and are mercifully turned out into the fields to spend Sunday. The difference in their behaviour, should there be a number of them together, is worth noting. There are the sociable animals who soberly perambulate in twos and threes, with their heads together, and sometimes all pausing for a minute or so, just as men out walking together will occasionally come to a temporary stand when the experience or narrative one of them is relating to the rest is verging to the interesting climax. Then they—the old horses in the field as well as the men—go on again, strolling as far as the gate and back again to the hedge as serenely happy for the time being as horses can be. Then there are horses of exactly the same station in life whose notions of a holiday are altogether different. Skittish old things these, collar-rubbed and saddle-galled probably, but with a hideful of high spirits still left to them. With their great iron-clouted hoofs they never tire of capering here and there, and get up races amongst themselves, and flourish their stumps of tails, and neigh at nothing, just because they feel so brimful of jollity. On the other hand, there are horses who, out of harness, are as moody as though in some previous state of existence they had a murder on their minds. Melancholy creatures these ; they stand solitary beneath trees where by no means the best grass grows, or for hours together they will mope by the palings as though they were meditating self-destruction by drowning in the ditch beyond. Similar social deficiencies affect many more men than is generally supposed, and it would afford an astounding result if it could be ascertained what per-centage of the population really and thoroughly enjoyed the past Christmas, and how many approached that festival with uncasiness and misgiving, and, having struggled through it somehow, are heartily glad that it is over. It may be all very well for those who have only to set out a pleasant programme and give orders for its execution. Such is not the class the Bank Holiday Act was intended to benefit ; it is the British workman it takes so genially by the hand, generously insisting that he shall "recreate" for a season, whether he feels inclined or not. It would be a great boon if the Act would likewise teach him how to do it in a sensible manner, and such as would yield him retrospective satisfaction. There are schools under Government patronage at which the art of cookery, &c., is taught,—why not a school to instruct the working classes how to make holiday economically and methodically ? It would be well for thousands of hard-working and industrious fellows if they could be persuaded to attend such a seminary. They would temperately and properly keep their Christmas and every other holiday, if they only knew how it might be done without putting a slight on good fellowship. If they would only be taught, it would enable them to banish from the almanack the dismal "lean week" that so often follows when the fat beef and the pudding are eaten and all the bottles emptied.



BARRACK LIFE—SKETCHES IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS



Cathedral of the Assumption Great Bell Tower, Ivan Velliki
GENERAL VIEW OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

THE ACCIDENT

THE news which was spread abroad on Monday that the great railway bridge across the Tay had been blown into the river by the violence of the gale, seemed so improbable that many people refused credence to it. But later telegrams came corroborating the first vague rumour, and before evening it was placed beyond the shadow of doubt that a disaster had occurred, which from its sudden and unexpected character, and terribly fatal results, may well be regarded as a sad climax to the misfortunes of a peculiarly calamitous year. The dreadful story may be told in a few words. On Sunday evening at a quarter past seven, just as the gale was raging in its greatest fury, the train from Edinburgh, consisting of six passenger carriages, a guard's brake, and the engine, entered the bridge, and in a few minutes those who were watching its progress saw flashes of light descending towards the river followed by intense darkness, through which they in vain peered in the hope to catch sight of the danger lamps of the train. The Dundee signalmen flew to their instruments only to find that communications had been suddenly severed, and then the truth flashed across their minds that the bridge had broken and with the train had become engulfed in the water beneath. The Dundee stationmaster, Mr. Smith, and the locomotive superintendent, then undertook the dangerous task of creeping along the girders to ascertain the exact condition of things, hoping against hope that the train might have been brought to a standstill and be safe. They, however, were compelled to return, the violence of the gale being too great for them to face it. Meanwhile, the news spread rapidly throughout the town, several of the residents having been watching to see if on such a fearful night the train would be sent across, and at ten o'clock, when the wind had somewhat abated, the Provost, the harbour master, and some of the railway officials embarked on board the steamer *Dundee* for the purpose of

VISITING THE WRECK

STRUGGLING against the wind, the vessel got up to within 200 yards of the bridge, when by the light of the moon it was seen that the whole of the raised portion of the bridge, thirteen monstrous girders, with the twelve piers upon which they rested, had been thrown down, only the brickwork pedestals of the latter, and some distorted

remnants of the girders, remaining above water. Closer inspection of the ruins was effected by means of a life-boat, but little could be ascertained, and the saddened explorers returned to shore.

DIVING OPERATIONS

WERE commenced next morning betimes, and have been continued from day to day. Up to Tuesday evening only one carriage had been found, and it was conjectured that the rest of the train had either been swallowed up in a quicksand, or after being dashed to pieces had drifted away seaward. This latter hypothesis was the more favoured, as quantities of wreckage, remnants of railway carriages, baskets, boxes, muffs, hats, and other articles had come ashore at different places down the Firth, while the body of one of the passengers had been found and identified. On Tuesday, however, the exertions of the divers were rewarded by the discovery of the train inside one of the girders; the latter, which was found to be intact, lying upon its side in the bed of the river. The engine was on its side, as were also three of the third-class carriages, whilst the first-class carriage was upright, with its roof off. The remainder of the train had not been found at the time these lines went to press.

THE LIST OF KILLED

WILL probably never be correctly ascertained. On Monday it was stated to be nearly 300; but this estimate has since been considerably reduced. It is stated that only fifty-six tickets were collected at St. Fort Station, which is on the south side of the river, namely three second-class tickets, two from Edinburgh and one from Glasgow; and fifty-three third-class, as follows:—Two from King's Cross, London; one from Burntisland, one St. Andrew's, twelve Edinburgh, two Ladybank, one Dysart, seven Perth, one Kirkcaldy, one Lealich, one Dairach, five Newburgh, two Abernethy, eight Cupar, and one St. Fort. There were besides a number of children with their parents, and thus some of the single tickets may represent two or even more lives lost; while to these must of course be added the unfortunate driver, stoker, and guard who were working the train.

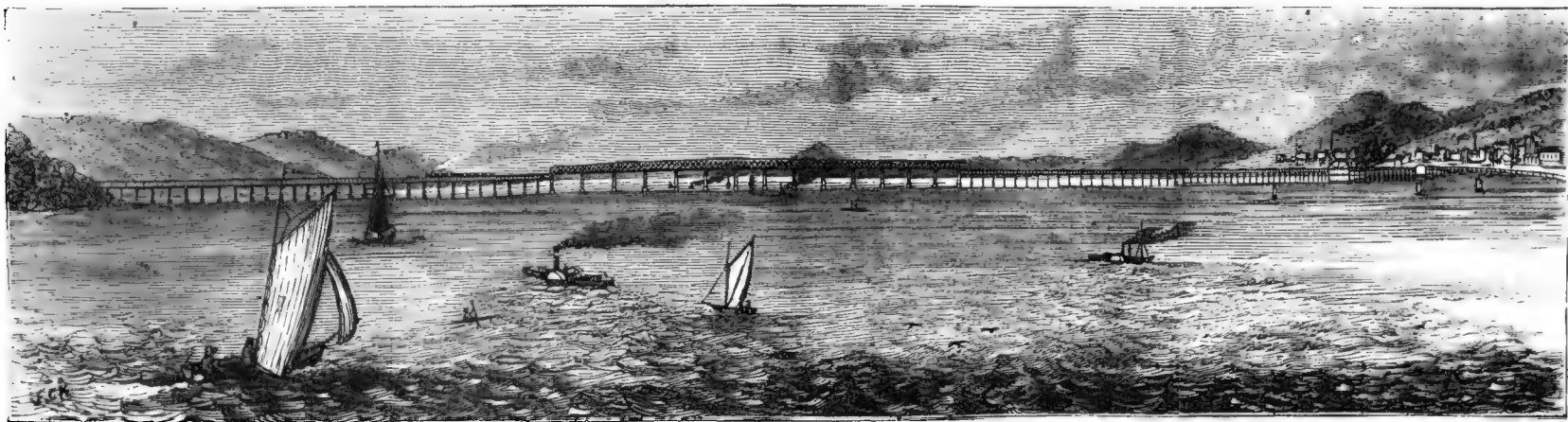
THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY

HER MAJESTY exhibited her usual prompt sympathy with the

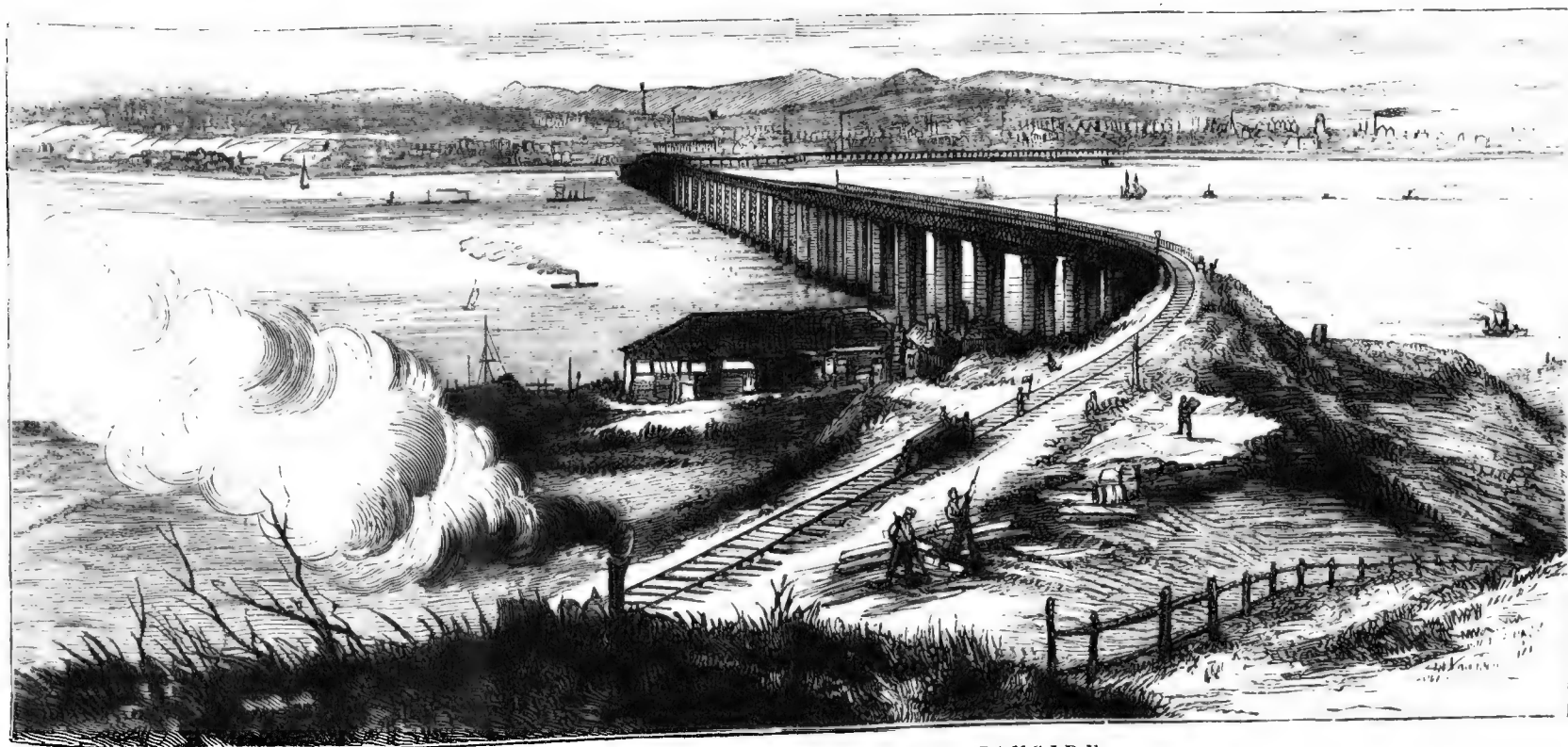
bereaved relatives of those who had fallen victims to the disaster, by sending on Monday the following telegram to Provost Brownlee, of Dundee:—"Can you give me any particulars of the appalling calamity reported to have taken place at Tay Bridge? The Queen is inexpressibly shocked, and feels most deeply for those who have lost friends and relations in this terrible accident." Provost Brownlee replied that little was then known, but that information should be sent from time to time.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE

THE bridge was built mainly on the lattice girder principle, and a glance at our engravings will show that the central portion which has given way differed from the rest in the important particular that the train ran *through* it, instead of *over* it, as in the case of the shore ends of the bridge. The total length of the bridge was 3,459 yards—little short of two miles. The spans, which were of varying lengths, rested on piers composed of iron cylinders filled in with concrete, and bound together by iron struts and brickwork, these in turn being supported by solid pedestals of brick and cement. The shore ends were about 80 feet above low water level, whilst in the centre the line of rails was 130 feet above the river. The single line of rails were of steel, and a guard-rail, running against the side of the wheel, was adopted as a precaution against the chance of the train being overturned by the wind. After being severely tested by the Government Inspector, the Bridge was opened for traffic in May, 1878, so that it has been in use little more than a year and a half. The bridge cost 350,000*l.*, and its designer, Mr. Thomas Bouch, was knighted by the Queen in June last soon after Her Majesty had passed over it. The Board of Trade officials will, of course, make the most searching inquiry, and the Wreck Commissioners will also investigate the cause of the accident, which seems to have astounded some of the most skilful engineers; whilst, on the other hand, people of the "I-told-you-so" order of mind are not by any means wanting, and these forget not to remind us that during the building of the bridge an accident of a similar nature occurred. Happily it was unattended by fatal results, though, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, no fewer than twenty persons were killed at one time or another during the progress of the building operations.



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM THE FIRTH, LOOKING UP STREAM



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM TAYSIDE

FIRST DAY OF A VISIT TO LITTLE RUSSIA

A DELIGHTFUL country of sun-heated, black, cutting dust, hot winds, and impassable roads. Our host's estate was situated at the south of Charkov, just out of a little village, with its white, blue, and red-washed church, and long rows of shed-like cottages. Our hostess was the wife of a Baltic Province Baron, and we were invited to stay with her, till she and her family returned to Moscow for the winter. It was now the end of July, and the heat excessive, being still about 90 deg. Fahrenheit. Our stay might, therefore, be for a month, giving us ample time for seeing country life among the nobles in Little Russia. On arriving after our five days' journey from Vienna, it being very early in the morning, we found all the household still in bed, and consequently we were shown to our rooms, which we found very sparsely furnished, and not having a sign of soap and water or towel. On asking for these, however, the house-keeper or *femme de charge*, who spoke French with us, departed, and in a short time sent a peasant maid with a diminutive silver ewer and basin, out of which we learned that all the family performed their daily ablutions, and which, without exaggeration, would not have been too large for a family cream-jug and good-sized slop-basin. The dish or basin the maid placed on the table, and then proceeded to pour a little water over our hands, which we were then to rub on our faces, this being evidently a Russian's notion of a good washing, though to us it was most unsatisfactory, and we wondered how a whole family with occasional visitors could possibly get through their daily spongings in only one small flat dish; but afterwards we found out that all the Russians do not wash. At nine we breakfasted, having very mild tea and lemon served out to us by our hostess, who, with *torchon* in hand, presided at the *samovar* or tea-kettle, and we also got some unbaked rolls covered with salt. After this meagre repast we followed our hostess into a wooden balcony, where chairs were placed round a table on which we found a pack of cards for each of us, together with cigarettes and more tea and lemon.

With the cards we were supposed to pass the time away till luncheon in playing at a thousand and one different games of Patience; but, not knowing any of these games, we sat watching the Baroness, who, sunk in her arm-chair in a loose sort of gown, with cigarette between her lips, was deeply immersed in the difficulties and intricacies of her game at cards, just as one of our country-women would be in her housekeeper's accounts or orders for the dinner, for it was ten in the morning. But it mattered not to the Russian; to her it seemed that the only object in life was lazy amusement, and so she went on counting and placing her coloured bits of pasteboard, now and again looking up to see if we had been successful in our object—viz., to get all the pack of cards to pair or quadruple evenly, for at the Baroness's solicitation we had been obliged to make a feint of playing; and then, after satisfying herself about us, she buried herself again in her game for another hour or two, during all of which time she sipped tea and lemon. So the morning passed away. We had hoped to see our friend's daughters; but, having inquired for them, we were told they were occupied with their governess, whom we afterwards met at luncheon, and found to be a charming and accomplished Frenchwoman, who was made very much of; indeed, she appeared to be treated with more deference and respect than the Baroness herself, and we could scarcely wonder at it if the morning we had just passed was the usual every-day life of our hostess, and she had herself assured us it was, and had been for the past twenty years. After a luncheon of boiled Indian corn, pearl barley, mixed up in hollowed turnips and water-melons, together with the usual beverage of *kvass*, a sort of beery mixture made from the black bread, and which is very disagreeable at first, we were again led to the wooden balcony, where our half-finished games of cards were religiously guarded by a peasant girl, and which we were now expected to finish; but our patience was exhausted, and we asked if we might go and see the surrounding country. But our hostess was horrified at the idea; and the Baron, who had joined us, said it would be impossible to move from under the awning till about six o'clock unless we went to bed, as was the custom half an hour after luncheon, till dinner; but he added that if at six we would not mind a jolting, we could drive down to the river with the girls and their governess and maids, and have a bathe ourselves, or merely look on. This we settled upon doing, and seeing no alternative but playing at cards or going to bed, we preferred the latter, as at all events we could converse together, and so we took leave of our host and hostess for some hours, promising to be ready to accompany the girls to the river at six o'clock. In our bedroom we found another *samovar* or boiling urn, with all the paraphernalia for a constant tea, not forgetting some thinly-sliced lemon, and a jug of claret, which are both used to mix with the tea. Leaving the tea and drinking the claret, we conversed long and seriously of the useless, lazy, and aimless life women spend in Russia, and of the degradation that ensues to them in consequence; their minds are so vitiated and demoralised by the natural Adam, provoked and encouraged to an enormous degree by their education of persistent neglect and idolatrous religion, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that they are so weak and pleasure-loving as we know them to be. But this is all very sad, for their capabilities are most promising, and their talents many and great. Six o'clock came, and we tied our bonnets and veils on, and left our rooms, to go in search of the girls. We were, however, soon lost in the numerous half-furnished halls and salons, that appeared to be countless, and where the only distinctive features were rare exotics and evergreens growing luxuriantly in all the windows and corners, and here and there a satin bench or settee, covered with cretonnes and calicoes, to preserve them from the sun's scorching rays.

We remarked, too, in one of the halls four grand pianos, on which we afterwards heard many delightful quartetts by our host and his three accomplished daughters; for music is cultivated to perfection in all parts of Russia by those who pass some time of the year in the towns where they can get the benefit of good instruction. Does music elevate the morals? From our visit to Russia we dare answer, No.

At last, after a prolonged ramble through the rooms, we came upon the balcony, where the Baroness was still sitting, cards in hand, but fast asleep. The heat had evidently overpowered her. Our steps did not awake her; and on looking around we found a man, or what appeared like a man, sitting in one of the arm chairs, sternly counting out a pack of cards. He was dressed in a green frock, with large open sleeves, lined with soiled magenta and orange-coloured stuffs, and he looked the very picture of dirt and negligence, especially as he wore a long straggling beard, and thin bits of frizzled hair hanging far down his back and over his shoulders. As we approached he laid aside the cards he was dealing and half rose, muttering something in the country's language which sounded then to us like "Grass here," but which in reality was "Sdravstvuyta," or good day.

This salutation awakened the Baroness, who, on opening her eyes, and perceiving the man in the frock, introduced him as the parish priest.

As he spoke nothing but Russian we could not return his compliments, being as ignorant of Russian as he of any other language, except Slavonian—the ancient language of the Russians, and in which all priests have to mumble their religious services—much to the annoyance of the collegiate boys and girls, who all consequently have to learn it.

When the Baroness understood that we were ready for our excursion to the river, she led us through the sandy paths of her garden to the entry of approach, where we found her three daughters

and governess lying, ready to start, in the roomy family vehicle, which reminded us of the large omnibuses one sees in the streets of Ofen or Pesth, only, instead of seats around it, with a space in the middle, it had a centre ottoman-like back with seats attached, on which in Russia you lie full-length when the party is not large; an awning protects you from the sun, while muslin or calico cloths, three to four yards long, are given you to wind over head, neck, and arms, to preserve you from mosquito bites, or from the clouds of dust that occasionally sweep over this and other parts of Russia. We started the *troika* (the name given to any vehicle drawn by three horses). The middle horse of the *troika* is often trained to go at a trot, while the two others continue at a gallop, and are popularly called the Furies—the former, too, is called the Snow-eater, as he runs with his head low touching the ground, jolted and jerked and held fast in the dust, then jerked out again, as the horses were more or less impelled by the inspiring shrieks of Ivan, the driver, who, dressed in the red cotton *chemise*, braided *sarafan* all covered with bright buttons, and high boots, and coloured turban, looked not the least strange figure in a most strange scene.

The country through which we were passing was boundless—at least it appeared so—it was treeless, without a blade of grass, without a flower, either wild or cultivated, without a hill to break the monotony, and with nothing to rest the eye on, except the oceans of black, burning, sharp dust. There was no sound either, except the shrieks of Ivan, which were hideous to our unaccustomed ears, though, doubtless, they do good service in frightening away the wolves on a frosty night in mid-winter; and we remarked that the *troika* at each yell went at a much faster pace.

After a drive of about an hour, half of which time had been spent in getting the *troika* out of the dust, we arrived at the mill-stream, where already we perceived some bathers. Our young friends informed us they were probably some of their neighbours, together with the peasant servants and maids belonging to the Baron, who also himself was there, with several other country gentlemen.

Entering a little, long low shed, very rickety and very holey, our fair young friends quickly began to prepare for the immersion; and didn't appear in the least inconvenienced by the laughter and fun going on in another part of the long shed, which was sparsely partitioned off, and was evidently occupied by the Baron and friends. We, too, were astonished to see three peasant maids come rushing out of the water, and only waiting to dash the spray off their faces, set to and perform the offices of ladies' maids all in their dripping condition, which they apparently seemed scarcely to notice. In about five minutes both young ladies and maids were again in the water, and, looking after them through the door opening on to the stream, we perceived both men and women enjoying their summer bath. They disported themselves for some time in the water, the peasantry one by one walking leisurely on to the sands to get dressed, which they did at once without either wiping themselves or waiting to get dry, and both men and women indiscriminately; the gentle people had the sparsely partitioned shed.

All this wet fun over, we were once more arranged in the *troika*, with veils wound round our heads and shoulders, and again came the piercing shrieks of Vassili, another driver, who appeared to be all the more furious for his dip in the stream, and the horses jerked on till it got too much embedded in the black burning sand, when we came to a standstill, and all the peasants had to get out and help Vassili by pushing the *troika* wheels, till it was in a fair way of jerking itself once more, but as this never lasted for longer than a minute, we found that quite half-an-hour going home was passed again in extricating our *troika* wheels from the sand, and that it took as a rule three-quarters of an hour to drive three hundred yards. It would have been quicker and better to walk, but Russians never walk anywhere when there's a lift to be had, no matter how many jerks the lift entails. At half-past seven we dined on the balcony, and this meal, lasting two hours, was composed of a succession of extraordinary dishes, being mostly of vegetables and fruits, and of grain cooked in various ways. There were prunes stewed with ham and pearl barley, cabbage soup eaten with sour cream, *boudin*, or black-pudding, and sunflowers, a very good rabbit and some nice artichokes; but a dish of cucumbers and honey was distasteful, and some mince-meat rolled in sorrel leaves was not at all appetising; these, with some enormous water-melons and other fruits for dessert, composed the dinner, which was washed down by a sweetish sort of rose-coloured drink, another made from white-hearted cabbage, and for the children the usual *kvass*, which is the Russians' beer.

Our dinner ended we retired to the house, where cigarettes and coffee were handed us, and we were invited to walk up and down the long hall, or saloon, with the family, which, we believe, is the only walking these country people ever indulge in. When we were tired a little music was proposed by the Baron, who ordered his daughters to the piano, where they delighted us with a quartett by Czerny, composed on some brilliant favourite operatic and other airs. The execution of the Russians on the piano is marvellous; they appear intuitively to be able to play—Hungarians alone can compare with them in their superb execution and perfect expression. At half-past ten tea was served in the dining-room, the place of honour being always given to the *samovar*, which sometimes is of gold, and for a large family is an immense urn between two and three feet high. These urns are heated with charcoal through a chimney that is fixed in the middle of them, and seems to give the water a purer taste than it gets by being boiled over the fire; and the way in which Russians drink and mix their tea appears, after a short acquaintance, to be the right one. Their tea-pots are very diminutive, not holding more than an ordinary breakfast cup, but they are quite large enough even for a dozen persons, as of infused tea they only allow two tea spoonfuls for each cup, which is then filled up with the pure water from the *samovar*, and to this you may add either Bordeaux, rum, lemon, jams, or sugar and milk, all of which in turn are equally taken.

Before and after their meals we observed that the family were very devout in turning to the image, or guardian saint or saints, which are always to be found in the corner of every room or passage, and before which a small coloured lamp is kept burning night and day, and making their crosses and bows—the latter very low at times, even to the ground—which then they touch with their foreheads. Other equally superstitious habits are noticed, as when one of our young friends gaped, the Baroness made signs of the cross before the open mouth, believing in this way to prevent any evil spirit entering therein, and we have often since seen really travelled and enlightened Russians do equally absurd things. Before going to bed many of them make crosses all over it to keep away spirits and hobgoblins, and always if they make a loss, or by cards, or mishap, or any other way, they are content to kneel for hours before the painted images of their favourite saints, which, bedizened with paper flowers and mock jewels, hang in convenient corners of the house, and even at corners of the roads, and here they dolorously pray with the simplicity of a child of three years, and in the like whining accents: "Holy Nicholas, or Holy Mary, give me back, I pray thee, what I have this day lost."

Such are some of the habits we noticed in the first days of our stay in Little Russia, of which this one just described is a faithful and true description; nor were any of the days of the remaining visit varied by aught that we can remember, except the non-arrival one evening of two accomplished young girls who had been invited to dinner, but who, we heard, for wearing short hair and spectacles, were now on their way to Siberia.

"MOROCCO: ITS PEOPLE AND PLACES" *

WE have seldom met with a more delightful book of travel than this of Edmondo de Amicis, which describes his adventures during the journey with the Italian Embassy from Tangiers to Fez. A work dealing with the strange mystic land of Morocco could scarcely fail to be interesting in a certain degree, but, apart from the manifold attractions of his subject, there is a special fascination in our author's volume. His style is playful and simple almost to naivness, and every line seems instinct with truth, but there is withal a bright liveliness and quiet humour, and he is never for an instant dull. It is a matter of no little difficulty to point out the best parts of a work which is good throughout. The ever fresh and varied word-sketches of the strangely-mixed inhabitants, with their melancholy silence of manner, are as admirable in their way as the vigorous descriptions of their wildly-picturesque and even weird customs, as, for instance, the accounts of the festival of the circumcision; the Moorish method of punishing a thief—by mounting the culprit, stripped to the waist, upon a mule, and belabouring his bleeding back with sticks, and, in extreme cases, cutting off the right hand; a marriage procession, the bride being shut up in a curious box, and thus carried on the back of a horse; or the spirited pictures of the "Lab-el-baroud," or wonderful evolutions of the military escorts. His stories of the ill-governed and depressed condition of the people, speaking of its own accord, as it were, in the saddened stillness of their manners, of their poverty, and superstition, are touching in their simplicity, and in reading them one cannot help feeling that they are not in the least exaggerated. What could be more pitiful, for instance, than the picture of a group of poor women tottering towards him and asking to see the doctor of the expedition—not one of them being more than thirty years old, but their youth had already gone, and "with its departure had come the fatigue, brutal treatment, and contempt which make an Arab woman's old age horrible; instruments for man's pleasure up to twenty, beasts of burden until death." As regards the wonderful things related of the Arab's love for his steed, the author is somewhat sceptical. His experience taught him that the Arab's great affection did not prevent him from unnecessarily lacerating his horse's sides, or from leaving him in the sun when he could put him in the shade, or from doing several other thoughtless and cruel things, seemingly out of pure mischief. We have selected for publication two of the very admirable illustrations which are a striking feature of the work. The first represents our author, and some of the companions of his journey, taking tea with the Governor of Karia-el-Abbassi, a place described as being "made up of the Governor's house and a group of huts shaded by a few fig and wild olive trees. It was the first time they had been within four walls since they left Tangiers, and so they "stretched themselves voluptuously in the alcoves." The Governor came wrapped in a snowy *caic* that reached from his turban to his feet, and throwing off his yellow slippers, sat down barefooted on the mattress. Slaves brought jars of milk and plates of sweetmeats, and "Ben-el-Abbassi himself made the tea, and poured it out into beautiful little cups of China porcelain, which his favourite servant, a young mulatto, with his face tattooed in arabesques, carried round." After some conversation, in which the Governor displayed absolutely faultless manners, and which was varied by the sudden apparition for an instant of his pretty little daughter at the door behind him, there followed a long interval of silence; and our author, musing over the curious unreality of the scene—the fumes of burning aloes, the slaves, the palm-trees beyond the entrance, and over all the clear blue sky of Africa—found himself thinking of his little room at Turin, and of its some time occupant as of another person.

The second engraving represents a scene at the *Fête* of the Birth of Mahomet, which our author witnessed at Tangiers, and which can best be described in his own words:—"On all the heights around, as upon so many balconies, were groups seated in Oriental fashion, motionless and turned towards the lower part of the Soc-de-Barra, where the crowd, divided into two portions, left a large space free for the evolutions of a company of cavalry, who, ranged in a line, galloped about discharging their long guns in the air. On the other side an immense circle of Arab men and women were looking on at the games of ball-players, fencers, serpent charmers, dancers, singers and musicians, and soldiers. Upon the top of a hill, under a council tent, could be discerned the enormous white turban of the Vice-Governor of Tangiers, who presided at the festival seated on the ground in the midst of a circle of Moors. From above could be seen in the crowd the soldiers of the Legations dressed in their showy red caftans, a few tall hats and European parasols, and one or two artists, sketch-book in hand; while Tangiers and the sea formed a background to the whole. The discharge of musketry, the yells of the cavalry, the tinkle of the water-sellers' bells, the joyful cries of the women, the noise of pipes, horns, and drums, made up a fitting accompaniment to the strange and savage spectacle bathed in the burning noon-day light."

The book is eminently one to be read, and one which is sure to be read with pleasure. It gives a striking picture of life in Morocco, in all its varied phases, the curious contrasts of its peoples, its strange mixture of Eastern savagery and semi-civilisation; and, above all, the silent mournfulness which seems to pervade Moorish existence, as if in retrospection of the lost glory of the land. A word of praise is due to Mr. G. Rollin-Tilton for his admirable translation, and the illustrations are very tasteful and in every way excellent, and show the delicacy and finish of which wood-engraving is capable.

WINTER IN THE MOUNTAINS

IT may seem a strange fancy to believe that, in Northern climes, winter in the mountains, or in the country in general, has certain great advantages even for those who cannot indulge in a large country-house. The upper ten thousand have long since made the discovery that the very depth of winter is just the time for being out of town and in the country. Brighton, Bournemouth, and other south-coast resorts have great attractions for them in November and the first half of December, partly from the clear skies and sunshine which the south-coast affords at that season, and partly from easy opportunities of hunting; but as the days draw on towards Christmas they are to be found in their country-houses. For this there are obvious reasons, not only in the well-preserved fox at disposal for their amusement—even in the depths of winter a large country-house affords especial opportunities for instruction and amusement. Interesting guests—men and women of note in their various ways—are gathered together in it; charades, private theatricals, dance, and song have full opportunity to develop themselves in the long afternoons and evenings, and, for basis, there are happy family gatherings such as are not so easily obtained at other seasons of the year.

But why should those who cannot command such advantages betake themselves to the country in the dead of winter? Town life might seem to be much better suited for them at that inclement season of short days; for in town, and in towns, they have friends and acquaintances close at hand. The dinner or the evening party may be next door; at all events cabs are convenient, and the punishment is escaped of driving six miles there and six miles back,

* "Morocco: Its People and Places," by Edmondo de Amicis. Trans. by G. Rollin-Tilton, with Original Illustrations. Cassell.

on country roads, in a dark cold night, in order to dine with an hospitable neighbour. There are libraries to consult during the day, clubs to drop into, theatrical with other entertainments for the long evenings, and even the lighted, crowded streets of a great city make us forget that it is the winter of our discontent.

Notwithstanding all these advantages of the town, I prefer winter in the country, and especially among the mountains. On the first and most essential point of health the advantage is all on the side of the latter. I do not refer in this connection to the confirmed invalid, who requires to have a skilled surgeon with his instruments of torture within immediate reach, or to the young or young-old man who is boiling over with perfect health and superfluous energy; but rather *ad plures* of us, who are neither so well or so ill as we could desire, but are suspended in a middle position between sound health and a relaxing illness. For nearly all such winter in the country, if properly used, has some inestimable advantages; but all these advantages turn upon the primal point of not keeping within doors, while, at the same time, avoiding fatigue or long exposure to cold. Of course, if you keep very much within doors in winter, you had better be in the town. The advantage of the country lies in going out every now and then into the open air, and yet so as to avoid fatigue and to avoid being chilled. No doubt it is possible to do so in the streets or in one's back yard; but that requires a special education which streets and back yards scarcely afford. When that celebrated traveller, the late Dr. Joseph Wolff, returned to England from his visit to Bokhara, he happened to be a guest in Carlisle; and having given no warning of his visit, as he had been invited generally, his host was absent, and there were only young ladies to entertain the great traveller. They did their best till a late hour; and then it was hinted that he might, perhaps, like to know where his bedroom was, as, so far from having displayed any wish to visit that sanctuary, he had rather waved the subject aside. On the matter being more pointedly presented to him, the great traveller said, "A bedroom! Vat do I want vat a bedroom! Hab you a garden?" No; they had no garden, but they had a back yard; and to this the traveller adjourned for the night, in an old Central Asian sheep-skin coat, which was just as well kept out of modern bedrooms. This anecdote is introduced in order to illustrate the special education which is required for a healthy use, on any considerable scale, of back yards and town gardens. Living in the country in winter is a much easier matter as regards its hygienic advantages. We have not to go out into the open air deliberately and cautiously from hot rooms, wrapped up in comforters and tight great coats, with some distant bourn in view which tires us to get to, and chills us to get back from. Even without adding to the indoor dress of warm loose tweeds, it is both safe and pleasant to take sudden little excursions into the outside winter, for ten minutes or so at a time—excursions which act as exhilaratingly as glasses of old Amontillado or nips of Cognac, without any of their evil effects. For longer excursions a long loose cloak is sufficient, and any sort of shoes or boots which may suit the state of the weather and the convenience of the wearer.

But the advantage of winter in the country lies not only in the ease with which one can go out into the open air, *sans ceremonie* and for a few minutes at a time, but also in the hundred little objects of interest which induce one to do so. One would very soon get tired of observing the slugs in a back garden, or taking note of the variety of face and race displayed by the neighbouring housemaids, or listening to the remarks of even the best of Scotch gardeners, or even walking up and down a large shrubbery and garden in the depth of winter when vegetation is only potentially present. A thorough country place, semi-civilised, has superior advantages at that period of the year.

Many birds, besides the pugnacious robin and the house-sparrow, come to pick up the crumbs on the window-sill; the mountain sheep come down from the higher pastures, and when there are deer, so do the antlered monarchs of the glen and their attendant hinds. In towns you hardly notice what winds are blowing, what clouds are forming or disappearing, when the moon rises, and what constellations and great stars are approaching the zenith or falling from it; but among the mountains the winds on the lake create an ever-changing variety of scene, and the heavens, both by day and night, attract constant attention, and are sources of profound interest and enjoyment.

Most of our great cities are placed in the clayey, boggy valleys of large rivers; their smoke too often hangs over them like a funeral pall for days and weeks together, and gaslight is not favourable to observation of the heavens at night. But here among the mountains of the Lake District of England, on one at least of its sides, clear skies are the rule rather than the exception both by day and night in winter; and he who loves to breathe pure air and to watch the stars in their courses will find himself at home. As Byron said of Italy in summer, this region, in winter, is one

Whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars and robes with deeper blue.

Indeed, I have never seen a nearer approach to the blue of Italian skies than in Westmorland in winter; and the beauty of the scene is enhanced in daylight by the richly-coloured foliage which is preserved in many sheltered valleys, by the other tints of autumn which have not been swept away by "Decay's effacing fingers," by the lines of white snow on the higher fells, by the sparkling of the hoar frost on the lower slopes, and the perfect reflection of the exquisite scene in the dark, still water of the lake. There are few parts of the world in which Autumn and Spring so closely approach one another. It is like a home where the snowy grandfather is playing with the sunny child.

A. W.

"SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST" *

HAVING reviewed Mrs. Brassey's pleasant volume in our last issue, we need only describe the pictures which we have taken from it. "Lying off Ryde."—Being delayed from starting by several days' stormy weather, Mrs. Brassey went on shore. It was a wild night on which it was arranged she should return to the yacht, but, in spite of the persuasions of friends, she decided to run the gauntlet of the waves, and started in the boat with three reefs in the lugsail, two men holding on to the halyards, and one to the sheet, all ready to let go. At last, after much perseverance and a narrow escape of being run down by a steamer, and also of missing the desired goal, they at last got alongside the vessel, and Mrs. Brassey was "most thankful to be half thrown, half dragged on board."

"Pick-a-back" represents the ridiculous sight so often seen in Constantinople of great big-horned rams being carried pick-a-back by a hamal or porter. Sometimes ten or a dozen of these men may be seen each carrying a big sheep in a different attitude, "some of the poor animals looking about them as if, like children, they really enjoyed the ride, while others, with their heads hanging mournfully down, appear fully to realise their position, and to have ceased to take any interest in anything."

"Pigeons at the Mosque." For a few piastres one can see the birds fed at the Pigeon Mosque, and it is a wonderful sight when they come flocking down in tens of thousands. They "actually trampled one another on the ground, so thickly were they packed."

* "Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople," by Mrs. Brassey (Longmans, Green, and Co.).

At one moment their heads were all hidden, as they picked up the food from the ground, and nothing was visible except a mass of little grey tails, fluttering and wagging; then some slight noise would disturb them, and their soft innocent little heads would all be lifted up, causing a shimmer of emerald and ruby tints as their beautiful throats glistened in the sun."

"The image of him."—At Naples there are what may be called manufactories for the production of works of Art by the yard, of which the crew of the *Sunbeam* largely availed themselves, having portraits painted of themselves from the originals and of their parents, wives, and sweethearts, from photographs. These (the paintings) were very damp, and were generally taken out, dried, and admired on Sunday, opinions being very freely expressed.

"Our State Room" describes itself; and shows how luxuriously complete must be the fittings and furniture of the vessel.

"The Sultan's Youngest Son" is from a photograph. The young gentleman, having been promised to be made an admiral, cried because he could not see his flag hoisted on his own particular ship, so the Sultan ordered a huge ironclad to be brought round in front of the child's window—a proceeding which ruined a contractor who was building the French bridge at Constantinople, the piles, piers, and scaffolding of which had to be removed in order to allow the ironclad to reach its destination!

"A Turkish Lady"—strange to say without her *yashmak*.

THE KALUTARA RAILWAY BRIDGE, CEYLON

THE "Seaside Railway," as it is called, which was sanctioned by Sir W. Gregory when Governor of Ceylon, now extends for nearly half the distance between Colombo and Galle, the remainder of the journey being performed by the aid of a coach and a pair of horses. This is a great contrast to the condition of affairs early in the present century, when Lord Valentia, making the same journey, had to cross by ferry-boat half-a-dozen large rivers, all of which have now been bridged. One of these bridges is depicted in our engraving (from a photograph by Mr. A. W. Grigson, of Chatham Street, Colombo). It was erected some years ago by the Public Works Department, and has six spans of 100 feet each. The engraving affords a characteristic view of water scenery in the Ceylon lowlands. Here the placid waters of the Kaluganga River expand into a lake, on which repose two pretty little islands, while the background is bounded by a rich tropical forest. The Grand Oriental Hotel at Colombo is perhaps on too extensive a scale for present wants, but it will be an institution familiar to all Eastern travellers when Colombo (with its calm and commodious harbour) becomes the mail-steamers port in place of Point de Galle, and when the extension of railway facilities across the beautiful island of Ceylon attracts tourists from all parts of the globe.—We are indebted for these details and for the sending of the photograph to Mr. Ferguson, Editor of the *Ceylon Observer*.

THE NEW YEAR'S WATER FESTIVAL, BURMAH

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ALBERT FYTCHE, in his "Burmah, Past and Present," thus describes this festival:—"On the first day of the New Year begins the 'Water Festival,' which lasts for four days. At daybreak the people proceed to the pagodas, which they sprinkle with water, offering up at the same time prayers for a plentiful season. They also present jars of water to the priests, and ask forgiveness for the sins of the past year. After this a kind of Burmese carnival begins, only, instead of sweetmeats and nosegays, water is thrown, sometimes scented, or with flowers in it. The fronts of the houses are decorated with green leaves and flowers, and the inmates send showers of water on the passers-by; or bands of young men and women parade the streets armed with earthen jars of water and silver cups, ducking every one they meet amid peals of laughter. Sometimes these bands meet, and have regular contests, drenching each other. No one, whatever his rank, escapes the liquid salutation; indeed, bad luck is sure to befall those who are not wet at least once during the day, and the license gives rise to much harmless merriment. The original idea of the festival is that of washing away the sins, impurities, and ill-feelings of the past year."

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW

THE centre of the vast collection of buildings which forms the city of Moscow is the Kremlin, which is shaped like a triangle, and is about two English miles in extent. One of the most favourable points for obtaining a general view of the Kremlin is the stone bridge across the Moskva. From the river that washes its base the hill of the Kremlin rises, picturesquely adorned with turf and shrubs. The buildings appear set in a rich frame of water, verdant foliage, and snowy wall, the majestic column of Ivan Veliki rearing itself high above all. The colours are everywhere most lively—red, white, green, gold, and silver. The Tower of Ivan Veliki (John the Great) was built in 1600. It consists of five stories, and rises to a height of about 325 feet. It contains a number of bells, the largest of which, named "The Assumption," weighs 64 tons. In the Cathedral of the Assumption the Emperors are crowned, and the patriarchs formerly officiated there.

GOING TO A CHRISTMAS PARTY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THIS is from a sketch by Mr. H. Bullock Webster, and forms one of the series which we described last week. He was on his way to a big, jovial, and hospitable dinner—a much-anticipated luxury after a long spell of the rude and lonely bush life; but the Fates were against him, and his sledge and team of dogs came to grief as depicted in our engraving.

A JUSTICE IN 1500

As an illustration of the manner in which during the "good old times" high military rank was conferred on very young persons, Sir Walter Scott tells a story to the effect that, when a child's wailing was heard in a certain house and the cause was demanded, the reply was, "It's only the Major crying for his parish." So in this picture (which is by a clever American artist, Mr. Chester Loomis) we see the awful form of Justice arrayed in very juvenile habiliments. The old Squire is dead, and the young Squire exercises his ancestral rights. He is probably scarcely old enough to appreciate the enormity of poaching (an offence often severely punished in old days), but no doubt his mother and his retainers will amongst them assist him in coming to what they deem a just, if not a merciful conclusion.

BARRACK LIFE—IN THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS

"COCK-FIGHTING" is a favourite amusement on a guest-night, and generally towards the small hours. The two combatants are each tightly bound round the ankles and above the knees with pocket-kerchiefs, they then sit down, and a stick is passed under the knees and above the elbows (as shown), the hands being tightly

clasped over the knees. Thus trussed they are placed opposite each other, their toes just touching, and the object of each is by means of these alone to upset the other. The struggle sometimes lasts five or ten minutes amidst the cheers and shouts of the backers.

"Packed" represents an ordeal that most have to go through on joining. The victim seeking his couch arrives in his room only to find all his furniture (which is generally portable), taken to pieces and packed up, his chest of drawers are emptied of their contents, which are cast in glorious confusion in a heap on the floor, and perhaps crowned with an inverted coal-scuttle, candles and matches being carefully deposited in the bath. If the owner be wise he will say nothing about it, and bivouac as comfortably as he may amidst the ruins. The large picture at the bottom represents the drinking of a comrade's health on his promotion with Highland honours (*i.e.*, with one foot on the table), accompanied by an uproarious chorus of "He's a jolly good fellow," &c., &c.—Our engravings are from sketches by Captain J. E. Robinson.

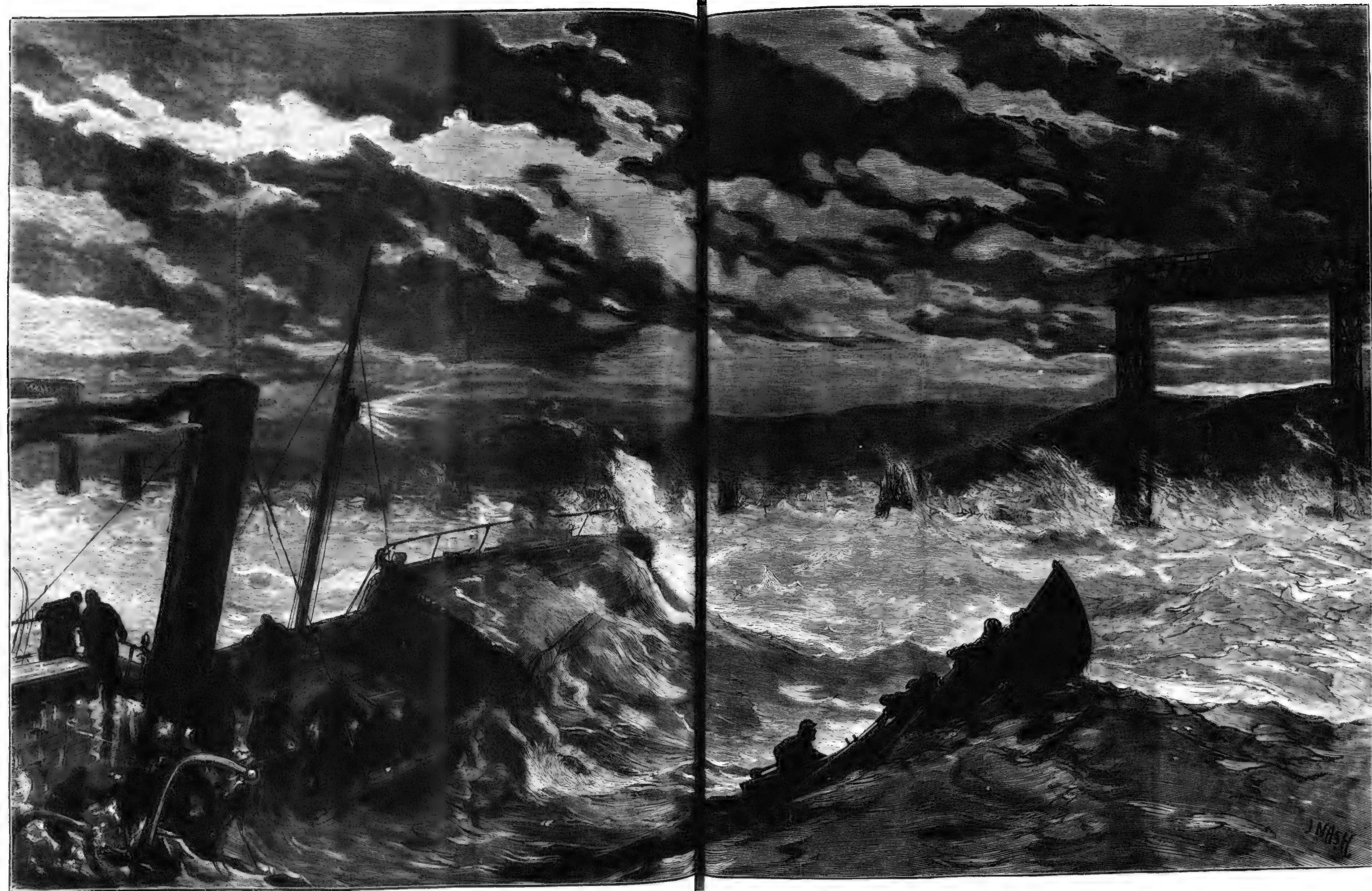
WASHINGTON ROCK, ST. VINCENT

IN many places popular imagination has discovered a likeness to some person or object in the fanciful outline of some rock or mountain, such as the "Napoleon-Stein" near Friedrichroda in Germany, the "Cobbler's Nose" near Loch Lomond, and others; but, as a rule, not a small modicum of the "faith that moves mountains" is also required to enable one to actually recognise these supposed resemblances. The subject of our sketch forms an exception to this rule, however, and in the gigantic cluster of volcanic rocks that now bears his name, the face of Washington is vividly and unmistakably outlined. It seems as if Nature, foreseeing the coming of this great man, had set him in anticipation a colossal monument not unworthy of his future fame—a monument, moreover, which is "more durable than bronze," inasmuch as nothing short of an universal cataclysm can ever destroy it, the effects of trituration being practically nil in the absolutely rainless climate of St. Vincent.

The island of St. Vincent is familiar to travellers to South America as a coaling station, where nearly all steamers touch on their outward and homeward voyages.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Julius Beerbohm.

WE HAVE BEEN ASKED TO APPEAL FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS in aid of a widow lady whose husband was Secretary to the Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners. He died in 1864, leaving apparently nothing to support his family, which consisted then of three sons and four daughters. A small sum was collected, and some Royal Bounty was obtained, which, placed in the hands of trustees, provided a temporary annuity, which expired on the 1st of this month. Upon this small pittance, aided by her own exertions, the widow has reared and educated her family, keeping them and herself respectable, though to do so she has had a hard struggle, having at times barely bread enough to live on, and never touching meat except as the gift of charity. The two elder daughters are married, but their husbands' salaries only suffice for their own necessities, and the two younger daughters and the youngest son, who is deformed and partially crippled, have just been received into a Convalescent Home, which enables them for a while to live rent free. The eldest son, aged eighteen, who was French correspondent to a City house, and was regarded as his mother's main stay, has recently died of typhoid fever, so that in addition to all her other responsibilities the widow has to provide for the expense of his illness and funeral. Contributions to aid her in discharging them, and to provide a small fund to assist her and her younger children to emigrate to Queensland, are invited. The circumstances of the case have been investigated by the Charity Organisation Society, and it is strongly recommended by the Rev. Dr. Stanley Leathes, 89, St. George's Square, S.W., and by T. D. Galpin, Esq., Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, E.C., to whom subscriptions may be forwarded.

PAROCHIAL CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.—At a recent Vestry meeting pertaining to a parish which, out of compassion for a misguided, and, it is to be hoped, remorseful, member thereof shall be nameless, part of the business was to agree as to the ingredients of this year's great Christmas pudding. It was pridefully remarked by the Chairman that year after year their parish had not only been able to hold its own in competition with all other parishes, but on more than one occasion had borne off the palm as regards size as well as richness, as was testified by the usual parochial plum-pudding report printed in the newspapers on Boxing Day. Warming with the generous subject, the Chairman said that he hoped the present year would bear comparison with past years, and that they would not for the saving on a paltry dozen eggs or a few pounds of raisins risk the reputation they had so long enjoyed. Whereon, to the surprise and amazement of all present, a member rose and proposed that the annual pauper pudding be discontinued. He did not object to it so much on the score of extravagance as that it did those who partook of it much more harm than good. The younger paupers made it a rule to devour their allotted twelve ounces to the last crumb, and the consequence was that most of them were ill on Boxing Day, while those that were not so affected cherished a remembrance of the pudding's fantastical flavour, and for days after sulked over plain suet dumpling, with treacle on it. As for the old people, it made them bilious, and afflicted them with indigestion, and if it were necessary he would call the doctor, who would tell them that while he was physicking them he had often heard them declare that Christmas pudding did not agree with them. He therefore proposed that if there was to be any pudding this year it should be a plain one. Then the Chairman arose, and the heart of every Vestryman present rose with him. "Could it be possible," the Chairman demanded, "that amongst a company of Englishmen, sons of a nation that had respect for the Christian religion, and whose flag had braved for upwards of a thousand years the battle and the breeze—was it possible," he asked, "that there could be found one who entertained so little respect for one of the most venerable institutions the country could boast of, as to suggest that plum-pudding should be withdrawn from the paupers' Christmas dinner table? As for the extravagance of the thing, on the contrary, it was true economy. Paupers might murmur. He (the chairman) was sorry to say they had a habit of murmuring, and from the beginning of the New Year until the close of the Old they hoarded up their grievances, fancying they had been kept short of this and that, and on the whole were not so liberally treated as they ought to be. But then came Christmas Day, with its noble plum pudding. It graced their festive board, and they—the Vestrymen and Guardians—were present and tasted it. There might not appear much to the unsentimental mind in that small act of condescension, but it was one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. The pauper felt that he had misjudged those who were set in authority over him, and that, after all, he hadn't much to grumble about." The newspaper reporter does not say whether the would-be Christmas pauper pudding abolisher at once offered a public apology, it merely records that the various remarks were received with hearty cheers, and that the usual ingredients were voted. Without presuming to discuss the merits of the case, it at least is pleasant to know that the paupers' plum pudding rests on such a firm basis as parochial economy. It is quite a new light shed on the perplexing subject, and, provided Mr. Chairman's explanations be trustworthy, it will no longer appear paradoxical that the most stingy parishes should go in for the most prodigious pudding on the 25th.



THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER—VISIT OF THE OFFICIAL STEAMER TO THE RUINS ON THE NIGHT OF THE ACCIDENT

THE GAP SHOWN IN THE ENGRAVING WAS OCCUPIED BY THE CENTRAL RAISED GIRDERS OF THE BRIDGE, HALF A MILE IN LENGTH, ALL OF WHICH WERE CARRIED AWAY

THE REVOLUTIONS OF MUSICAL TASTE

"We are not a musical nation," is a parrot cry which every Britisher used to repeat with melancholy unction, as though, being possessed of every other talent and virtue under the sun, there was something self-denying and Christian-like in leaving that one to the foreigner, as though he felt a kind of relief in not being wholly exempt from the shortcomings and imperfections of common humanity. We are told that in every German family each member is acquainted with some instrument, and that the evenings are spent in domestic concerts. If the blaring bandits who persecute us daily in the streets of London be specimens of these households we have much to be thankful for in that our own are not infected by such tastes. The eternal tinkle of pianos that salutes us at every step in our peregrinations is bad enough, but fancy a German band in every house! Fancy the position of the non-gregarious man who had the daring courage not to play upon any instrument! Well, of course, it would be tantamount to suicide, since life would be impossible to any person who did not contribute to mutual noise-making. Neither can it be regarded as a blot upon the national taste that the roving Briton does not retaliate the horrors inflicted upon him by his Continental neighbours, in the shape of organ and hurdy-gurdy grindews and torturers of Alpine bagpipes, and other like manifestations of musical enthusiasm.

Truly we have produced no Beethoven, or Mozart, or Rossini, nor indeed, any composers at all equal to the great *maestros* of Germany, Italy, or even France; but we of the present day at least, whatever might have been the obtuseness of our ancestors, have as just appreciation of every form of music as any nation of Europe. Whether a concert-programme announces the last inanities of ballad-mongers, a selection from Wagner, a sonata or symphony by Beethoven or Brahms, if there be promise of a respectable rendering, eager audiences will crowd every seat.

But perhaps the most significant sign of our extraordinary advance in musical taste may be found in the increasing popularity of Italian Opera—not as it is represented by the sugar-and-water melodists such as Bellini and Donizetti, but by such consummate masters as Mozart and Rossini (at his best), Meyerbeer and Wagner. Let any one, during the cheap season, take the trouble to stroll up the dismal, forlorn-looking arcade, in which the entrances to the cheaper parts of Her Majesty's Theatre are situated, on some Saturday nights when *Faust*, or *Les Huguenots*, or *Lohengrin* is to be performed, some quarter of an hour before the doors are opened, and scan the audience that is bracing itself up for a rush. These are no *dilettanti* but very ordinary people indeed, young clerks, shopmen, mechanics, shopkeepers, and their wives, and even nondescripts who bear the unmistakable stamp of the Seven Dials and Drury Lane. Twenty years ago the best of these would have yawned over any music of a more robust flavour than the *Bohemian Girl* or *Sonnambula*, the lower stratum would not have listened to any strains more refined than those of burlesque and music-hall. And it is not mere curiosity, "just to see what it's like," that brings them there; follow them into the house, and observe with what breathless attention they will listen to unaccompanied trios, and orchestral combinations without tunefulness, nay, even to the long recitatives of Wagner, that one might suppose would be most dreary and monotonous to such ears, and then burst forth into hearty and appreciative applause. Indeed "the heavier" the opera the larger is the attendance in the gallery and gallery stalls—*Robert le Diable* will fill every seat, while *Lucia* will attract but a mere sprinkling.

Italian opera is no longer merely an aristocratic exotic in this country but a popular institution. It has required, however, more than a century and a half to live down British prejudices against "outlandish gibberish" and "foreign squallers," which were the old contemptuous definitions applied to opera singers. When Italian opera was first introduced into England, about 1705, the principal parts were divided between English and Italian artists, each singing in their native tongue. The effect must have been extremely ludicrous, as described by Addison in the *Spectator*: "The king and hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English; the lover frequently made his court and gained the heart of his princess in a language which she did not understand."

In 1710, however, these absurdities were finally laid aside, and Italian became thenceforth the only language of opera. No one was more bitter against this species of entertainment than Addison, and several papers in the *Spectator* are devoted to its ridicule and denunciation; he calls it "a monstrous practice," and is greatly astonished that it should have been established, not by the tastes of the rabble, but by persons "of the greatest politeness." And he is even inclined, like Plato, to banish music altogether from the Commonwealth. But then Addison confesses that he had no ear for music, and he was besides the author of the libretto of an unsuccessful English opera, *Rosamund*, which may account for his strongly expressed prejudices.

Even in those early days the opera was famous for spectacular effects. "How," again writes the *Spectator*, "would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed to have seen Nicolini (the famous male soprano of the time) exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard. What a field of rillery would they have been let into had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial land-ships?" The actors were, of course, furious against this foreign rivalry, and Colly Cibber, in his "Apology," bitterly inveighs against it. He also quotes the opinion of "a nobleman of the first rank," who, when it was arranged that the theatre should be closed one night in the week to give the opera a fair chance of a full house, exclaimed, "It was shameful to take part of the actors' bread from them to support the silly diversion of people of quality."

The great theatre in the Haymarket, although it was afterwards occasionally used for dramatic performances, was opened in 1706, with Italian opera, of which from that time forth it became the home. In 1710 the prices of admission were 7s. 6d. to 10s. for pit and boxes, and 10s. 6d. to 15s. for stage boxes. In spite of aristocratic patronage, however, it did not prove a profitable speculation; from 1720 to 1727 there was a loss of 50,000l. When the King's Theatre was burned down in 1789, the company migrated to the Pantheon, and there lost 30,000l. in two years. From 1821 to 1827 there was a loss in the new theatre of 21,000l., and I am afraid that long after that date each succeeding manager's books would tell a similar tale.

The history of our Italian opera scarcely commences until the production of Handel's first work, *Rinaldo*, in 1711, the first of his thirty-five operas, not one of which, however, has kept the stage; although much of their music was afterwards introduced into the composer's oratorios. The lightest of our modern opera-bouffes is more elaborately scored than were these works, which were simply a series of recitatives and airs, relieved by an occasional duet, and with a solitary chorus to wind up, while the orchestration was poor and meagre in the extreme. Gluck's *Orfeo* (1770) commenced a new era in operatic annals; but the weak productions of Paisiello were chiefly in favour until after the first decade of the present century. When Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* was sung in London in 1806 the company neither understood nor appreciated the music, one of the concerted pieces being more difficult to study than half-a-dozen whole operas of the school to which they had been accustomed, and consequently it was very soon laid aside. The *Zauberflöte* in 1811 failed from the same causes, and the opposition on the part of the singers and of a clique of the public to the production of *Don Giovanni* in 1817 was so strong that it nearly fell through. Its overwhelming success, however, saved the house from bankruptcy.

It is curious to read the old musical critics accusing Rossini of lack of melody, of sudden changes of *motif* and of noisy instrumentation, in fine laying to his charge almost every sin of which Wagner is now accused, and sighing for a return to the sugared prettiness of Paisiello.

Planché tells us in his "Reminiscences" that such was the state of music in England in 1823 that when, in conjunction with Bishop, he attempted to introduce a concerted piece and a *finale* into *The Conquest of Mexico* more in accordance with the rules of operatic construction, it proved, in spite of all the charms of Bishop's melody, a signal failure. Ballads, duets, chorusses, and glees, provided they occupied no more than the fewest number of minutes possible, were all that the playgoing public of that day would endure. A dramatic situation in music was *caviare* to the general, and was inevitably saluted with cries of "Cut it short" from the gallery, and persistent coughings from the pit. Only the "Huntsman's Chorus" and the *diablerie* saved *Der Freischütz* from failure; the music was voted, even by the critics, to be "no better than wind through a keyhole," and to be supremely dull. *Oberon*, although received with great applause on its first representation, was played during the run to empty benches; and when *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze*, and *Il Barbiere* were first transplanted to the English stage, very few true born Britons, out of the fashionable world, would have been seen entering within the doors of the King's Theatre. Bishop was employed to mangle and mutilate the scores until little beyond the airs and duets were left, in order to adapt them to vulgar tastes. And it is the descendants of these audiences who can now applaud *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, and prefer Meyerbeer to Balfe! Verily tastes change with time.

H. BARTON BAKER

A QUAKER WEDDING

CHARLES LAMB in one of the "Essays of Elia," entitled a "Quaker's Meeting," says: "Reader, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite; come with me unto a Quakers' meeting."

I had never been to a Quakers' meeting; and when it fell to my lot the other day to be invited, as a relative of the bride's, to a Quaker's wedding, I looked forward to the occasion with no little interest. A marriage ceremony is always interesting, whether it takes place in church, as is the common practice in England, or in the house, as is generally the case in Scotland; and to the two individuals most directly interested, it is more than interesting—it is trying, and especially so, I found, in the Society of Friends, as the Quakers call themselves. A Scotch couple get the knot firmly tied with no personal effort on their own part save an inclination of the head, a whispered "Yes," or a more audible "I do," from the bridegroom; but the ordeal in the Quaker body is much more trying. In the first place, all Quaker weddings are held in their place of worship, called the Meeting House, and at a Diet of the congregation, duly intimated beforehand. On this occasion, the day was Wednesday, and the hour eleven in the forenoon, by which time the Meeting House was quite filled by an assemblage, chiefly of ladies, attracted no doubt by the many pleasant associations connected with a ceremony which forms a sort of polestar in their heavenly sphere. The marriage party, on their arrival, formed in couples in the vestibule, and walked, two and two, into the Meeting House, where they took their places on the front seats, their faces being turned towards the congregation. Behind, was a raised platform on which were seated, in line, five or six friends, male and female, the latter conspicuous by the Quaker or coalscuttle bonnet. The bridal party were in ordinary morning wedding costume, except one or two matrons who were attired like the Friends on the platform.

We sat thus in dead silence for a considerable time, perhaps half-an-hour, during which the traditional pin might have been heard fall, had it chosen these opportune minutes. No clergyman made his appearance—the Society of Friends have no ordained ministers. There was no prayer offered up, no hymn sung, no address made, and no marriage ceremony except what immediately follows. I was beginning to feel nervous, and to wonder whether any serious hitch had occurred, when the bridegroom got to his feet, and in a tremulous voice broke the silence by saying,—

"Friends, I, William Smiles, do hereby take Friend Janet Barclay Fairbairn to be my wife, and promise by Divine assistance to be a faithful and loving husband to her until death do separate us." Or words to this effect; and immediately after, the bride, who had risen from her seat and was standing by the bridegroom's side, repeated a similar form with the necessary change of phraseology. She did not belong to the Quaker body, and the ordeal must have been trying. Covered with blushes, they both resumed their seats, and dead silence was again the order of the day. They had gone and done it; the marriage was complete, and had not the Spirit moved a Friend on the platform to say a few words, by way of improving the occasion, there might have been dead silence to the end. Friend So-and-So agreed with the Friends present in thinking that marriage was a most solemn event at all times, and its occasion most suitable for the evoking of serious religious thought; and he then took occasion to allude in passing to the memorable marriage at Cana of Galilee, which the Saviour had hallowed by His presence; and concluded by giving some sound practical advice to his young friends of the congregation generally.

I was now becoming quite interested, and hoped that one of the female occupants of the platform would be moved to improve the occasion also; but it was not my good fortune to have Charles Lamb's experience: "It is indeed seldom that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female, generally ancient, voice is heard; you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which 'she thought might suit the condition of some present' with a quaking diffidence, which bears no possibility of supposing that anything of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty. The men, from what I have observed, speak seldom."

Five minutes or more elapsed, when another Friend on the platform, who seemed to occupy a sort of presidential chair, rose and said that the marriage ceremony was now over; that the official papers were on the table in front of the platform, and he hoped that as many Friends as possible would find it convenient to come forward before retiring, and affix their signatures as witnesses. This was done by about twenty or thirty of the nearer relatives and more intimate friends, male and female, during which the congregation slowly dispersed. As the bridal party retired, I had time to linger over a table in the vestibule on which lay various pamphlets and papers on the doctrines and modes of worship, the principles and practice of the Society, which could be had for the lifting, and one or two of which I did take, as, on the principle *ex uno disce omnes*, I was now much interested in a sect in regard to which I had before been practically ignorant.

And at the marriage luncheon, some interesting facts cropped up in regard to the social life of the Friends. The grandfather of this family—recognised as the head of the house—had been attracted to the Quaker persuasion by reading Scott's novel of "Redgauntlet,"

and by what he learnt there regarding the principles and practice of life, adopted and pursued by Friend Joshua Geddes of Mount Sharon. And here round the table was a troop of his descendants, the fair members of which fully justified Lamb's eulogium: "Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they came up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones." There was nothing distinctive about them, in the matter of dress, for the Friends have gradually departed from their early traditions in this matter. They inculcate and practise rigid economy, however, not only in dress but in their habits of life; economy and temperance are ruling principles in their lives, and these carried into practice, and continued for years and for generations, naturally result in wealth; comfort and affluence are the usual lot; there are few or no poor Quakers; no well-doing Friend is ever allowed to suffer from poverty; in the matter of matrimony, there is even a provision among them for subsidising any deserving young couple who may wish to enter the married state; if they have not sufficient funds of their own for the undertaking, the sum of eighty pounds or thereby is available by some good man's will. And, while they have no paid ministers, any friends who may wish to exercise the gifts of the Spirit are hospitably entertained in their progress from place to place; even Friends from America, desirous of a holiday in England and Scotland, may confidently undertake the tour without fear of expense; on presenting the necessary introductions they are hospitably entertained in the houses of Friends.

In fact, as far as I could learn, the social status of Quakers seems to be a sort of practical Utopia; but in case any reader should be tempted to say: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Quaker," it may be necessary to explain that a cold shoulder would be turned on any convert or pervert who had presumably entered the body with a hankering after the flesh pots; a brother entering with selfish motives would soon find himself in the plight of the jackdaw of *Æsop's* Fables, *Verbum sapienti salis*. The Friends are rigidly purgative, and peccant members of the persuasion, say a fraudulent bankrupt or dishonest trader, is mercilessly turned adrift from all the rights and privileges of the society; of course, if a man became bankrupt through no fault of his own, due exception is made and consideration shown.

From one or two pamphlets I picked up, entitled "The Society of Friends (or Quakers); What are They and What do They Believe;" "On the Worship of God;" "On Instrumental Music in Worship;" "Reasons Why Christian Women Should Exercise the Gifts of the Holy Spirit;" I learnt that the religious principles of the Quakers are essentially and strictly Scriptural:

"The Society of Friends believe in God the Father Almighty, the Maker and Preserver of all men; and in His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and in the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. They believe that Jesus Christ came into the world, took our nature upon Him, and tasted death for every man, being a sacrifice for sin, and a perfect example and pattern to His followers in all ages;—that none can be saved from sin in any other way than by repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. They also believe that He ascended up on high, that He sitteth on the right hand of God, and that He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Public worship is regarded by them not only as an inestimable privilege, but a bounden duty. They, therefore, meet publicly "on the first day of the week," and also on some day in the middle of the week; yet they believe that when assembled together it is not necessary that any form of singing, prayer, or preaching should be gone through to enable them to perform acceptable worship; but that the worship of God "in spirit and truth," may be without words at all. This silent worship is not without its eulogists. Charles Lamb says: "Frequently, the meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have bathed with stillness. O, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench beside the gentle Quakers." And Joseph John Gurney, an eminent Minister of the Society:—

How sweet to wait upon the Lord,
In stillness and in prayer;
What though no preacher speak the Word,
A Minister is there.
A Minister of Wondrous Skill,
True graces to impart;
He teaches all the Father's Will,
And preaches to the heart.

Guided by the declaration of the Apostle that "in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female," the Friends believe that Christian women as well as men may be called to the work of the ministry, and to the preaching of the Gospel. But there is neither ordination nor stipend in connection with such ministry. Payments tend to interfere with the faithful preaching of the truth, and are contrary to the example of Christ's Apostles. St. Paul laboured with his own hands "that he might be chargeable to no man." But, as already mentioned, when any of the ministers among the Friends are called by religious duty to leave their homes, to visit the Churches, and preach the Gospel either in their own country or in foreign lands, their brethren cheerfully supply them with the needful means.

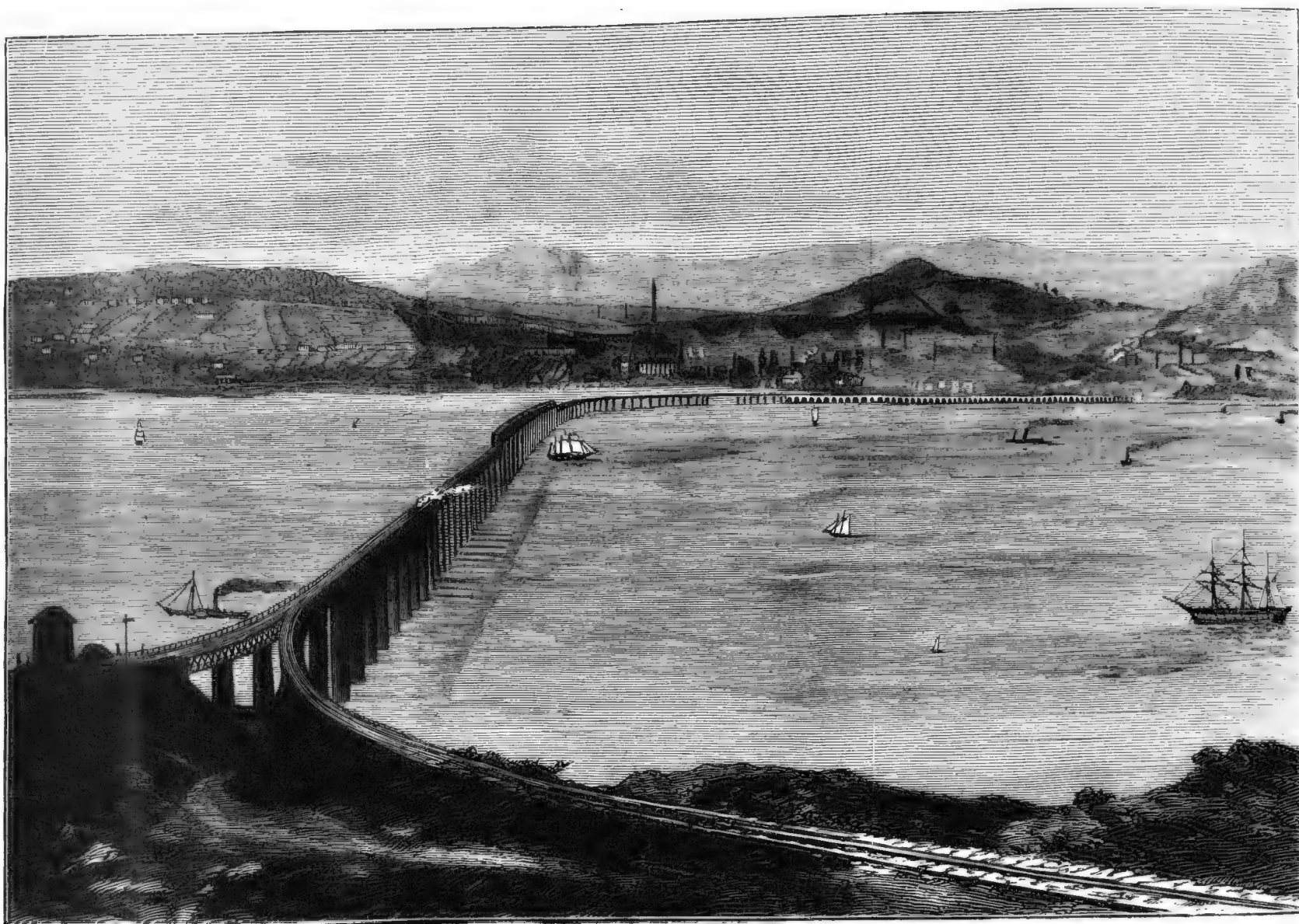
Most people are aware that the Society of Friends object to the use of *all* oaths, even in a court of law. Their conscientious scruples in this particular have been so far respected by the Legislature of the country that they are excused from taking oaths in all cases where it is required of others, and are allowed to make an affirmation instead. "Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: nor by the earth, for it is His footstool: but let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay."

The Friends believe war to be utterly opposed to the Gospel of Christ; and therefore unlawful to the Christian;—a fact that should be more widely known at a time when a policy of sensation seems to prevail in high quarters, and when wars and rumours of wars trouble the political horizon. Irrespective of their peculiarities of worship, the Friends set an example, in the matter of temperance, economy, and general simplicity of life, which in this time of depression their countrymen would do well to imitate. The lives of the Friends seem as simple as the name they bear: "A beautiful appellation, characteristic of the relation which man, under the Christian dispensation, ought uniformly to bear to man." J. L.



MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—Two pleasing songs of medium compass, music by Hamilton Clarke, are: "The Heart and the Song" and "The Whisper of the Trees," the poetical words of both are by James Sirée.—Four very pretty drawing-room songs are: "On the Wings of a Maiden's Song," written and composed by Nicholas Gabriel and Catherine Penna.—"Somebody's Waiting for Somebody," the music is by Elizabeth Philip, the quaint words by Charles Swain; this song is published in G and E flat.—A pathetic love song for a tenor is "Twas Only a Year Ago," written by G. J. Whyte-Melville, the music by the Rev. C. Hylton Stewart, M.A.—A good companion for the above, of a more lively character, is "She was a Fairy Queen," the playful words are by Gilbert

Chronicles of No Man's Land : Frederick Boyle. Chapman and Hall.
Twice Parted : Gervais. Remington and Co.
Mrs. Dubos's Bible : W. Gilbert. Strahan and Co.
Coligny (2nd Edition) : Walter Besant, M. A. Marcus Ward and Co.
The Dramatic List : C. E. Pascoe. David Bogue.
Dantick, &c. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
European Slave Life (3 vols.) : F. W. Hackländer ; The Old Love is the New
(3 vols.) : Maurice Wilton ; A Year in India : A. G. Shiell ; Uncle Grumpy ;
Robert St. John Corbet ; Squattermania : "Erro." Samuel Tinsley and
Nell on and off the Stage (3 vols.) : B. H. Buxton. Tinsley Bros.
Heriot's Choice (3 vols.) : Miss Carey. Bentley.
The Greatest Heiress in England (3 vols.) : Mrs. Oliphant. Hurst and
Blackett.
Confidence (2 vols.) : Henry James, Jun. ; The Philosophy of Handwriting :
Don Felix de Salamanca. Chatto and Windus.



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE FROM THE FIFE OR SOUTH BANK OF THE RIVER



SECTIONAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE CENTRAL GIRDERS
THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.



“WASHINGTON ROCK,” ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT
The outline of the rock is supposed to resemble the lineaments of George Washington.



“CETEWAYO CIVILISED”—THE EX-ZULU KING IN THE CASTLE, CAPE TOWN



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—A suspension of diplomatic relations has taken place between Sir Henry Layard and the Porte. Some months ago a missionary, named Koeller, was arrested for distributing tracts, but was released after some hours' detention, his books, however, being retained. Subsequently a Mahomedan priest, named Mahomed Tewfik, was arrested and charged with having aided in the translation of the tracts. Sir Henry Layard made various applications for the restoration of the books and the release of the priest, but received no answer from the Porte. Accordingly last week he presented an ultimatum, threatening to suspend diplomatic relations if these demands were not complied with, and the Chief of the Police of Angora, who had ordered the arrest, dismissed, together with the Military Commandant of Van, who had used insulting language to England and her Consular Agents. The period named in the ultimatum was at first Tuesday, but it was subsequently extended to Wednesday, when no reply being vouchsafed, Sir Henry Layard executed his threat, and suspended all official relations until he should receive further instructions from Lord Salisbury as to the future course he should adopt. The British Embassy, however, still maintains semi-official relations with the Porte. The German Ambassador has supported our representations in the matter, as Koeller is a German subject, but the other Powers have in no way interfered. The Porte just now has a good many Notes to consider, France having proposed a compromise in the Greek Frontier Question, which was to be considered by the Commission on Wednesday, Montenegro having addressed a Note to the Powers, virtually aimed at the Turks, declaring that in face of the "intentional delay in the surrender of Gusinje, she has determined to act in accordance with her own judgment;" while Bulgaria has published a long Circular respecting the refugee question. In this the Bulgarians deny that they were ever averse to the return of the Mahomedan refugees, but that the Porte in answer to their request had practically refused to furnish an exact list of the refugees returning, and the places where they were bound, and that in the present bad weather the Bulgarian Government could not undertake to provide properly for so large a number as 18,000 refugees without such a list. The truth is, the Bulgarians, whatever they may say, do not want the refugees back if possible, for the very potent reason that by a decree of Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff all the property of these unfortunate people was sequestered and handed over to the Communes, who are naturally unwilling to surrender it.

FRANCE.—M. Freycinet has succeeded in forming a Cabinet, but the composition is somewhat more advanced than had been expected, and neither M. Waddington nor M. Léon Say are included. The Ministry is now formed of five members of the Pure and three of the Advanced Left, excluding General Farre and Admiral Jauréguiberry, the War and Marine Ministers, who may be regarded as political nonentities, not being in Parliament. The Premier, who also takes the Foreign Portfolio, MM. Magnin (Finance), Varroy (Public Works), Jules Ferry (Public Instruction), and Cochery (Posts and Telegraphs) belong to the Pure Left, the Advanced section being represented by MM. Cazot (Justice), Lepère (Interior), and Tirard (Commerce). Thus there are four absolutely new Ministers to make their *début*, including General Farre—the officer whom M. Gambetta wished to see appointed some time since, instead of General Gresley. The Left Centre is unrepresented, and, as this body numbers eighty-one in the Senate, it will be curious to watch how the new Ministry will prosper in that august Assembly. The Cabinet is looked upon as a political experiment, and it is doubted whether now it will content the advanced section of the Chamber, though there is more chance of this, as M. Waddington is no longer a Minister. M. Grévy was at first unwilling to allow M. de Freycinet to go even thus far, and it was only when he found that he must either yield or look out for another Premier, who in all probability would be still more exacting in his demands, that he consented. There is a certain section of the Left which is anxious to force M. Gambetta into office, and accordingly will prove a thorn in the flesh of any Ministry which is not headed by their champion. M. Gambetta's aims, however, are higher than the Premiership, and it is evident that he will not comply with their wishes, so that a continuation of Ministerial crises may be expected for some time to come, unless the Left, of which there are now four separate and semi-hostile sections (Centre, Pure, Advanced, and Extreme), display a little more patriotism than hitherto. When in opposition the Left was tolerably homogeneous, and at all events able to act together on important occasions, while the Conservatives were split up into three parts. Now, however, the case is reversed, and unless the Republicans take warning they will share the fate of their opponents, and fall a victim to some party whose members have the sense to remain united. Already M. Grévy is talking of resigning, and we should doubt whether France is ripe for M. Gambetta just yet, or perhaps more properly speaking, whether M. Gambetta is ripe for France.

Paris is enjoying the pleasures of a thaw and thick fogs, and the streets have been a sea of melted snow and mud, which, however, is easier to clear away than the snow. There has been considerable anxiety respecting the Seine, as it is feared that the arches of the bridges may become blocked with ice, and so prevent the flow of the stream, which, swollen by the melted snows, will pour down with great force, and if checked cause serious floods. The ice, however, is being blown up with dynamite, and all due precautions are being taken. The enormous mass of snow which fell on the 6th and 8th ult. has been calculated at seven and a-half million cubic metres, and notwithstanding that 17,250 workmen, with 2,976 carts and 7,500 horses, were at work daily in removing it, only 670,000 cubic metres could be got rid of by Christmas Day. There is little social gossip. Christmas passed over with the usual religious services and charitable fêtes, while the stalls filled with presents for the New Year have duly lined the Boulevards. There have been several first representations—a new comedy by MM. Georges Petit and Hippolyte Raymond, at the Palais Royal, entitled *Monsieur de Barbizon*; a highly successful comedy at the Odéon, by M. Jules Barbier, *Un Homme à Plaindre*, which, though published, has never before been acted; and a first work by M. Ernest Morel at the Cluny, *Bancal et Cie.*, a most thrilling melodrama, worthy, to judge by the description of the plot, of the most ingenious of Transpontine dramatists. The Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier is to be received at the Académie on the 29th inst. He succeeds worthy Bishop Dupanloup, of whom in due course he has to pronounce an eulogium, which will be replied to by M. Cuvillier-Fleury. Although elected Academician, Mgr. Dupanloup never of late years occupied his fauteuil, owing to the fact that certain of his colleagues were too unorthodox to be associated with by a good Churchman. There has been a duel between two Socialist Editors, MM. Humbert and Mayer, fought on two separate days. In the first encounter M. Humbert broke his sword, and on Wednesday M. Mayer was wounded in the thigh, and M. Humbert seriously through the breast. Another Press item is the infliction of a judicial fine on the *Gaulois* and the *République Française* for slandering Don Carlos by republishing the old story of his stolen diamonds.

GERMANY.—Christmas has passed over very quietly, and the only news of importance is the discovery of a secret printing press

used for publishing the Socialist paper, *Der Kampf*, and worked by a returned Siberian exile named Werner, a Polish student named Kohn, a Saxon Social Democrat, and an Austrian Socialist—in fact, an important Socialist centre, doubtless in relation with the Swiss Socialists and the Russian Nihilists. The change of Ministry in France has been commented upon with universal regret, as M. Waddington was exceedingly popular, while his fall has caused the resignation of the French Ambassador, the Comte de St. Vallier, who was a great favourite in Berlin, especially with Prince Bismarck. The latter is still in very bad health, and is now said to be suffering from severe rheumatism. The Government has determined to come to the help of the German commercial colony in the Samoan Islands, and Parliament will be asked to vote a substantial financial contribution.

SPAIN.—An attempt was made to assassinate the King and Queen on Tuesday, while they were driving through the gate of the Royal Palace, a young workman named Francisco Otero Gonzalez, who had concealed himself behind the sentry-box, firing two pistol-shots at them. Fortunately neither shot took effect, though the first ball grazed the head of the groom behind, while the second passed so close to the Queen that she felt the air fan her face. The man was at once arrested, and, official congratulations apart, the utmost sympathy has been shown the young couple throughout Madrid. In the evening the King and Queen were present at the Opera, and received a most enthusiastic ovation, an immense crowd accompanying the Royal pair back to the Palace with torches. On Wednesday the King and Queen went to a Thanksgiving service at the Atocha Church, and a special reception was held at the Palace, which was attended by 2,000 grantees and by politicians of every shade. It was believed that Gonzalez had accomplices, and several arrests were made in accordance with a pretended confession of the prisoner. At the judicial inquiry, however, it transpired that Gonzalez had denounced these persons from private motives of revenge, as he considered them his most deadly enemies.

RUSSIA.—The Russian Press have been rejoicing over the British difficulties in Afghanistan, and are loud in their hopes that recent events may cause Lord Beaconsfield's fall and bring Mr. Gladstone back into power. In the mean time it is hinted that Russia will not oppose the English occupation (or annexation?) of Cabul, provided that a Muscovite army is not hindered from occupying Merv or Herat. At all events active preparations are being made for an important spring campaign in that direction, if only to avenge the recent reverses inflicted upon Russian arms by the Turcomans. Thus while General Kauffmann will march from the Amu, General Tergukasoff will operate in the Attek Valley. The Government just now also is busying itself about home matters, the University Statutes of 1863 have been revised, the local administration of Crown peasants in Western Siberia has been reorganised, the general condition of the peasant and their land tenure is to be inquired into, the Provincial Assembly at St. Petersburg has been asked to consider the condition of national education in the provincial schools, and particularly the low standard of religious teaching in the village schools; while active measures are being adopted against the Jews, who, it is alleged, by the readiness with which they lend money to the extravagant-minded Muscovites, have been the cause of much of the internal misery which now exists in Russia. Thus, they are to be banished from the territory of the Don Cossacks, and from the frontier districts of Bessarabia; while those who inhabit St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large towns are to be put under the most severe restrictions, which will render the exercise of some of their favourite callings, such, for instance, as stock-jobbers, exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

According to the Berlin *National Zeitung*, the Czar is trying to compromise matters with his eldest son by offering him the control of the Home Office, provided that he leaves Foreign Affairs alone. The Czarewitch, however, declines at present to assent to the arrangement.

ITALY.—The funeral of General Avezzana, who defended Rome in 1849, was the occasion of a slight Republican and Italia Irredenta demonstration on Sunday, flags of both those sections being displayed. The funeral was attended by all the Senators and Members of the Lower Chamber, and the Ministry, and the generals and officers of the various regiments now in Rome. The demonstration took place at the close of the funeral oration, but any serious disturbance was prevented by Menotti Garibaldi and by General Fabrizi.—Mgr. Hassoun, who is conducting the negotiations between the Porte and the Vatican, has officially offered the Pope Christmas congratulations.

INDIA.—The new License Tax Bill, which has been considerably modified by Sir John Strachey, has virtually been passed by the Legislative Council, who have referred the matter to a Select Committee. All persons with incomes below 500 rupees will now be exempt, and the tax on non-officials will be limited to a maximum fee of 800 rupees. Officials will pay 1½ per cent. on their salaries, without limitation. By this new arrangement 1,750,000 relatively poor persons will be exempted, and the greater part of the burden transferred to 35,000 persons, many of whom are rich officials. There will be a loss of 100,000l. to the revenue owing to this arrangement.

There is little news from the Naga Hills, where our troops continue to hunt up the natives.—The Gaikwar of Baroda has been married to the Princess of Tanjore, and great fêtes have been held at Baroda in honour of the event.

UNITED STATES.—The excitement in Maine respecting the Democratic manipulation of the electoral votes is increasing, and on Christmas Day an outbreak very nearly occurred at Bangor, owing to the Governor having attempted to remove two wagon loads of arms from the city. According to the latest telegrams, however, the Governor has consented to submit some of the disputed questions to the judgment of the State Supreme Court. Indignation meetings are being held by the Republicans, and should any outbreak occur, it will be impossible to avoid bloodshed. In the mean time General Grant has been speaking at Philadelphia upon settling the disputes of nations by arbitration. "He looked forward to an epoch when a Court, recognised by all nations, would settle international differences." True, General Grant; we all "look forward" to the Millennium.

Another serious fire has occurred at Boston, the stores of several large firms—amongst others the publishing establishment of Messrs. Houghton and Osgood—have been destroyed, and property lost to the amount of 200,000l.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Thanks to the completion of the cable we are now in telegraphic communication with the Cape. The much-discussed mass meeting of the Boers on the 26th dispersed quietly after adopting a resolution to meet again on April 6. Mr. Kruger has been elected President, and has been directed to summon the Volksraad. The chances of the Boers regaining their independence, however, cannot be great, and Sir Garnet Wolseley has announced at a dinner at Pretoria that henceforward the Transvaal will be regarded as a Crown colony.

Secocoeni was captured on the 2nd ult. by Major Clarke and Commandant Ferreira. He had taken refuge in a cave and refused to surrender for two days, despite a fire being lit at the cave's mouth to drive him out, but ultimately capitulated through want of food. He was at once sent on to Pretoria with his wife and two daughters, his brother, and two attendants. He expressed his fears that he would be killed by the Swazies, complained of being ill, and laid all the blame of the war on the chiefs and people, who would not consent to pay taxes to the British. His treasure of gold coins and diamonds have not yet been found.



THE Queen kept Christmas at Osborne with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and Prince Leopold. Her Majesty presided at the usual Christmas distribution of gifts to the labourers, the pensioners in the Whippingham Almshouses, and the school-children on the estate, giving to the children presents from a Christmas tree placed in the servants' hall, and also furnishing the boys and girls of the Whippingham Schools with Scotch caps and new dresses. On Christmas Day the Queen and the Princes and Princesses went to Whippingham Church, and on Saturday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold drove to Newport, where they inspected the monument of the Princess Elizabeth in the church of St. Thomas. Next day Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty and the Royal Family, and on Monday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left for Bagshot Park, crossing to Gosport in the *Alberta*.—The Queen has erected a mural monument to the Princess Alice in the Royal pew at Whippingham Church. It consists of a medallion portrait of the Princess, surrounded by a chaplet of flowers supported by two angels, with this inscription: "To the dear memory of Alice Maud Mary, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who departed this life in her 36th year, on the anniversary of her beloved father's death, Dec. 14th 1878. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' This monument is placed by her sorrowing mother, Queen Victoria, 1879."—Her Majesty has sent letters of condolence to the relatives of many of those killed before Cabul, and has requested to be kept informed of the progress of the sick and wounded.—The Queen has given 500l. to the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund for the Irish poor, and has become patroness of the movement for commemorating the centenary of the establishment of Sunday Schools.—Her Majesty's New Year's Gifts of beef and coal to the poor of Windsor and the neighbourhood were distributed on Thursday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain at Sandringham where they spent Christmas with their daughters. They were present at the annual Christmas distribution of beef to the labourers and workmen on the estate, and on Christmas Day and Sunday attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. On Monday Lord Napier of Magdala arrived on a visit, and last night (Friday) the Prince and Princess were to give a small dance. The Prince and Princess have presented their portrait to the Aged Pilgrims' Home, Hornsey Rise, which they visited last June, and have sent 250l. to the Duchess of Marlborough's Relief Fund.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came to town at the end of last week, and spent Saturday afternoon skating on the lake in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, while in the evening they went to the Drury Lane Pantomime. On Monday night they left London for Paris, where they spent next day, and went on in the evening to Cannes to stay with the Empress of Russia. Their visit is not caused by the illness of the Empress, but was planned some time ago. Indeed Her Majesty is much better, and it is hoped that she will soon be able to go out again, the weather at Cannes being lovely. The Duke and Duchess will stay in the Empress's own residence, the Villa des Dunes. The Duke has sent presents of game to several of the London Hospitals.—The Princess Louise has promised to be present at an evening concert on the 13th inst., given at the Steinway Hall in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on returning from the Isle of Wight on Monday, took formal possession of their house at Bagshot. Triumphal arches were erected in the town, and the Duke and Duchess were received by the chief inhabitants, Mr. John Waterer speaking a few words of welcome, while the Duchess was presented with two bouquets.

The ex-Empress Eugénie goes to Zululand next February to visit the spot of her son's death. She will go straight to Natal in the *Danube*, the vessel in which the Prince travelled to Africa, and where she will occupy his cabin fitted up as he left it, while after a private reception at Natal she will follow his exact route in ox-waggons. The ex-Empress has presented the Roman Catholic clergy of Natal with a sum of money in acknowledgement of their care of her son's remains, and they have decided to use the money in building a tower, to be called Napoleon, on the spot where his body was embalmed.—The Imperial Princess of Germany and her daughters will leave Pegli for Germany at the end of March. Prince William is recovering from the injury to his leg.



CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S SERVICES.—Considering the extreme gloominess of the weather on Christmas Day, the metropolitan churches were well attended. Dean Church preached at St. Paul's, Dean Stanley at Westminster Abbey, the Rev. H. White, Chaplain to the Queen, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and the Rev. G. F. Maclear at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. At St. Alban's, Holborn, where successive celebrations of the Holy Communion took place in the early part of the morning, Mr. Mackenochie officiated, and Mr. Stanton preached; while at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, the Rev. T. Pelham Dale conducted what is called a low celebration, it being the first time that he administered the Sacrament since August last year. He wore vestments, had lighted candles on the altar-table, and adopted the eastward position, thus disregarding the judgment delivered against him by Lord Penzance in February last. At the Roman Catholic and Dissenting places of worship the services were also well attended. Cardinal Manning preached at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, where High Mass was said by the Bishop of Amycla. On New Year's Eve midnight services were held in many of the London churches and chapels, the Wesleyans specially engaging earnestly in their "Watch Night" meetings for prayer and praise; and the Midnight Meeting Society holding special religious meetings in various parts of the Metropolis, the attendants at which were each presented with a copy of the Gospel of St. Luke, and a card directing them where to apply for assistance.

INNOCENTS' DAY falling on Sunday last, Dean Stanley preached his annual sermon to children on Saturday, Innocents' Eve, the Abbey being filled by an immense congregation. Taking as his text the words, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth," the Dean spoke eloquently of the necessity of early religious training for children, who should be taught to believe in God as the source of all good within and without them, and to admire and love all that was admirable and loveable in men and women. They might even be taught the great lesson that there were things to be learnt from people they did not like, and in countries where people did not go to the same church, or say the same prayers. They might learn that our Heavenly Father had

those who served Him and did good in many different ways, but still with the same good spirit.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY.—The Committee of the Church of England Sunday School Institute have received, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, the intimation that Her Majesty the Queen has, at the desire of the Committee, been pleased to become the Patron of the movement for the observance of the Centenary of the Establishment of Sunday Schools. It is proposed to form a Centenary Council, and a "Special Centenary Fund" is being organised.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY was performed at the Brompton Hospital on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, when the Right Rev. Bishop Claughton, acting for the Bishop of London, who was too unwell to attend, administered the rite of confirmation to a number of the patients. One candidate, who was unable to walk, was wheeled in a chair from the ward to the chapel by the Chaplain (the Rev. J. Hughes Owen) to receive the episcopal laying on of hands; and the Bishop proceeded to the wards to confirm another patient, who was too ill to leave his bed. The chapel was filled with a large and reverent congregation, consisting of the patients, nurses, and servants of the institution.

THE LATE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD.—The remains of the Right Rev. John Sutton Utterson, Bishop Suffragan of Guildford, were interred on Friday in the parish churchyard of Leatherhead, the service being performed by the Bishop of Winchester. The coffin was borne to the grave on a hand bier by four of the former curates of the Bishop. On Sunday last, at several of the churches in South London, special reference was made from the pulpits to the sudden death of the late Bishop.

MR. SPURGEON, whose health is reported to be steadily improving, wrote from Mentone on Christmas Day to his congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, saying that his sharp time of affliction had been comparatively short because of the lovely weather of that sunny clime. Had he been with them in the frost and fog, he should not have left his bed for an hour. In a subsequent letter, read to the congregation at the Tabernacle on New Year's Eve, Mr. Spurgeon urges all the members of his church to rally to the Holy War, that if possible his lack of service may be made up by their overplus of labour.



THE West End theatres have done but little this year in the way of pantomimes, with the exception of **DRURY LANE** and **COVENT GARDEN**; but that is a large exception, for those two houses, when they have two performances daily—which happens on three days in the week—actually accommodate upwards of fourteen thousand visitors. Besides these, there is the **GAIETY**, where Mr. Byron's *Gulliver*, brought out on Christmas Eve, partakes very largely of the essential characteristics of these holiday pieces, and with its mixture of humorous and pathetic scenes, its fourteen elaborate tableaux, its inexhaustible splendours, and marvellous performances by 120 little children, representing the King and Queen and the Court and Army of Gulliver, presents attractions for the young folks not exceeded by anything in this way that our stage has recently produced. Of course the theatres of the suburbs in every direction—except the south-west, where the **COURT** Theatre alone betokens theatrical enterprise—are as usual active in pantomimic business.

Some writers have affirmed that in the way of expense nothing in the past has approached the pantomimes of this year; and though expense is not to be commended unless it is accompanied by judgment and good taste, this, if true, is a sign at least of the spirit and enterprise of managers, and of a desire on their part to stand well in the estimation of the holiday folk. Altogether, fourteen houses at least, including the theatres at the **CRYSTAL PALACE** and at **MUSWELL HILL**, produce pantomimes with more or less elaborate introductions and transformation scenes leading up to the old business of Clown and his associates, which used to be the main feature, though it is now but a subordinate item in entertainments of the popular class. As usual, the suburban pantomimes at houses like the **BRITANNIA**, the **NATIONAL STANDARD**, the **GRECIAN**, the **PAVILION**, and the **SURREY**, are described as extremely brilliant and very full—the jaded appetite of constant playgoers might think too full—of dazzling effects and of marvellous changes; for though the prices of admission are low, these houses are large enough to furnish the managers with an ample fund for Christmas preparations, particularly as these pieces—unlike all other pieces produced for local audiences—are able, as a rule, to secure a considerable "run." Altogether, in the matter of pantomimes, the rich and poor playgoer may be considered to be pretty much on an equality. **DRURY LANE** and **COVENT GARDEN** may be frequented by better dressed and more decorous audiences—though Boxing Night, even here, is apt to be inconveniently noisy. But, as far as the entertainment goes, there is often little room for choice; and there have been years when the **BRITANNIA** or the **NATIONAL STANDARD** have been thought to outshine in this way their more aristocratic rivals. For their subjects almost all go to the Arabian Nights or to the old nursery legends. Hence it not unfrequently happens that we have the same heroes and heroines of ancient fiction flourishing at one and the same time in various parts of the metropolis; and it is almost needless to say that they reappear from season to season, and seem never to be considered too familiar for the pantomime writer's purposes. **DRURY LANE**, this year, we observe makes a boast that this is the first time—at least for a great many years—that *Blue Beard* has come forth here at Christmas; but the cruel Oriental husband figures also at the East End, and one or two *Aladdins* are at this moment in the field. Four or five years ago there were no less than *Babes in the Wood*, three *Aladdins*, and three *Cinderellas*, which is a state of things calculated, one might think, to create confusion in the minds of the patrons of clown and pantaloons. It was then, if we remember rightly, suggested that writers who turn their attention to this department of the dramatic art would do well to confer together in the autumn, with a view to an equitable division of these old legends of the nursery. Mr. Blanchard, who is this year thinly disguised in the **DRURY LANE** playbill under the pseudonym of "the Brothers Grinn," is not only a clever but a good-natured gentleman, who it was suggested, if appealed to in good time, would probably not refuse to give up *Cock Robin* or *Ali Baba* to any brother playwright who had set his heart upon it. Little *Boy Blue*, it was thought, might perhaps be considered a fair exchange for *Jack Horner*, and in case of dispute it would be easy to draw lots for the exclusive use of *Red Riding Hood* or *Jack and the Beanstalk*, or any favourite story derived from the rich stores of the Thousand and One Nights. Above all, it was held that the modern wasteful practice—observable, by the way, this season at more than one house—of multiplying nursery titles in such form as "*Harlequin Cinderella* and *Little Bo-peep*," or "*The Marvellous Adventures of Sindbad the Sailor* and the *Death of Poor Cock Robin*" should, by a well-established compact of mutual forbearance, be for ever suppressed. Perhaps, however, it does not much matter; and it may be presumed that if Christmas holiday playgoers were growing weary of these themes managers would soon discover the fact, and look about for fresher subjects of inspiration. **DRURY LANE**,

where, as we have already said, *Blue Beard* is once more upon the stage, has again the advantage of the services of the clever Vokes Family. Here the elephant is a most popular feature—inasmuch that the names of the two performers who have the honour of representing fore-legs and hind-legs respectively have been deemed worthy of public mention. The ballet and the harlequinade are here very good, and Mr. Telbin's scenery is specially to be admired; the transformation scene representing the change of seasons—somewhat after the fashion of an incident in the now almost forgotten *Babil and Bijou*—being specially effective. *Sindbad* at **COVENT GARDEN is even more suggestive of opportunities for the scenic artist; and here accordingly scenic splendours are abundant—to the overshadowing, indeed, of the humorous and grotesque qualities which old-fashioned patrons of pantomime are wont to regard as indispensable. Mr. Frank Green has handled the old story with skill; and the management have spared no effort to illustrate the work; they have, in fact, approached it somewhat in the spirit in which liberal housewives at Christmas are accustomed to make their plum-puddings and mince-pies a marvellous combination of rich ingredients. The costumes designed by Mr. Alfred Thompson are remarkably brilliant, and the curiosities of marine and terrestrial animal life which figure in such abundance are curiously quaint and picturesque. In Mr. H. Payne, also, visitors to **COVENT GARDEN** have the best Clown, perhaps, now on our stage. Altogether, if the "opening" of *Sindbad* is wanting in practical fun, this is not so in the harlequinade business, in which this clever gentleman takes part; and at all events this pantomime, regarded from the point of view of spectacle and pageantry, is creditable to the talents and exertions of Mr. Julian Hicks.**

At the **CRYSTAL PALACE** the pantomime is *Jack the Giant Killer*, by Mr. Robert Soutar. Mr. Clifford, who is naturally an abnormally tall man, makes a magnificent giant, his make-up being admirable, while Jack is worthily portrayed by lively Miss Lizzie Coote, who has a clear and distinct voice (an essential virtue in the wilderness of the Central Transept), and dances well. Of the other performers we may mention Mr. F. Burgess (King Arthur), Mrs. Ball (Jack's mother), Miss Rose Roberts (Fairy Spiteful), Miss Emily Muir (Sybil), and Mr., Miss, and Master Edmonds, who, as the Giant's servants, executed what may be termed some "gymnastic" dances with great *verve* and spirit. The scenery is well painted, and the transformation, by Charles Brew, from designs by Alfred Thompson, as gorgeous as could be desired.

THE **SURREY PANTOMIME**, founded on the familiar story of "*Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*," bids fair to be very successful. The opening is full of fun, and music, dancing, splendid dresses, and gorgeous scenery. Miss Nelly Moon is a charming Princess, Badroulbador; the Misses Topsy Venn and Daisy Ramsden, in the parts of *Aladdin* and *Kalim Azack*, sing, dance, and act with great vigour and abandon; while Mr. J. Fawn, as *Widow Mustapha*, and Mr. Harry Taylor as the wicked magician *Abanazar*, keep the house highly amused. In the grand fairy ballet Miss Topsy Elliott, who has just returned to the stage after an illness caused by an accident at another theatre about two years ago, was warmly received.

Novelties other than pantomimes have not been abundant this Christmas; indeed, the time is now gone by when dramatic authors and managers were willing to submit their new pieces to the verdict of a boisterous holiday audience—a fact which may be classed among the many tokens in our time of an improved standard in dramatic matters. At the **VAUDEVILLE**, which has re-opened with a revival of Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*, in which Messrs. James and Thorne appear as before, a comedieta from the pen of Mr. C. M. Rae has been produced, with the title of *Castles in the Air*. It is neatly written, cleverly constructed, and well acted by Miss Bishop, Mr. Howe, Mr. Garthorne, and other performers; but the story is somewhat wanting in strength. At the **IMPERIAL**, also, under Miss Litton's management, a very successful pantomime house, a new play, entitled *The Lord of the Manor*, and written by Mr. Hermann Merivale, will be produced this evening—the pantomime of *Red Riding Hood* being, in accordance with Miss Litton's custom, henceforth to be given in the daytime only.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—As usual during the Christmas holidays, this famous troupe have migrated into the Greater St. James's Hall, where they will perform until January the 14th. Also as usual they had full audiences on Boxing Day, when a number of new ballads were produced, sung respectively by Messrs. D'Alton, C. Henry, C. Ernest, Albert Brenner, Rudolf, Hunt, Reed, W. S. Leslie, &c. Most of these ditties were pretty, but of a melancholy order, and unduly prolonged. Why does not Mr. Moore at Christmas revive some of the standard old negro melodies? As matters were, we found the comic songs by Mr. G. W. Moore and Walter Howard an agreeable relief. Mr. Ernest Linden has succeeded Frank Pieri as the operatic prima donna. Herr Ohaus gave some samples à la Maccabe of female character. There was some clever clog-dancing; while the finale, *The Wrong Man in the Wrong House*, caused much laughter.

COREA, long jealously guarded from foreign intruders, has decided to admit Japanese traders to three ports of the peninsula—Moto, Yamatrou, and Kiyemono. The Japanese, however, must confine themselves strictly to commercial affairs, for if they interfere in the religion or politics of the country they will be expelled at once.

A **SCHOOL OF DIPLOMACY** is to be created at Rome, where the students, chosen exclusively from the clergy, will study Pontifical diplomacy from the original documents preserved in the Vatican. With the new year, also, a new Papal journal, the *Aurora*, is to be brought out, which, though semi-official, will be of Liberal tone, and will permit free discussion of the interests of Italian Catholics.

A **SINGULAR NATIVE DOCUMENT**, purporting to come from supernatural regions, is being circulated in Central India, according to a correspondent of the *Times of India*, who sees in it "a Russian move" to stir up the natives against the English. He states that similar means were formerly adopted by Russia in Bulgaria, where seditious papers were sown broadcast, declaring that a great Prince was coming from the North to deliver the Bulgarians from their oppressors, and he asserts that the production is not native, but Russian. This is the letter:—

"From Indra Lok—the abode of Indra, the King of 330,000,000 deities, to Sri Kasi Vishwashwar of Kasi (Banaras).

"This letter the writer writes in gold letters, and has fallen in the Temple of Vishwanath at Kasi (Benares), and contains the following:—

"That in the year 1809 'Shake,' on Magh Shudh, 2nd Sanichar (Saturday) Ashwini Nakshatra Mukursankrant Min lagna at 6½ Ghatkas the 'Satia Yog' (the era of truthfulness) will take the place of the 'Kali Yog,' and will last for 1,000 years. At about 11 Ghatka of the day a King will come from the North, and will become Emperor, when all the sinful of the creation will go down to 'Patal' (perdition), and the meritorious will live on the earth. Whoever after reading this letter will keep a copy and forward it on, will have the merits of giving 1,000 cows to Brahmans, and those who will not act accordingly, and will not believe it, will be the cursed creatures of the earth, and will meet with utter destruction. Those who, after reading this letter, would laugh and joke about it, will go to hell, and those who will copy and forward it on, will gain the title of philanthropists.

"(Sd.) MADHO RAO, PUJARI, Worshipper of Kasi Vishwanath."

WOMAN'S WORK AND BOARDS OF GUARDIANS

THE result of the recent election for the London School Board, in which out of fifty members elected nine were ladies, is proof that a large proportion of rate-payers are, at last, convinced that the presence of women in that position may be, and already has been, of decided use.

It was aptly stated the other day that "women of capacity and culture are wanted on our School Boards, not because they are either Liberals or Conservatives,—but because they know more about children than men do. The latter may"—we would say ought to—"assume the main direction of the work, but no Board can be really complete which has not at least one clear-sighted capable lady member on it, who will take thought for the girls and little ones, and for the teachers of her own sex, as none but a woman can, and in some respects as only a woman ought."

Our thoughts turn instinctively to another class of Board Meetings, where the needs of little ones and girls, and also the duties of female teachers are, or ought to be, discussed and cared for—the Meetings of the Guardians of the Poor. Here we look in vain to any of the six or seven hundred Boards which exist in the country to find "one clear-sighted, capable lady member." Yet are not a woman's tact and judgment as much needed for the thousands of helpless pauper children under the care of these Boards, as for the children of Board Schools, who in addition have, in a large majority of cases, homes and parents,—to say nothing of the hundreds of sick and aged paupers, to whom, and for whom, as much as for the children, a woman's judgment and sympathy are needed?

It has already been suggested that the present proportion of ladies on School Boards generally, and on the London one in particular, is sufficient to ensure the right amount of influence. If this be so, possibly the time is approaching for women, in their true womanliness, to seek another field for service, and we venture to hope that many are, by their self-denying lives and by their knowledge of the poor, prepared to enter into this one, which may be said to be white unto the harvest.

Boards of Guardians have already acknowledged the help of ladies in connection with the details of the boarding-out system, and have also cordially accepted the offered help of the "Society for Befriending Young Servant Girls." And it has been recently suggested in *The Times* that Ladies' Committees should be formed in connection with every Board of Guardians, for watching over the mothers of illegitimate children, and for boarding-out the latter in suitable homes, as a means for preventing the shocking results of baby-farming. It is proposed that these ladies should visit the lying-in wards and gain a good influence over the mothers, and afterwards arrange for the boarding-out of the infants under complete regulations.

Again, the desirability for ladies of discretion and tact to visit the aged and infirm in workhouses has long been urged; but although for a while a "Workhouse Visiting Society" existed, and the subject has from time to time been brought forward, it is a lamentable fact that at present it is the exception rather than the rule for such visitors to be freely admitted to the sick and aged wards; and yet how needful and how useful their visits must be! Those who enjoy unbounded liberty in health, and in sickness unbounded kindness and sympathy, can little imagine the dreary round of days and weeks without variation, in workhouse wards. Surely this is not enough, in our enlightened age, to give to those who, whatever their former life may have been, have now reached the time when even the grasshopper is a burden. Some years ago a lady wrote an article in favour of workhouse visiting, and on showing it to another who had had large experience, received the answer, "Yes, it is all very true and right; but I have no hope of anything so good being allowed by Guardians," who, it is to be feared, have sometimes, in their zeal to serve, guarded against the good instead of only against the evil. But better things should be hoped for now, with an enlightened experience in connection with School Boards, in which ratepayers have shown that they are prepared to adopt the right course for the right end, and it may not be untimely to remark that we believe no law (except the law of conventionality) exists to prevent ladies offering themselves for election as Guardians of the Poor; and if ever the right influence of good and true women is to be felt by the inmates of our workhouses, it will surely come the quicker when each Board of Guardians can also count amongst its members "at least one clear-sighted and capable lady."

M. J. C.



THE "DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSECUTIONS" is the title borne by the holder of the newly established office to which Mr. Maule, Q.C., Recorder of Leeds, has been appointed. He is to have a staff of subordinates to assist him in his duties, which are "to institute, undertake, or carry on criminal proceedings," and to "give advice and assistance" to the police and others; his action, however, being specially limited to "cases of importance and difficulty, or in which special circumstances, or the refusal or failure of a person to proceed with a prosecution, appear to render his action necessary." We must, therefore, not expect Mr. Maule and his coadjutors to take too much upon themselves, and we shall probably find that Mr. Cross was about right in his forecast when he said in the House of Commons that 999 cases out of every 1,000 would probably still be conducted in the old-fashioned way by private individuals.

DR. MILLAR AND THE "ECHO."—Dr. Millar, whose summons against the *Echo* for libel was last week dismissed in consequence of his non-attendance, applied on Tuesday for a new summons on the same grounds. Mr. Flowers, however, declined to grant it, remarking that, after an adjournment to suit Dr. Millar's convenience, the publisher, manager, and proprietor of the *Echo*, with their solicitor, had attended to meet the charge, which was dismissed because no explanation of the prosecutor's absence was given. It would be a great injustice to call on them to attend again. Dr. Millar had better apply to them for a statement of their costs, and on his paying them they might possibly consent to attend the Court again. Dr. Millar retired, saying that he would act upon the suggestion.

THE "FIGARO" LIBEL CASE.—A memorial, praying for the remission of the remainder of the sentence of three months' imprisonment passed on the editor of the *Figaro* for having incautiously published a libellous letter written and signed by Mrs. Georgina Weldon, is about to be sent to the Home Office. It has already been signed by many members of the Press, and further signatures may be sent to Mr. E. Reid, at the *Figaro* Office, 35, St. Bride's Street. Mr. Mortimer has already been more than a month in prison, and has besides to pay a fine of 100l.

STEALING IN JOKE.—Cabmen and omnibus drivers are noted for their fondness for chaffing each other, and this humorous disposition occasionally breaks out in the form of practical joking. The other day a bus driver, in passing a cab which stood at the door of a public-house, caught cabby's whip out of its rest, and drove on, remarking to his conductor, "I've got old Teddy Groves's whip." The driver of the cab, however, who turned out to be not Teddy Groves, but a stranger, ran after the playful thief, and the upshot of



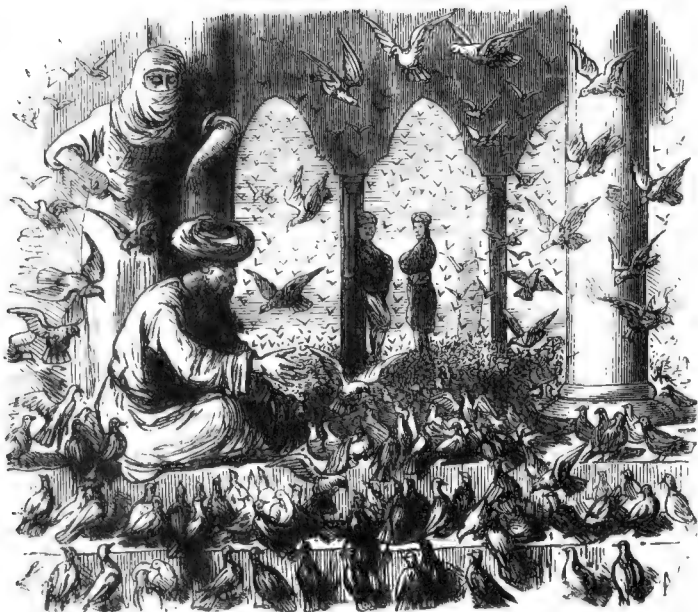
"THE IMAGE OF HIM!"



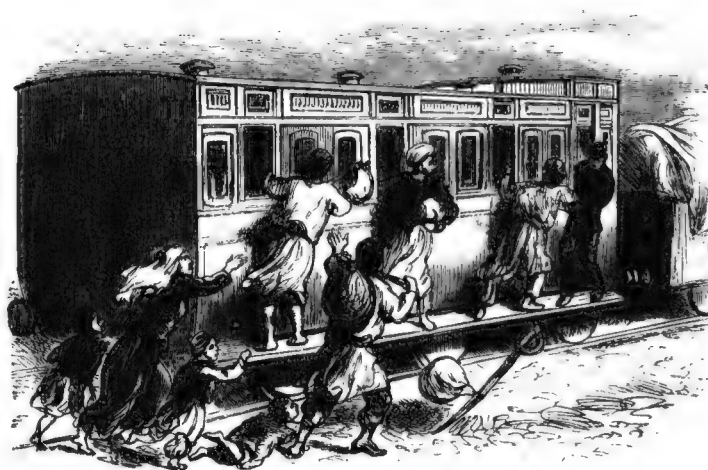
TURKISH LADY



THE SULTAN'S YOUNGEST SON



PIGEONS AT THE MOSQUE



REFUGEES ON THE TRAIN



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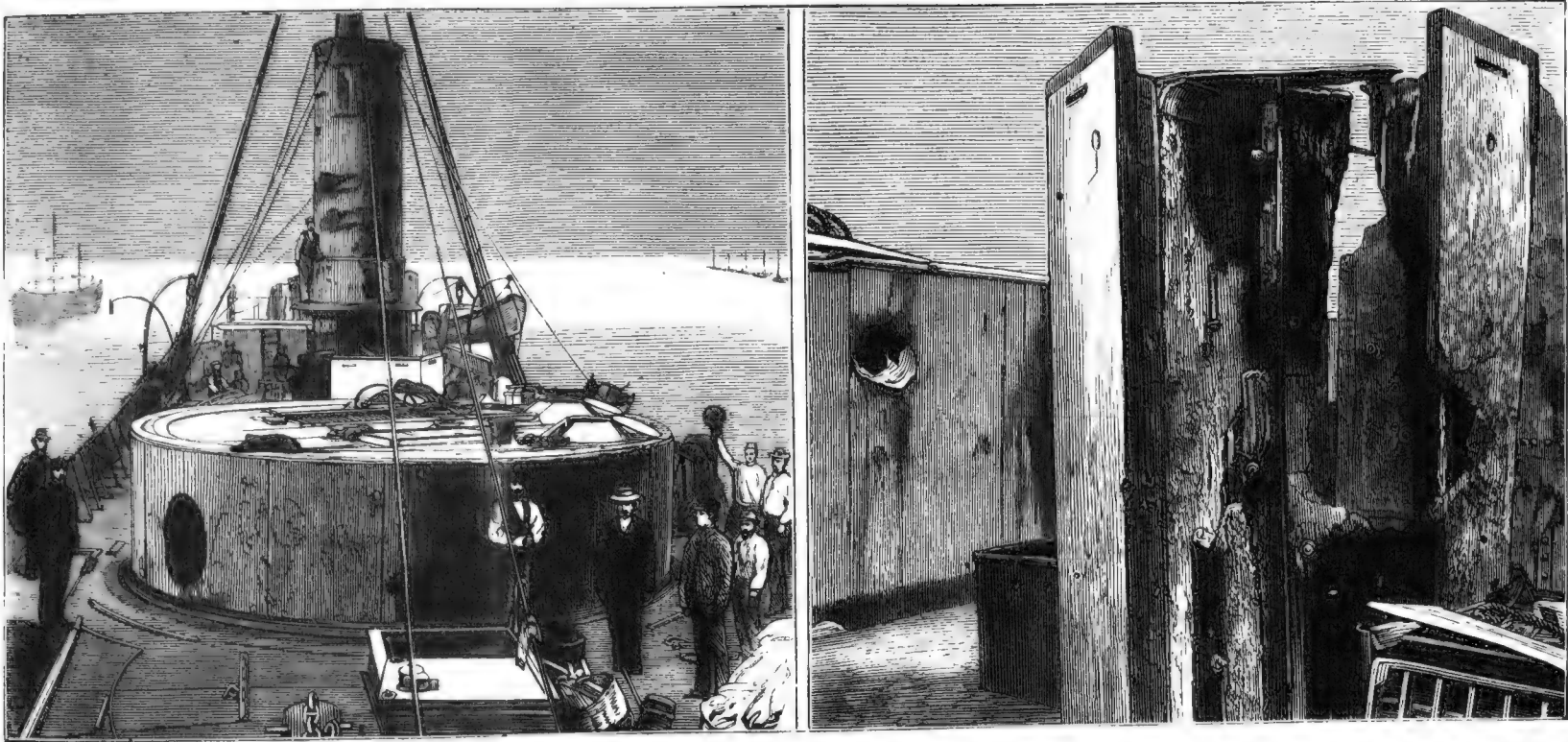
LYING OFF RYDE



CAPT. STRANGE GOULD BUTSON, 9TH LANCERS
Killed in Action near Cabul, Dec 15th, 1879



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The New Member for Sheffield



General View of the Deck.—The Fighting Turret and the Conning Tower, where Admiral Grau was Killed.
THE CAPTURE OF THE "HUASCAR"—VIEW OF THE VESSEL AFTER THE ACTION WITH THE CHILIAN IRONCLADS



BRITISH COLUMBIA—GOING TO A CHRISTMAS PARTY: "NOW HE'S DONE IT!"

the affair was that, when the omnibus driver appeared before Mr. Flowers, he was committed for trial without bail, the magistrate remarking on the "pretty state of things" which had been testified to by the witnesses—namely, that both the driver and the conductor of the omnibus were drunk.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.—Mr. E. Kimber, of Queen Street, City, contradicts the statement that Dr. Kenely was engaged to plead in support of the writ of error, and that the case will be taken to the House of Lords for final decision. He also says that the arguments, instead of occupying many weeks or months, cannot last longer than one day.

THREATENING TO SHOOT.—A man, named Branstion, who was formerly employed as a Post Office letter-carrier at Sheerness, has been committed for trial, without bail, for writing a letter threatening the life of the chief clerk there. He had been dismissed for various acts of insubordination, and had subsequently undergone a month's hard labour for a violent assault upon the prosecutor.

When arrested a bullet and eight caps were found in his pocket. He declared that he did not mean to kill anybody, but was going to send a bullet through a window of the General Post Office in order to get his case before the public.

A HERO IN DIFFICULTIES.—Edward Connolly, of the 24th Regiment, and one of the heroes of Rorke's Drift, who at that famous conflict was shot through the body, is now lying in Hereford Gaol, having been sentenced to six weeks' hard labour for violently assaulting a policeman with his crutch (he is lame for life), and biting the man's finger nearly off. His brother got a month, and his mother fourteen days, for being concerned in the same offence.

TORTURE IN JAPAN has been definitively abolished, and a recent decree commands that all ordinances relating to the subject shall be expunged from the national code so that no vestige of its recognition may be preserved. In order further to establish their system of

punishment on European models a commission of Japanese officials is now visiting the European capitals to study the police organisation and judicial administration.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SURROUNDINGS OF NIAGARA FALLS would certainly seem to warrant speedy action on the part of the Commissioners named to secure the grounds as a public park. Thus, the *New York Times* tells us that the superb adjuncts of the Fall scenery on both sides of the chasm have been robbed of much of their original beauty and grandeur. Where picturesque groves once stood, unsightly mill-sheds and rickety drinking booths now appear. On the Canadian side only a few stunted trees remain to remind the visitor of the old-time forest. Year after year the change goes on, the rocks are covered with the signs of quack medicine men, every prominent outlook is crowned by the booth of some vagabond pedlar, and the grand old trees, once the pride of the neighbourhood, are being cut down to build mill-races, or supply some petty factory with fuel.

DEATHS.

On the 24th ult., at 238, Southampton Street, Camberwell, S.E., Mr. JOHN WILLIAM BROOK, aged 27 years.

On the 24th ult., at Hampstead Road, Mr. JOHN SINGER SYDSEFF, aged 71 years.

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ULSTERS, 53in. and 65in. long. Made
from the natural Homespun. 11s. 9d. each. Patterns
free. Usual price 21s.—BAKER AND CRISP.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
BEST BLACK KID GLOVES.
12 Button, 3s. 11d. Very Best, 4-Button, 2s. 6d.
2-Button, 2s. 3d. for stamps.
BAKER AND CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
ONE MILLION CHRISTMAS
CARDS. Marvellous for the money—viz., 18
for 6d., 18 for 1s., 18 for 1s. 6d. Sent free for stamps.
BAKER AND CRISP, 198, Regent Street.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
12 for 2s. 3d.—A MARVEL.—
HEMSTITCHED CAMBRIC HAND-
KERCHIEFS: 1,000 dozen ditto, extra fine, 3s. 6d. the
dozen. Sent for stamps.
BAKER AND CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
1,500 REAL RUSSIAN FUR
CAPES for LADIES. Sent free for
stamps 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d. These goods are about half the
usual price.—BAKER AND CRISP.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
FUR-LINED CLOAKS.
25s., 35s., 6d., 7s. 6d. Sent for P.O.O. to
BAKER AND CRISP.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
1,000 PAIRS LADIES' BLACK
CASHMERE ribbed MERINO HOSE,
Miles's, very superior. Post free 2s. 3d. stamps.
BAKER AND CRISP.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
LADIES' JERSEYS.
8s. 11d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., carriage paid.
BAKER AND CRISP.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
3 FOR 15 STAMPS, INDIAN
Embroidered White SILK SCARVES, 4 inches
wide, 45 inches long; also 100 Dozen square SILK
HANDKERCHIEFS for Ladies or Gentlemen, three
11s. 9d. by post.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
LADIES' WINTER MERINO
UNDER VESTS, 18 stamps, free.
BAKER AND CRISP, 198, Regent Street.EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.
NICK NACKS for CHRISTMAS
TREES, Presents, &c., in 10s. 6d. boxes, con-
taining useful articles of Japanese, Japanese, and
Chinese ornaments, Paper Maché, and other articles
11s. 9d.—BAKER AND CRISP.JEWELLERY EXTRAORDINARY.
BEAUTIFUL WALTHAM GOLD
and SILVER BROOCHES, sent post-free for 20
stamps. EARRINGS, same price; LOCKETS, ditto,
3 stamps; BRACELETS, 2s. 3s. 6d., and 4s. Marvel-
lous and approved money returned.
BAKER AND CRISP, Regent Street.MITTS! MITTS! MITTS!
All post-free. 1,000 pairs best Black Silk, 5, 7,
and 8 inches long, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Beautiful
1s. Mitts, Cardinals, Old Gold, Sky, White, Black,
and other colours, 11 inches long, free 30 stamps. Short
2s. 4s. 6d. stamps.—BAKER AND CRISP, Regent Street.THE NEW SWANSDOWN and
LISSE RUFFLE, trimmed Cardinal, Sky, Pink,
and other colours. 24 stamps, post-free.
BAKER AND CRISP, 198, Regent Street.CUSTOM HOUSE PURCHASE.
EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS
FOR LADIES.—15 inches square, for Neck or
Pocket, 1,500 dozen Figured White Pongee Silk Hand-
kerchiefs, 4s. 9d. the half-dozen. Post free for stamps.
BAKER AND CRISP, 198, Regent Street.CUSTOM HOUSE PURCHASE.
EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS
FOR GENTLEMEN.—28½ inches square.
1,200 dozen Pure Cream and White Figured Pongee
Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs, 7s. 9d. the half-dozen.
Free for stamps.—BAKER AND CRISP, Regent Street.LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING
EXTRAORDINARY.—150 dozen Ladies'
Chemises, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 11d. each. 40 dozen
Night Dresses, 1s. 11d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 11d., and 4s. 6d.
each. 2,000 pairs Drawers and Knickers, 1s. 6½d.,
1s. 11½d., 2s. 4½d., 2s. 11d. 100 pairs Scarlet Flannel,
3s. 11d., 4s. 9d. Ditto, ditto, Bodices, 2s. 11½d.;
Ditto, ditto, Embroidered, 4s. 9d. Any sent for
remittance or stamps or P.O.O. to
BAKER AND CRISP, 198, Regent Street.CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited),
USUAL WINTER SALE.
GREAT ADVANTAGES TO THE PUBLIC.
See below.58 to 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street.
28,500 metres BLACK and
COLOURED SILKS, 1s. 11d.
to 4s. 9d. per yard.
RICH BROCHE SILKS, 2s. 2d.
and 2s. 11d.
FUR-LINED MANTLES,
17s. 6d., 21s., 42s.
CLOTH PALETOTS, 7s. 6d.,
10s. 6d., 21s.
SEALSKIN JACKETS and all
FURS greatly reduced.
VELVETEENS, CASHMERES,
DRESS FABRICS, 4½d. to
1s. 11d. per yard.
LINENS, CURTAINS, BLAN-
KETS, FLANNELS, and all
HOUSEHOLD GOODS ex-
tremely cheap.
Catalogues and Patterns free.CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited),
GREAT WINTER SALE.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford St.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells St.
BALL AND EVENING DRESSES.
CHARLES GASK & CO., (Limited),
The Cheapest Stock in the Metropolis.FRENCH TARLATE and MUSLIN COSTUMES,
quite fresh, 10s. 6d., handsomely trimmed.
Richer goods equally cheap.
The NEW FRENCH LAMACOSTUMES, in PINK,
WHITE, CREAM, and all colours, 33s. 6d.,
trimmed Satin or Lace.UNCRUNSHABLE NET COSTUMES, 10s. 6d.
Rich SILK and SATIN COSTUMES for Evening
Wear, in great variety, 3½ to 7 guineas.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street.AT PETER ROBINSON'S
FAMILY MOURNING WARE-
HOUSE,
"REGENT STREET."BEST ENGLISH CRAPES ONLY ARE USED,
which stand the wet and damp weather.
WIDOW'S DRESS, beautifully fitted, made
complete, from
WIDOW'S BONNET and CAP, made by
French Milliners
WIDOW'S MANTLE or PALETOT hand-
somer, trimmed, from
DRESSES, made complete, for a Parent,
Sister, or Brother, from
MANTLES and PALETOTS, handsomely
trimmed, ditto, from
BONNETS, New Styles, made by French Mil-
liners, fromThe BARODA CRAPE—Economical Dresses
made entirely of this new material, for Deep
Mourning, fromGood-Fitting Dressmakers are sent to all Parts
with a Full Assortment of Goods, and to take Orders,
immediately on receipt of Letter or Telegram,
WHICH MUST BE CLEARLY ADDRESSED—
REGENT ST., Nos. 256 to 262,
otherwise they will not reach as desired.LAYETTES.
from £10, £20, £40, £60.
List of each Outfit post free.
A single article supplied as sample if necessary.
Mrs. ADLEY BOURNE,
LADIES' OUTFITTER, &c.,
77, Piccadilly, W.ON AN AVERAGE, about every
seven days AN OPPOSITION VELVETEEN
to the "LOUIS" is started, and endeavoured to be
introduced to public notice, under one name or another.
Not only is the style of making up, and the stamping
of the name on the back of every yard resorted to IN
ORDER TO DECEIVE, but they are actually asserted
to be equal or superior. The Proprietor of the
"LOUIS" Velveteen, whilst admitting that "imitation
is the sincerest form of flattery," cannot but caution the
public that the genuine article is stamped EVERY
YARD AT THE BACK THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN,
in plain letters. AVOID ALL IMITATIONS UNDER
WHATEVER NAMES THEY ARE OFFERED.FURNITURE.
ART FURNITURE.—MAPLE and CO. have at the
present time a most wonderful assortment of NEW and
ARTISTIC FURNITURE on SHOW. An Illustrated
Catalogue, containing the price of every article required in
furnishing, post free.CURTAINS.
ART CURTAINS.—The largest and choicest selec-
tion of all the new materials for curtains and the covering of
furniture. Some of these are also used by ladies for dresses.
Rich Silks, Tapestries, and in fact every artistic material
in stock.POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.—Messrs.
MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this
Department is now so organised that they are fully pre-
pared to supply any Article that can possibly be required
in Furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other
House in England. Patterns sent and Quotations given free
of charge.

MAPLE and CO., 145 to 149, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

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CURTAINS.
ART CURTAINS.—The largest and choicest selec-
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House in England. Patterns sent and Quotations given free
of charge.

MAPLE and CO., 145 to 149, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St.,
STOCK-TAKING SALE.
All Winter Goods Reduced.
All Surplus Stock Reduced.
Particulars on application post free.GREAT SALE of Silks, Dresses,
Costumes, Mantles, Gloves, Lace,
Drapery, Furs, Fancy Goods.STOCK-TAKING SALE.
1,000 dress lengths COLOURED GROS
GRAINS, usual price from 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d., now
marked for sale at 2s. 6d. per yard.
REMNANTS of COLOURED SILKS, 2 to 10 yards,
including qualities from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., now marked
1s. 11½d. per yard.
500 pieces of new COLOURED LYON SILKS, at
3s. 6d.
800 lengths of RICH BROCADED SILKS, including
Eastern, present pattern, at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d.
per yard.
800 pieces of guaranteed BLACK SILKS, at 2s. 11d.,
3s. 6d., and 4s. 11d. per yard.
Black and Coloured SILK COSTUMES, reduced to
2½ guineas.
Rich Evening Silk Costumes, trimmed Satin Bro-
cade and Velvet, from 4½ guineas.
100 Black Silk Train Skirts, 18s. 9d.
150 Black Satin Skirts, at 1 guinea.
CASH PRICES. PARCELS FREE.PETER ROBINSON,
103 to 108, OXFORD STREET, W.MOURNING.
Messrs. JAY'S experienced Dressmakers and
Milliners travel to any part of the kingdom, free of
expense to purchasers, when the emergencies of mourn-
ing require the immediate execution of orders. They
take with them dresses and millinery, besides materials
at 1s. per yard and upwards cut from the piece, all
marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if pur-
chased at the London General Mourning Warehouse in
Regent Street.
Reasonable estimates are also given for household
mourning at a great saving to large or small families.
JAY'S, Regent Street.MANTLES.
Messrs. JAY have a very choice Assortment of
Mantles, adapted for this season's wear.
JAY'S, Regent Street.EVENING DRESS.
Messrs. JAY have a most Fashionable Assortment
of Made-up Costumes for Evening Wear, suitable
for Ladies who are in Mourning, or for those who wear
black from choice. Bodices are also made up by ex-
perienced dressmakers, in a few hours, if required.
Designs and Prices postage free.THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WARE-
HOUSE, Regent Street, W.HENRY GLAVE'S
ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NOVELTIES,
containing 1,000 Sketches of Costumes, Mantles,
Millinery, Lace, and Outfitting.
SPECIALITIES OF THE SEASON.
Beaver Hats, 4s. 11d.
Jersey Costume, 21s.; Jersey, 9s. 11d. and 12s. 9d.
Muslin Caps, 1s. 11½d.; Silk Evening Caps,
4s. 11d.; Beaded Bands for the Hair, 2s. 11d.
Tartan Ball Dress, 15s. 9d.; Brussels Net
Dress, 21s.
Photographs of Costumes, Millinery, and Infants'
Robes. Also Coloured Plates of Ball Dress
and Canadian Costume post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.IMITATION MEANS MERIT.
THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.
The Ladies are indebted for this fabric to no
supposititious individual, but to Mr. LOUIS, the
inventor. It has fairly aroused the jealousy of
velveteen manufacturers, as is proved by the
number of kinds now advertised, all claiming an
equality with the "LOUIS," which has given
great success to the being imposed upon when
imitations, of course, have been numerous. One
has had to change its name and retire from in-
fringement, paying legal expenses, whilst others
have been such transparent counterfeiters that
they can scarcely deceive. They even resort to
the stamping of their various names every yard
on the back, a method first practised by Mr. Louis
to prevent ladies being imposed upon when
requiring his specialities. The "LOUIS" is the
only Permanent Oriental Blue Black. It has
received the well-merited praise and approval of
the various fashionable journals, and one (in
alluding to these frequent imitations) denounces
the practice as a mean and contemptible way to
divert from their proper channels the fruits of a
legitimate enterprise and labour.THROAT AFFECTIONS AND
HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of
the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at
the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of
"Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous lozenges
are sold by most respectable chemists in this country at
1s. 11½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking
cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot
try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to pro-
gress, result in serious Pulmonary and asthmatic affec-
tions. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches"
are on the Government Stamp around each box.HOOPING COUGH.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBOCATION.—The cele-
brated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole
Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157,
Queen Victoria Street, (formerly of 67, St. Paul's
Church Yard) London, whose names are engraved on
the Government Stamp.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.TAMAR-INDIAN, a laxative, re-
freshing, and medicinal Fruit Lozenge—the
effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hemor-
rhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purga-
tives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irri-
tation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d.—E. GRILLON,
Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
This pure Solution is the best remedy for
Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Head-
ache, Gout, and Indigestion.DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
The safest and most gentle aperient for
delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and
infants.
OF ALL CHEMISTS.CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
MECHI.—CHEAPER THAN AT
THE STORES.
20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.
MR. MECCHI has determined not to be UNDERSOLD
by the Co-operative Stores—and will therefore make the
above allowance on all purchases of 5s. and upwards.
Catalogues of his splendid stock of dressing bags,
dressing cases, wedding presents, and birthday gifts,
sent post free. His cutlery, strops, razors, and razors,
have been tested and appreciated for 52 years.—112
Regent Street, London.
The New and Elegant Liqueur Frame, THE
TANTALUS.SPEED AND BEAUTY.
A BUTTON HOLE A MINUTE.
SIXTY BUTTON HOLES IN AN HOUR.BUTTON HOLE WORKER.
FOR THE THICKEST CLOTH OR
FINEST CAMBRIC.
By ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
It is impossible to convey by advertisement an idea
of the unique and wonderful features of this ingenious
appliance for cutting and working BUTTON HOLES. It
is so simple that a child can work a more perfect
BUTTON HOLE with it than the most experienced
needlewoman can without it. Every stitch is taken
with the most perfect mechanical accuracy. No prick-
ing the fingers or straining the eye, and by its use no
imperfect and irregular worked BUTTON HOLE is im-
possible. The speed and utility are marvellous. They
give universal satisfaction. Ladies and seamstresses
who use them say they are worth their weight in gold.
No work-basket is complete without one. Is used
entirely independent of the sewing machine, and will
last as long as a thumb. The Worker and Button
Hole Cutter, neatly packed in box, sent by receipt of
P.O.O. or AMPS, 2s. 6d.—WEBSTER MANUFACTUR-
ING CO., 53, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.MARSHALL & WILLATS,
FAMILY BOOT MAKERS,
207 & 208, OXFORD STREET, W.
A SURE PREVENTIVE against
COLD FEET.
M. & W. have just introduced SPECIALITIES in
BOOTS and SLIPPERS for the PRESENT SEASON.
CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.MARSHALL & WILLATS,
207 & 208, OXFORD STREET
(NEAR THE MARBLE ARCH).WHAT IS YOUR CREST and
WILL IT BE YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and
county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain
Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and
wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books,
and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid
gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s.
Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLE-
TON, 25, Cranbourn St., corner of St. Martin's Lane.VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—
Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the
engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each.
50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—
T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn St.
(corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.CULLETON'S Guinea Box of STA-
TIONERY contains a Ream of the very best
Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most
elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or
Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included.
Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25,
Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).FOR FAMILY ARMS (Lincoln's
Inn Heraldic Office) send Name and County.
Sketch, 3s. 6d.; in colours, 7s. 6d. Arms Painted and
Engraved on Seals, Dies, &c.—PUGH BROTHERS,
Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.; and 76, Queen
Victoria Street, E.C. Prize Medal, Paris, 1878.BOURNE and SHEPHERD'S
INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.
Just added, some fine Views of NEPAL.
MARION & CO., Agents, 22 and 23, Soho Sq., London.
Collections completed, mounted, titled, put into order,
bound, portfolioed, or framed.HEDGES and BUTLER, 155,
Regent Street, London, and 30, King's Road,
Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 40s., 48s.,
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 50s., 60s.,
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.NEW WHISKY IS POISONOUS
no matter how agreeably flavoured. Exact Age
of Swan and Crown Whisky guaranteed by H.M.
Customs Officers. Distillations of 1865, 1867, 1870,
1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876. Prices for two gals.,
60s. 10d., 60s. 10d., 53s. 10d., 49s. 10d., 45s. 10d.,
40s. 10d., 38s. 10d., 36s. 10d. Rail, carriage paid, on
Sample Cases. Case free.—THOMAS SCALLY and
CO., Eustace St., Dublin. Purchasing Agents wanted.TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
3,500
DAGHESTAN and SAWRACK CARPETS,
Received from Constantinople. These Goods have been bought by agents especially
despatched by Messrs. MAPLE and CO. for cash, are of great rarity, some being very
handsome old prayer rugs which have been made over 100 years. The prices are wonder-
fully low—in fact, one third of that usually asked for these curiosities.BEDSTEADS. BEDSTEADS.
10,000 Brass and Iron Bedsteads in Stock,
from 8s. 9d. to 30 Guineas.BEDROOM FURNITURE.
200 Bedroom Suites Complete in Stock,
from 6½ to 100 Guineas.An Illustrated Catalogue, containing the price of any
article required in furnishing, post free.

MAPLE and CO., 145 to 149, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
MECHI.—CHEAPER THAN AT
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20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.
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gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s.
Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLE-
TON, 25, Cranbourn St., corner of St. Martin's Lane.VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—
Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the
engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each.
50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—
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SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 50s., 60s.,
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.NEW WHISKY IS POISONOUS
no matter how agreeably flavoured. Exact Age
of Swan and Crown Whisky guaranteed by H.M.
Customs Officers. Distillations of 1865, 1867, 1870,
1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876. Prices for two gals.,
60s. 10d., 60s. 10d., 53s. 10d., 49s. 10d., 45s. 10d.,
40s. 10d., 38s. 10d., 36s. 10d. Rail, carriage paid, on
Sample Cases. Case free.—THOMAS SCALLY and
CO., Eustace St., Dublin. Purchasing Agents wanted.TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
3,500
DAGHESTAN and SAWRACK CARPETS,
Received from Constantinople. These Goods have been bought by agents especially
despatched by Messrs. MAPLE and CO. for cash, are of great rarity, some being very
handsome old prayer rugs which have been made over 100 years. The prices are wonder-
fully low—in fact, one third of that usually asked for these curiosities.

BEDSTEADS. BEDSTE

LITIGATION! LITIGATION! LITIGATION!

HAVING at last obtained permission, AFTER TWO YEARS' LITIGATION, to add TWO more houses to my present premises, thus enabling me to carry out my principle of CO-OPERATION with mutual advantage to myself and patrons, I shall therefore, WITHOUT THE LEAST RESERVATION, offer all my useful and EXCELLENT STOCK at prices to ensure an Entire Clearance. The COMPULSORY nature of this Sale, and the inevitable loss sustained by injury to goods from re-building, has influenced the re-marking of the Stock, and determined me to make it so attractive that even non-intending purchasers will be induced to buy. The special purchase of THREE MANUFACTURERS' STOCKS made last month will necessarily be included in this Sale. For this Month Only.—CHAPMAN'S, Notting Hill, W.

SILK ADVERTISEMENT.

The disastrous condition of the Silk Industry in France has so completely paralysed the Lyons Markets, that noted makers' goods are selling at the most unremunerative prices, both spinners and weavers working their factories at considerable loss. The result is that large quantities of Silks are sold for less money than it cost to produce them. Never during this CENTURY has Silk been so cheap.

GOOD BLACK GROS GRAIN	1s. 9d. per yard.
GOOD BLACK GLACÉ SILK.	1s. 9d. „
RICH GROS GRAIN, "VERY SPECIAL".	2s. 6¾d. „
VERY HANDSOME DITTO	2s. 11d. „
PURE RICH GROS GRAIN	3s. 6d. „
* MY NOTED SPECIALTY SILK, REDUCED FROM 4s. 11d. to	3s. 11¾d. „

* The Sale of this Silk has, during the past year, exceeded 200,000 yards without one single complaint.

The same scale of reductions operates throughout this department.

GOOD WHITE, IVORY, AND BLACK SATINS, FOR SLIPS AND TRIMMING PURPOSES.	1s. 6d. per yard.
SUPERIOR BLACK SATIN	1s. 9d. „
EXTRA QUALITY, IN ALL COLOURS AND BLACK	2s. 6d. „
BLACK AND COLOURED LYONS SATINS, 2s. 9d. to	8s. 6d. „
GROS DU MONDE.	2s. 6d. „
GROS DE PAYS	2s. 6d. „
GROS DE CYPRUS.	2s. 6d. „
EVENING SILKS	2s. 6d. „

WOOLLEN DRESS FABRICS.

TENS of THOUSANDS of BEAUTIFUL DRESSES at HALF the COST of MANUFACTURE
ALL ARE THIS SEASON'S GOODS.
WINTER, SPRING, and SUMMER DRESSES,
FOR PRESENTS.

10,000 Dresses at 6s. 6d. 12 yards, or any length cut at 6½d. per yard.
10,000 Dresses at 7s. 6d. 12 yards, or 7½d. per yard.
10,000 Dresses at 9s. 0d. 12 yards, or 9d. per yard.
10,000 Dresses at 12s. 12 yards, or 1s. per yard.

RICHER GOODS AT EQUALLY REDUCED PRICES.

SERGE ADVERTISEMENT.

Serges for giving away, reduced to 6d., stout or fine; usual price, 8
Welsh Serge in all colours, reduced to 7d., good quality. 9
Welsh Homespun, reduced to 9

Estamene Serge, reduced to 1s., sold everywhere at 1 9
Devonshire Serge, reduced to 1s. 3d., sold everywhere at 2 0
Esquimaux Serge, reduced to 1 2

CASHMERE AND MERINO ADVERTISEMENT.

Evening Dress Shades, specially dyed for gaslight purposes. The most Extensive Assortment in the Metropolis for Selection, at the Lowest Prices.

42 in. wide	1s. 6d. per yard.
44 in. wide	1s. 9d. per yard.
48 in. wide	2s. 6d. per yard.
The same quality usually sold at 2s. 11d.	
Usually sold at 3s. 6d.	

FLANNEL ADVERTISEMENT.

Molleton Rayé, 48 in. wide, reduced to 2s. 6d., usual price	3s. 6d.
French Twilled Flannels, reduced to 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d.; usual price	2s. 0d.
French Ribbed Flannels, reduced to 1s. 9d. Novelties.	
Honeycomb Flannels, reduced to 1s. 9d., worth	3s. 11d.
Swaileland's Pompadour, reduced to 1s. 11½d.; sold during the season at	2s. 11½d.
Real Welsh and Lancashire Flannels.	

WHITE AND IVORY SATINS AND SILKS FOR BRIDAL WEAR.

A Splendid Assortment of the above perishable Goods will be sold under Cost Prices.

JAPANESE SILKS.

FIGURED AND PLAIN.

ONE HUNDRED COLOURS.

ONE AND SIXPENCE THREE FARTHING PER YARD.

VELVET DEPARTMENT.

LYONS, GENOA, AND ITALIAN DRESS VELVETS.—The First Price will be 3s. 11d. per yard, in Black only. The Second Price will be 5s. 6d. These Goods cannot be matched anywhere under 8s. 6d. per yard. A Superb Quality at 8s. 6d.; fully worth 12s. 6d. per yard. The same rate of exchange will be applied to every quality rising to 40s. per yard.

VELVETEEN ADVERTISEMENT.

Patent Erect Pile Ozonid	Black only	1s. 6¾d.
The Louis Velveteen	" "	1s. 4½d.
The Black Pearl	" "	1s. 8d.
The Mameunium	" "	1s. 9d.

Coloured Velveteens	per yard, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
Pompadour Velveteens	" 1s. 9d. and 1s. 11d.
Chapman's Speciality Velveteens	per yard 1s. 9d.
Corduroy Velveteens, 1s. 9d.; sold everywhere at	2s. 9d. per yard.

DANISH ALPACA.

During this Sale my celebrated Danish Alpacas will be sold at 1s. 6d. per yard; Remnants, 1s. per yard.

SKIRTING ADVERTISEMENT.

Winter and Summer Styles, reduced to 1s., worth	2s. 0d.
Coloured Skirtings, 1s. 11½d., worth	2s. 11½d.
Rainbow Skirtings, 2s. 6d., worth	3s. 6d.
Rich Silk Striped Skirtings, 4s. 6d., worth	6s. 9d.
Bundles of Remnants, 50 yards, 25s.	

CORSET ADVERTISEMENT.

All the best makes in English and French Corsets, greatly reduced.

A very beautiful little stay at 2s. 11d.

A good useful Corset, in White or Colours, 3s. 11d.

La Carlsonette, 6s. 6d. Carlson's Binder Belt Corset, 9s. 6d., and 14s. 6d. French Wove Corsets, 5s. 11d. The Bon Ton, 6s. 6d.

Izod's and other noted makes all considerably reduced for this month only.

SUMMER FABRICS in countless variety, consisting of Washing Fabrics of every conceivable description, Light Woollen Fabrics, Spring Tweeds, and Chuddah Cloths, &c. Complete clearance of these goods being operative, all will be disposed of at less than cost prices.

ENGLISH SATTEENS equal in appearance to any Satin at three times the price. 30in. wide, 11½d. per yard.

FRENCH SATTEENS. An exquisite range of colourings. An excellent substitute for either Silk or Satin for evening wear, 1s. 2d. per yard, 30in. wide.

COMPLETE SETS OF PATTERNS FORWARDED TO ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE SAME DAY AS RECEIPT OF ORDER.

DRESSMAKING.—COURT, MOURNING, WEDDING, AND COLONIAL ORDERS. SPECIAL ESTIMATES GIVEN.

This Department is under the Management of First-class Parisian Artists.

CHAPMAN'S. NOTTING HILL, W.



The "Queen Anne" Tea and Breakfast Services.

OETZMANN & CO.'S New Registered Design, the "QUEEN ANNE," manufactured at the ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, WORCESTER, exclusively for O. & CO., is most artistic in shape, design, and colouring, and of the high quality and finish for which these celebrated Works are noted, whilst the prices are no higher than are often charged for lower qualities.

TEA SERVICE of 28 Pieces in New Brown, Blue, Pink, or Green, with Burled Gold Lines and Edges, £1. 15. 0d. Coloured Illustrations forwarded post free on application.

To those who have no decided preference as to colour, we advise the New Brown; it never fails to please, and the eye never tires of its soft subdued tone. A small Specimen Cup and Saucer in any of the above colours forwarded, safely packed, and post free, on receipt of 15 stamps.

The "QUEEN ANNE" SERVICES being very suitable for a Present, O. & Co. will forward them safely packed and CARRIAGE PAID to any address in the United Kingdom upon receipt of 15. 6d. extra.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT (REGD.)

OETZMANN & CO.,

67, 69, 71, 73, 77, & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

ORDERS PER POST, LARGE OR SMALL, RECEIVE PROMPT AND FAITHFUL ATTENTION.

"Men come in their millions and thousands and tens, Demanding Macniven and Cameron's Pens."

THE WAYERLEY PEN.



"They are a treasure."—Standard.

THE PICKWICK PEN.



"Embodies an improvement of great value."—*Engineer*. Also THE NILE PEN. "Admirably adapted for bold and rapid writing."—*Queen*.

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PATENTEES.

Penmakers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

"They are the best pens invented, and it is only justice to the Patentees to record the fact."—*Starbury Journal*.

THE COMMERCIAL PEN.



"Unequalled for grace and ease of action."

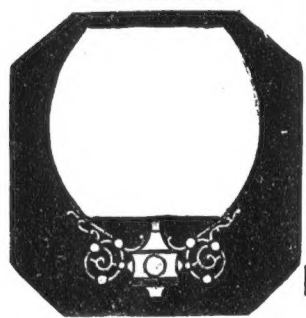
THE HINDOO PENS,



"The best we have ever tried."—*Public Opinion*.

Edinburgh: MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23-33, Blair Street.

Patent "CHRISTIANIA." BRILLIANT WHITE FLAT FLAME.



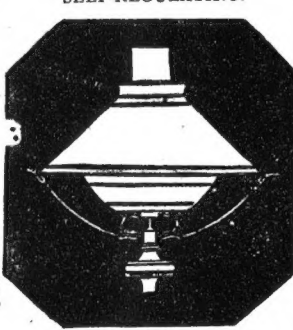
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SILENT LIGHT.



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LONDON ARGAND. SELF-REGULATING.



"FRANKFORT" PATTERN.

SEE THAT ALL GLASSES AND BURNERS BEAR THE TRADE MARK GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

"THE BEST GAS BURNER YET INVENTED."—*Vide Gas Referee's Report to the Board of Trade.*

WILLIAM SUGG'S CELEBRATED PATENT GAS BURNERS, VINCENT WORKS, WESTMINSTER.

LIST BROS., Jewellers and Silversmiths, ROSE HILL, BIRMINGHAM.

Are the only Jewellers who have had the honour of supplying by SPECIAL ORDER to their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, the Princess Louise, and other members of the Royal Family, their "PRINCESS" Jewellery (in Pure Sterling Silver), of which they are the Sole Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers. (Over 100 Designs.)

A FAC-SIMILE OF THE "PRINCESS" LOCKET (same size as Engraving). In pure Sterling Silver, as supplied to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, will be forwarded per registered post on receipt of P.O.O. for 15s., or size smaller, 12s.

A PURE STERLING SILVER BRACELET, 1 1/2 inches wide (to fit any wrist), most exquisite design and finish, sent free, registered post, on receipt of P.O.O. for 21s., or size smaller, 16s.

NECKLETS, RANGLES, BROOCHES, &c., sent on approval on application to the only Manufacturers, LIST BROS., ROSE HILL, BIRMINGHAM. (Over 100 Designs.)



THE SUPERIORITY of the LOUIS VELVETEEN consists in its Fineness, its Softness, its Thinness, its depth of Rich Solid Colours, and its resemblance to real Genoa Velvet, not only in appearance, BUT in WEAR.



THE ONLY PERMANENT ORIENTAL BLUE BLACK. ALSO IN ALL THE FASHIONABLE COLOURS. FROM ALL DRAPERS. "Foremost amongst this class of fabrics we must place the 'LOUIS' VELVETEEN."—*London and Paris Ladies' Magazine*. "The Favourite and most Fashionable Material."—*Le Follet*. "THE 'LOUIS' VELVETEEN is a very close and admirably wearing material, with a lustrous silky surface, draping richly and softly. The brilliant blue light on the folds cannot be surpassed by the best silk velvet. For every purpose to which silk velvet can be applied we recommend

"THE 'LOUIS' VELVETEEN. A dress of this material would be a most elegant and useful addition to any lady's wardrobe, successfully representing, as it does, silk velvet at more than four times the cost."

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—Every YARD is STAMPED on the BACK in PLAIN LETTERS "THE LOUIS VELVETEEN," WITHOUT WHICH NONE IS GENUINE. SPECIAL NOTE TO LADIES.—REFUSE ALL THE IMITATIONS NOW BEING OFFERED, WHATEVER NAMES MAY BE GIVEN THEM. Agent for wholesale only, from whom information may be obtained where THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN can be procured:—J. H. FULLER, 92, WATLING STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE MOST USEFUL PRESENT for either LADY or GENTLEMAN is A DOZEN

REAL IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. All can appreciate the LUXURY of the GENUINE article supplied by us in LADIES' bordered, from 3s. 3d. to 10s. 3d. per dozen. Hemstitched, 6s. 6d. to 18s. 6d. per dozen. GENTS' bordered, 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. Hemstitched, 8s. 9d. to 23s. 9d. per dozen.

Sent upon receipt of remittance. Post free, 4d. to 6d. per doz. extra. Price List and Samples post free.

ROBINSON and CLEAVER, TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE ROYAL IRISH LINEN WAREHOUSE, BELFAST.

WARNING! WHEN YOU ASK FOR RECKITT'S PARIS BLUE,

See that you get it!

As bad qualities are often substituted. The genuine is used by the Laundresses of the PRINCESS OF WALES AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

HENRY MILWARD & SONS' EXTRA QUALITY NEEDLES, AS MADE FOR THE MAGAZINS DU BON MARCHE, PARIS.

EACH NEEDLE PERFECT.

May be obtained from all Drapers, or a Sample Hundred sent by post for Sixteen Stamps.

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MAGIC LANTERN, 7s. 6d., includes 36 PICTURES of "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS."

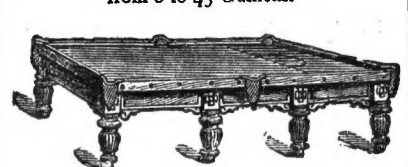


Larger, 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., £1 10s., £2 2s., to £10 10s. Illustrated Catalogue of Lanterns and 5,000 Slides, 4 stamps, including 85 "Lectures for the Magic Lantern," 2s. 3d. Slides Lent on Hire. Catalogue of CONJURING TRICKS, Jokes and Puzzles, beautifully illustrated, 4 stamps. Millikin and Lawley's MAGAZINE OF NEW INVENTIONS, Presents, Toys, Games, Jokes, and Fun for Long Evenings, King Christmas, Grand Winter Number, 2,000 Engravings, 1s.; post-free, 16 stamps. ENTERTAINMENTS FOR EVENING PARTIES. Magic Lantern, with Exhibitor, £1 1s.; Dissolving Views, lime light, £2 2s.; Conjuror, £2 2s.; Punch and Judy, £1 1s.; Performing Mice, Birds, Hare, and Cat, £1 1s.; Ventriloquist, £2 2s.; Swing Lilliputian Marionettes, £2 2s. Illustrated Programme and Terms, 4 stamps. ALUMINIUM GOLD WATCHES, £1 1s., £1 10s., £1 15s., £2 2s. Illustrations, 4 stamps.

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WITH CUES, BALLS, MARKING BOARDS, from 6 to 45 Guineas.



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In Opaque Tapestry. One of the most effective Curtains ever produced. 3 1/2 yards long, by 56 inches wide, One Guinea per pair. 3 1/2 yards long, by 56 inches wide, One Guinea per pair. In Seven different ranges of colour. Samples sent on receipt of order. To be obtained only from WOOLLRIGHT & CO., 18, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Bold Street, Liverpool. Established 1820.

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"THE ORIGINAL" (SAPO CARBONIS DETERGENS.) ANTISEPTIC, DETERGENT, DISINFECTANT. "In our hands it has been most effective in skin diseases."—*Lancet*. "It is the only true antiseptic soap."—*British Medical Journal*.

"An unfailing remedy for unpleasant emanations from the person."—*Medical Times*. Sold everywhere, in Elegant Toilet Boxes, in 6d. and 1s. Tablets. BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.



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This Tobacco is now put up in 1-oz. Packets, in addition to other sizes, the label being a reduced fac-simile of that used for the 2-oz. Packets. Also in Cigarettes, in boxes of 10 each, bearing the Name and Trade Mark of W. D. & H. O. WILLS.

ROWLAND WARD & CO., NATURALISTS, 166, PICCADILLY.

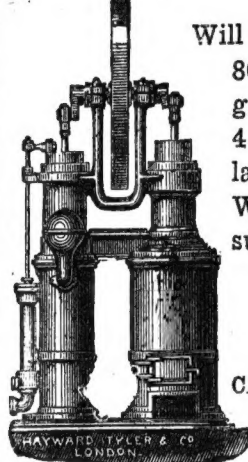


CAUTION.—Our Mr. ROWLAND WARD is the only member of the long unbroken and experienced WARD family now left in the trade, Mr. HENRY WARD, of Vere St. (Senior Member of the Family), having recently died, and Mr. EDWIN WARD, of Wigmore Street, having lately retired. The advantages of the long experience, study, and skill of this family, can now only be obtained from the remaining member, at our new Galleries, 166, Piccadilly. ROWLAND WARD & CO., Naturalists, &c., 166, PICCADILLY.

CALICOS, FLANNELS, and BLANKETS direct from the Looms at prime cost. Patterns and Price Lists post free of a great variety of Household Goods. Carriage paid on £3 orders. The MANCHESTER MANUFACTURING CO., Silver Street Manchester.

EVERY LADY should know how to FOLD TABLE-NAPKINS in DIFFERENT WAYS as Folded on Tables of Note, and in the most fashionable Hotels on the Continent. Six Beautiful Patterns, 1s. 6d. Stamps.—Madame ELISE, 11, Nelson Street, Birkenhead.

DOMESTIC WATER SUPPLY. RIDER'S PATENT HOUSEHOLD PUMPING ENGINE.



Will raise 500 GALLONS OF WATER PER HOUR 80 FEET HIGH, or a smaller quantity to a greater height, WITH A CONSUMPTION of 4 lbs. of COKE PER HOUR. Requires no skilled labour. Is PERFECTLY SAFE, it being WORKED by HOT AIR does not affect insurance. Has NO STEAM BOILER.

Testimonials and full particulars from the Sole Makers,

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TWO SILVER MEDALS, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1879.

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A slight addition of the Extract gives great strength and flavour to Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces, and effects great economy.

** In use in most households throughout the kingdom CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in the Ink across Label. ASK for Liebig COMPANY'S Extract, and see that other is substituted for it.

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PURE, MILD, and MELLOW. DELICIOUS and MOST WHOLESOME. THE CREAM of OLD IRISH WHISKIES. Dr. HASSALL says—"Soft and Mellow, Pure, well Matured, and of very Excellent Quality."

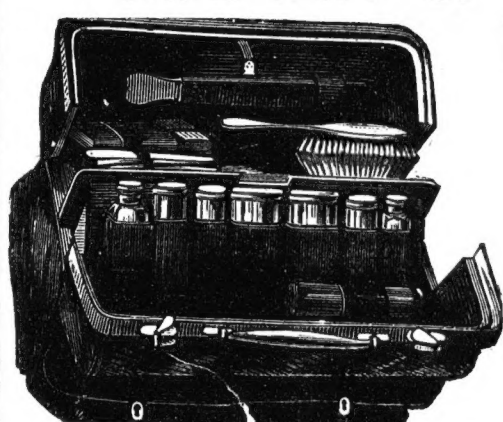
The Gold Medal Dublin Exhibition, 1865. 20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

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